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SPORTING FACTS

AND

SPORTING FANCIES.

BY

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J. BILLING,
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PREFACE.

WHOEVER has had any thing to do with the executive parts of literature as Author or Publisher, must, at times, have experienced more or less of mortification and disappointment; this, however, in no shape justifies either of them in causing disappointment to readers or purchasers, if it can be avoided. If the disappointment arises from want of talent in the Author, that is his misfortune, not fault; and the worst that can be said of the Publisher is, that he acted unwisely in publishing a work in which there existed little or no merit. Such error brings its own punishment with it, in the mortification of finding but few of such productions would be purchased; and the Public will be found sufficiently liberal to pardon such venial error, no intentional offence or deception having been practised.

But if either Author or Publisher attempt anything bordering on deception or subterfuge, whereby purchaser

and readers experience any disappointment, both lay themselves open to just reprehension. For instance, if a book should be (even inadvertently) published and described in such ambiguous terms, and got up in such peculiar way, as to lead to the conclusion that it was the work of a particular Author, when, in fact, it was the production of another, it might not be held as mere error, but would lead to unpleasant feelings in various parties.

Neither I, nor my Publisher, would wish any portion of the public to purchase the present volume under the slightest misconception or ambiguous representation; for if we fail to please, we will at least endeavour to avoid censure. This preface, therefore, tells its own simple and truthful tale. The various subjects now laid before the public, as uniform with my two prior works, "Table Talk and Stable Talk," have, like the others composing those volumes, appeared in the Sporting Magazine, but now carefully revised; nor have I any fear that such circumstance (alone) will in any way affect the sale of the present volume, for as works have been published, and met extensive sale, and others I hear are likely to be published, that have appeared in a journal of such widely extended circulation as Bell's Life in London, little need be feared from subjects having passed through one periodical, and that only.

I venture a hope that the present volume may amuse; it will at least not deter any one from taking it up to while away a leisure hour, as the subjects are not continuous.

If I might suppose any one has so highly complimented me as to have purchased my other works, the purchasing this will render them complete up to the present moment; at least it will do so as far as regards those of a sporting character, written under the name of Harry Hieover.

Permit me therefore, gentle reader, in theatrical phrase, for the present, and until I have the honour of again appearing before you, to respectfully take my leave.

HARRY HIEOVER.

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GLORIES PAST.

"The light of other days is faded,
And all its glories past."

Unless a mind be more obtuse in its faculties than conception can contemplate, there is always an innate feeling that sympathises with anything that we conceive we see, or are likely soon to see, for the last time, or even see in its wane. This feeling prevails more or less, whether the object be one of paramount importance or of trivial consideration. In fact, in the latter case it gains an unwonted interest in our estimation, that we never awarded to it before the contemplation of its loss flashed across our minds.

The man standing on the site where Carthage once flourished must possess a mind of merely brute instinct, if he could survey the scene with feelings of apathy; when to any one possessed of the ordinary attributes of mind and reflection that are given to the generality of mankind, it would recall the images of heroes that lived as demi-gods in our boyish ideas.

Who could even regard the boards on which a Garrick, a Kemble, and a Siddons trod, without experiencing feelings bordering on sadness, and attaching to them an

importance, nay, almost a veneration, totally uncalled-for under ordinary circumstances towards such objects?

To descend lower in the scale of importance—to be attached to mere inanimate objects, the mind must be apathetic and cold indeed in its temperament, that on nearing Newmarket has not experienced feelings and reflections that he never felt on his approach to Epsom, Ascot, Goodwood, or any other race-course in England. True, one piece of turf possesses in itself no more interest than another. But the scenes that have been enacted on it, and the persons (long since carried to their last abode) that have mixed with and participated in such scenes, "seem to hallow it there;" and feelings very closely allied to even respect take such unbidden hold of the imagination, that we find it next to impossible to shake it off. The laugh of ridicule emanating from the vacant and coarser mind, might induce a timid and weak one to hide feelings that reflected credit on its possessor; but though hidden, they would still remain: while the mind of stronger cast and firmer principle would despise the being who could sneer at feelings *his* commonplace understanding could not teach him either to respect or appreciate.

Something like similar feelings at once lay hold of the imagination on the first sight of the Curragh of Kildare, the only other place of sport possessing the same power over the mind as our own Newmarket; and this arises from similar causes.

And why is this? Monarchs, princes, and all the usual spectators and actors in racing affairs, have appeared in even greater numbers on many race-courses than those seen on the turf of Newmarket or the Curragh; as high—nay, much higher—stakes have been run for on them than on the latter two places; God knows, as many—

and perhaps more—acts of rascality practised, and as many fortunes ruined. Fashion holds her more sovereign sway at Epsom, Doncaster, and Goodwood. Yet Newmarket and the Curragh are Newmarket and the Curragh still, and reign, and probably ever will reign, paramount in our ideas when connected with legitimate racing—that is, *racing as it was*, and one of the "glories past."

And why is it so? Is there any peculiar superhuman charm that gives these places such control over the feelings and imagination? Is there any magic worked by unseen hands that exerts its influence over us? Common sense says, None at all. Why it is so I can only account for by stating my own feelings, when, as a boy, I first found my horse treading the neat straight street leading to the Rutland Arms, where a letter, written some weeks prior to my arrival, had secured me beds and stalls, and where my man awaited me. It was late in the evening when I arrived, and a ride of thirty miles in very cold weather in early spring, ending with a bleak twelve-mile stage as a finisher from Bourne bridge, had in no small degree sharpened my appetite; still, had my life depended on it, I could not have avoided (prior to entering the town) turning a hundred yards out of the road to see the stand and the judge's chair, and to lay my hand on both as a sure guarantee that I was actually at Newmarket.

On entering the town I fully anticipated seeing it thronged with persons, who, from their appearance, it would be impossible to mistake for any other than riding boys, jockeys, and trainers. Unlimited was my surprise at seeing but few persons in the street of any sort, and those few showing no greater average of racing or horsemen-looking people than are usually met with in any other country town. This any one who knows New-

market will guess was the case, when I state that in order to gratify myself by seeing all that was to be seen, I arrived three clear days before the commencement of the meeting.

But if my surprise was great as to the commonplace cut of the people, it was greater still by the commonplace appearance of the town. I have often laughed at my anticipations of it, in this respect, since. Still the anticipation was natural enough. We judge, on entering Manchester, Birmingham, and Nottingham, that we are entering manufacturing towns, by their long smoking chimneys, and various indications of their craft. Where the staple commodity is manufactured greatly by females, hundreds of factory girls in the streets bear living testimony of the trade carried on there; and the shops, exhibiting the articles manufactured, show us at once the source of their wealth, and the daily pursuits and avocations of the inhabitants. Reasoning by analogy, I expected to see at Newmarket about every third house a saddler's, or something of the sort, exhibiting racing saddles, trusses, horse-clothing, caps, jackets, whips, and spurs, as necessary appendages to the sport (or rather business, for such racing is at Newmarket) by which the town is supported. Great then was my astonishment, and indeed chagrin, to find nothing of the sort. The every third house that my imagination had converted into an emporium for all sorts of racing appurtenances, I found to be an inn or public-house—for they are nearly thus plentiful. So the new racing jacket and cap that I had promised myself, made in the most *récherché* Newmarket cut, seemed, as the event proved, never likely to reach my person; or (as I meant) to astonish the yokels on country courses, in Hack, or Hunters' Stakes. However, a younker rising seventeen, with his servant, his

two horses, and moreover "money in his purse," is not easily cast down. My côtelette, or whatever I took, was discussed *en* Grand Seigneur, my horses were very well, a cup of coffee and a glass of punch were very well too; so I went to bed, determined, if possible, to dream of Newmarket; but, dream or not, to be up and doing early in the morning, and on foot to travel over all the courses on the heath during the day.

The anticipation of seeing different strings of the finest horses in the world at exercise and work was too strong in my mind to permit me to oversleep myself. So, with the first blush of morning, I awoke, and shortly found myself on the heath; but so much on the alert had I been, that I had time to walk to and round the fir clump on the hill before a horse made his appearance. But shortly my eyes were gratified by seeing the different strings walking out from the different yards, with the trainers in the rear; for at that time trainers *always* came *out* with their horses—a practice *perhaps* not *quite universally* adhered to since they have become more refined.

After seeing the whole morning's business finished, and the strings on their way back, I returned to my inn, where I sat down to breakfast with as good an appetite as any of the riding lads I had seen out could possibly have—and their keenness at that meal is almost proverbial. This finished, I walked to the course, where, with my pencil and sketch-book in hand, every side of the stand, Rubbing-house, and Duke's stand, were taken in all directions. Having thus secured to myself, let what would happen, that which would ensure to me recollections of what appeared almost sacred in my eyes, I pursued my way to the Flat. Here (soliloquised I) am I treading the same sod on which

that wonder of the age, Eclipse, has shown his astonishing powers of speed and endurance; here, though he had not the power of his fabled and winged prototype, of raising springs on the mountain's top—here has he pressed the turf with a scarce less magic foot, that raised a fortune for his master. Here also has Childers shown his flying powers. Here were such names as Regulus, Blank, Black-and-all-Black, with hundreds of equal note in by-gone days, as familiar to the ears of turfmen as have latterly been those of Plenipo, Harkaway, and Sir Tatton Sykes. Here has the game little pony horse Gimcrack given the go-bye to his comparatively colossal antagonists. Here, across this very flat, have galloped noblemen and gentlemen, whose names were justly celebrated as patrons of the turf, who kept their horses for the love of racing, and not as mere living machines to rob the public.

Aye (cried I, on reaching the Ditch, and catching a view of the Rubbing-house at the end, or rather beginning of the Beacon Course), there is the spot where started Hambletonian and Diamond in their never-to-be-forgotten match over the Beacon; one that perhaps excited more interest, and on which as much—or more—money was staked than on any other match on record; and where we may *now* exclaim, "mirabile dictu!" Though such was known to be the case, the race was fairly run and fairly won; for even in days so late as those, it was *possible* to match horses for even heavy stakes, and yet for both to escape the poisoner's ball. Could those two horses be resuscitated, and start again *now*, how would the race come off if the same money was staked on it? Ah! (sighs common honesty) *how?* Would it *now* be left a neck and neck race? No, not if Fitzpatrick and Buckle could rise again to ride it. No, no; we are too aristo-

cratic now, to like excitement or enthusiasm in anything: we make the thing certain; one horse wins without trouble, beating a half dead one. Let those who condescend to wish to see what was vulgarly styled sport, go where saddles and bridles are run for; there a man may do what he pleases with his horse and poney.* But the regular turfite will have very little to do with mere ponies now-a-days, so far as money goes; and takes care the owner of a good horse shall have as little to do with him, so far as his running goes. Run him, of course, he may as much as he likes, but he must win or lose as other people like. My Lord may buy or breed the nags, as he thinks best—this is a great privilege; but he is even allowed a greater latitude—he may pay for his training, and even the entry; but once entered, the owner's prerogative is at an end; unless, indeed, "snacks" is the word; then he may *sometimes* get a little insight into what his horse is intended to do, or rather, to be done with.

I need scarcely say that none of the feelings I, and I dare say many others, have experienced on entering Newmarket, were ever felt by the regular turfite; he, of course, has no veneration for days when races were fairly run. True, report has handed down a story as relating to old Frampton, of those times, that, *if* true, also hands down his name to be execrated by all true sportsmen. But whether Plenipo running as a nearly dead horse from the effect of hocussing, or the other under that of the knife, suffered the most, no one can perhaps say, but the atrocity of the two acts is equal, though of a different sort; and with this difference, that such rascality as has been imputed to Frampton has never been forgotten, which shows its rarity in *those days;* whereas, such acts

* Poney means here a £20 note.

as in Plenipo's case are now practised every day, and are forgotten by others following so close on their heels.

What I did on my first going to Newmarket during that meeting would be, of course, quite uninteresting to my readers; so we will now fancy ourselves on the finest turf in the United Kingdom for racing purposes, and say something of the far-famed "Curragh of Kildare." What a host of images that name calls before the mind! Oh! how sadly is that scene changed! how shorn of its laurels since the days when one of its most eccentric patrons started on his journey to Jerusalem to win his bet of playing ball against its walls! How like a "banquet" hall deserted! it now looks, in comparison with the former gay scenes enacted there, when the equipages of noblemen and men of fortune were seen wheeling in succession on to the course; when its neighbouring towns were all bustle and activity, and hailed each meeting as a comparative fortune to them. Sad was the time for, and awful the slaughter of, the feathered tribe—for spatch cocks prepared with a quickness, and dressed as I never ate one elsewhere. Let epicures hang their fowls and turkeys by their tail feathers, proclaiming *that day*, and *that day only*, on which they dropped from their hanging is the day to eat them. Pat stands on less ceremony. A customer arrives; breakfast and the spatch cock are ordered together; he goes to the yard, shies a shilaleh at the head of the devoted harbinger of morning—down he comes, a few minutes strips him of his feathers, and while hot on to the gridiron he goes, and with the accompanying mushrooms as a sauce, he appears on the breakfast-table, tender as any fastidious gourmand could wish, and is found "a morsel for a monarch."

Lasses in all the gay colours Irish girls so doat on

when in holiday suits; and "the boys," with their skirt tails rolled in a lump in the middle of their backs, their snow-white shirts, the pride at all times of an Irishman, then were seen pouring in across the country in all directions, leaping the ditches like wild stags, with the ever-accompanying black-thorn in their hands, to be used in frolic or in fight, as their thoughtless, gay-hearted, versatile owners might see—or fancy they saw—occasion to use them; for weapons of offence were not in those days used as weapons of premeditated outrage and murder: happy times, ere brawling demagogues raised their self-interested voices to influence the minds of an oppressed, starving, and at all times an over-excitable race of men! Strange that England, who can subdue, civilize, and colonize the wildest nations in the remotest corners of the globe, cannot, with all her boasted learning, refinement, and statistical knowledge, and lavish expenditure of millions, conciliate and co-operate with a nation prone by nature to kindness, gratitude, and sociality;—but so it is.

Where are now those names for centuries coeval with their native land's descendants of kings, and proud of their unmixed blood; that once were hailed on their arrival on the course, where those names were as familiar to, and as long known, as the Curragh itself? Ah! where? Why, spread over every part of the civilized globe, a self-exiled race, either from choice or necessity. And how are situated the noble domains from which hundreds of equipages have brought their as noble owners to enjoy legitimate sport, and hoping to witness the triumph of their favourite horse? How are these situated? Of some, perhaps, not a vestige remains; while others, in sad and solemn grandeur, are in the hands of griping Jews, attorneys, and managers—whose

management is to transmit nothing of that little which mortgages may have left it to be hoped for, and grinding every once prosperous and happy tenant, till he looks on the landlord who has deserted him as his enemy, and fit object on which to vent every ill feeling his nature is capable of evincing.

Poor Curragh! thou hast participated in this general wreck; and there you stand, a sad reminiscence of departed greatness—the ghost of what you were; but still inviting the descendants of your once noble patrons to return, foster, and live in what ought to be a happy land.

Without, however, entering on the somewhat knotty point, of how far the statistics of a country or monetary circumstances have, or have not, caused the secession of so many noble and influential patrons from the turf, let us see how far the change in, and management of, racing affairs have influenced this secession, and caused so many disgraceful transactions to have taken place in (it may be said) all great events on the turf, and racing to be on its wane. The regular turfite will probably deny that it is so; and further state, that at no time was there more, or so much, money vested in racing matters as at the present one, or that there were ever more horses in training than now. We will not dispute where dispute is unnecessary, and will therefore grant that this is the case. So it may be said of railroads; but it does not follow because this is the case, that they may not be on the decline in public opinion as safe investments of money. *If*—I only *if*—this is the case, *down they will go;* and if the characteristics of racing once become such as to convince its supporters that they cannot keep horses, or interfere with and support the turf, without robbing or being robbed, *down that will go* also.

We will grant that more money is vested than formerly; that stakes are larger, and more entries for them; if this arose from an increased love of the sport, then I must—and would with pleasure—allow that racing was in a healthy and prosperous state; but, with submission, I deny such to be the case. The large sums subscribed by *somebody*—or, rather, by a certain number of particular persons—is done to give a larger sweep to a certain set when the thing is "made safe," to give a yearly "haul" that enables the drawers of the net to bid high enough to ensure co-operation with any piece of rascality. That is, to make up the "great pot;" and that where fifty pounds will not do, a thousand or two can be brought forward as a clincher.

It may be said that in small matters, giving five guineas to ensure the winning of fifty is as good a spec, as pretty a profit on malpractices, as giving a thousand to win ten. So it is in proportion as numerical interest or expenditure of hush-money goes, and it may therefore be inferred that as many knaveries would take place in minor as in larger events. But such reasoning a moment's reflection will tell us is not only mere sophistry, but perfectly fallacious; for it will be borne in mind that the tempter and the tempted risk detection as much for the fifty as the ten thousand, and that fifty pounds is a poor recompense for a prosecution, the being horsewhipped on and off a course, and dubbed a scoundrel: but ten thousand has a peculiar healing influence in such an affair.

To carry the thing on *handsomely*, as it is carried on now-a-days, requires a heavy expenditure of the private, or, more generally, of the combined purse, the mixing with *fashionable* people (though let us still hope not with people of fashion), expensive dinners, and expensive

travellers; then a fund must be kept, in case, by any unforeseen chance, the "pot should boil over." All this could not be borne unless the stakes, and consequently the betting, are unusually heavy. Victims are induced to subscribe to such races as a means of a "pulling up" for the constant sum or sums and entries they have lost, and, if they have a tried promising nag, hug themselves that such will be the case; when, God knows, such a man is generally the last who ought to feel self-congratulations on the coming event. The owner of a publicly supposed brute, or some dark horse who has (without his knowledge) been tried and found good enough to be "there" or "thereabouts," may be allowed (if it suits that the thing shall come off so) to pocket the stakes, after the pretended "office" has been given him by a *friend*—on whose judgment and integrity he can *of course* rely—to back something heavily that has as much chance of winning as a wheelbarrow. So as he wins, say three thousand in stakes, and loses five in bets, the "pulling up" he anticipated does in fact take place, by *pulling him up.*

It may be said, and is perhaps justly said, that large stakes alone—or, rather, only—*can* pay training expenses. That such can only pay public training expenses, or training *extensively* in any way, is an axiom I fully subscribe to. But when I allow, as a data, that it is the only one that *can* pay such outlay, I in no way infer that is the one that *will*; for I know that in nine hundred and ninety-nine cases in a thousand, it will *not*—that is, not in the LONG *run.* It might be asked, whether running for smaller events gives a better chance? Not a whit, if horses are trained in the usual way; the only difference would be, that you would lose your money

gradually, instead of doing so in a more summary way.

Now the following questions may be asked: Is there no man who, in the long run, makes money by racing? Yes, one man in a hundred; who can train, and generally ride, his own horses; who has good judgment, good luck, and entirely devotes himself to the pursuit; not, at the same time, running for such stakes, or risking on any events, sufficient money to make it worth the while of the "fraternity" to entrap him, or poison his horses.

Is there no way by which a man may reasonably hope to make money by racing, if he does not go on the last mentioned plan, or is able to do so? *None on earth.*

Has no man made money by racing, going on the ordinary system? Yes; if, as in the case of the late Mr. Beardsworth, he has by some circumstance been stopped in his racing career before he went on long enough to lose what he may have won.

Did the celebrated Captain Mellish make money by his horses? I should say he did, perhaps; but had he gone on long enough, he would as assuredly have lost it again, perhaps tenfold.

Then may come, we will say, question the last. If there is no reasonable hope of making money by race-horses, why does any man keep them? The first reply I should make would be, because he flatters himself *he* will make money, though he sees every year hundreds who flattered themselves in the same way, and found it was not to be done (*but they were*).

But there is another reason to be given why men keep race-horses, who perhaps did not anticipate that they *should* make money by them, or, if they did, very shortly find they cannot. Do the same men make money by their hounds, or by giving *fêtes* that cost hundreds of an

evening? No. Then why should they expect to make it by their race-horses? "Ah!" cries the fair aristocratic partner of such men, "but the two expenses are not to be compared; there is refinement in giving costly *fêtes*, but none in keeping a lot of odious race-horses." This may be true, fair lady; but it does not follow there is much more sense displayed in giving the one than in keeping the other; they are both justifiable expenses and pursuits to the man who can afford them, and goes no further than spending his thousand or two a year in each.

I have before subscribed to the opinion (if such is the opinion or the real state of the case) that there are as many (or more, if you please) race-horses kept than ever. Does this, then, look like racing being in its wane, or great stakes tending to such a result? Indeed, in my humble opinion, it does very much so; but perhaps I take a widely different view of the thing from that taken by a person who might put the two last supposed questions. But I will state why I consider there being as many horses in training is no proof of the probable permanency of racing, or of its being now in a healthful condition. We give it that there are as many horses. Now, I believe, no man who knows anything at all about turf matters will attempt to deny that a positive host of noblemen and men of fortune have declined keeping horses; and, in fact, instead of having their large strings of them in training, and their breeding establishments, have cut the turf altogether. Still, it seems, the same number of horses are to be seen. They must therefore belong to somebody. If the majority of them are not in the hands of the aristocracy, in whose hands are they? Why, in a greater or less degree, in the hands of such men as have driven that aristocracy from the turf; where,

as the property of single individuals, or a clique—gang would be a more appropriate term—they are kept to play their parts in assisting to make up "the great event," be it what or where it may; to assist in a confederacy to rob the few noblemen or gentlemen who still adhere to the turf in point of stakes; and, in a much greater degree, the public in point of money. Betting was always precarious enough, and ruinous enough to most men. But in former days, where one man made money in the betting ring, and another lost, it generally arose from one betting with good judgment, the other with bad; but the thing is not so now. Then horses were in most cases allowed to win or lose on their merits and powers. A correct estimate of those brought a man through in his bets; but who can make any judgment avail, when it is probably in many cases not known to whom horses actually belong, and if this were got at, it is still less known how he is to show in the race? A man may know where he ought to be, but where he will be is another affair.

Whoever takes upon himself to say anything in disparagement of the pursuit, habit, or proceeding of any particular class of men, must expect to call upon himself the censure of that class; so he equally will if he attempts to stigmatize the motives that lead to such pursuits, or the way in which those pursuits are carried on. It certainly is a bold step in any public writer to brave the animadversions of any numerous class of men; but if that class happen to be of a genus whose praise would be anything but desirable, a writer may hope that the honestly giving his opinion will procure for him the countenance of that portion of the community whose support and good opinion are to him both shield and buckler.

I am quite aware of the hornet's-nest that I brave,

when I venture an opinion that the very large stakes and handicaps, so much in vogue of late years, have contributed in a most eminent degree to the present state of the turf; a state that must, and will, if continued, lead to its gradual destruction. It matters not that great stakes are made, that great entries are made for them, or that numbers of horses are kept in training: this is no more guarantee of its continuance than is the deceptive and hectic flush of the patient labouring under disease that all but himself are aware is fast hastening him to the grave. Where radical disease exists, it rarely stands still: the patient recovers, or finds his rest only in the tomb.

In that state of disease is the turf, nor will that stand still more than any disease incident to the human frame. Let us hope its former patrons will again rally, and act the good leech at the eleventh hour.

It may be asked, What incentives can be held out to the influential to do this? Certainly, no one can expect them to stand as targets to be shot at, either for the amusement or advantage of the public in general; still less will they do so for the benefit of those whose practices first drove them from the turf. Nor will those who have seceded from it return to it under the hope of pecuniary gain: experience has taught them that, whatever their pristine anticipations may have been, not one man in twenty (I might fairly double that number) has made, does make, can or will make money on the turf.

What, then, can it be hoped will induce such men as I allude to, to undertake a task that would appear somewhat Quixotic in its outset, if the fact be as I state—that regenerating the turf would only end in a certain drain on their pockets? The only answer I could make,

that can induce a hope that they will ever do so, is by, in my turn, putting a question :

Supposing a set of miscreants had for some time been in the habit of not only poisoning foxes, but of also poisoning hounds, whenever and wherever they had the opportunity of doing so, are noblemen and men of fortune to be deprived of an ancient and favourite amusement, and be actually driven from the field by a host of reptiles who have neither taste nor spirit to enjoy a manly pursuit? I think I may venture to say they would not ; and yet hunting holds out no incentive as to pecuniary advantages, but, on the contrary, of course involves considerable outlay.

Let us, therefore, hope, though the patrons of the turf have, naturally enough, been disgusted by the mode in which turf matters have been carried on, that they will confine that disgust to the perpetrators of the abuse of a noble sport, and not let that disgust extend to the sport itself—a sport that, properly carried on, is, I have ever maintained, and ever must maintain, as harmless in its pursuit to those who can afford to enjoy it, as hunting, coursing, shooting, or even fishing itself; for none of these can be enjoyed without more or less incurring a certain expense.

I must certainly allow, that though a man may choose to spend his three or four hundreds, or as many thousands a year in racing, he must be very weak if he continues to allow those hundreds or thousands to be doubled or trebled without a chance in his favour, merely to fill the pockets of men he must despise. The man of no weight or influence does wisely in withdrawing himself from the turf. He cannot, by continuing the pursuit, in any way tend towards lessening the evil, but will, as certainly as the night treads on the heels of day, involve him-

self in constant loss, and probable ruin, if he only continues long enough at it. For young, indeed, must he be on the turf, if (supposing he has suffered) he hopes by continuing on it to repair his losses. His hopes and wishes may whisper, and his trainer may assure him that he will, and such things *have* been done, but the probability of his doing so is about as great as that the trainer will discover a hidden treasure by one of his horses striking the ring of a trap-door in the middle of a gallop that a hundred others have daily gone over since racing and Newmarket were known to man.

This is, however, no reason why men of influence should turn craven. They, by a long and strong pull, and, above all, a pull altogether, have the means in their own hands to restore the turf to what it was. I am not aware, nor have I heard, that mankind is more infamous than it was four-score years ago; that the practices on the turf are, I believe, no one can doubt. It is, therefore, only to find out who and what has made them so; and having found the cause of the disease, the business is half finished, its cure in proper hands is certain, and by no means difficult, if set about in earnest.

It would occupy too much space were I to attempt to carry on the downward history of the turf during the last century. I say downward, as I call everything travelling that way, that is daily merging into a state that ensures its eventual destruction. Independent of this, I in no shape mean to infer that I could trace all the changes that have occurred in turf affairs to their several sources. But, as I have before stated, I feel satisfied that the monster stakes, like many monster meetings, have done incredible mischief, and have been the means of calling the attention of an equally monster multitude of persons of a certain class to the turf, who would other-

wise never have set such powerful machines in motion as they have done to carry out the measures by which they live.

That there were always a certain number of doubtful, and, indeed, undoubtful characters on the turf, we all know; and that such men occasionally were the means of a race being lost by the best and won by the worser horse is quite certain. Still, these were only in minor matters, and could only be managed in particular cases. The spoil was not worth dividing among a lot, so there was only a few known characters and their few confederates to guard against; but when not only thousands, but tens of thousands became the guerdon to be played for, a regularly organized body set to work, their emissaries spread themselves over the land, and, as when the Inquisition was in force, any victim they make a set at is sure, sooner or later, to become subject to their complicated manœuvres.

That such men uphold the system of large stakes is no matter of surprise. That they pay, or cause to be paid, many entrances for them, is not to be wondered at; for though they may in no way expect reimbursement from the winning of any one of the horses so entered, if they, by making the stake tempting, cause other entries, and thus swell out the amount to be contended for, it is all they want; for where stakes are large, of course bets become large also; and where and when they are, chicanery and the deepest plots of rascality take place in a corresponding degree.

That hundreds of entries, when only, on an average, we will say twenty-five horses start, in no way contributes to actual sport, I think must be allowed. It may, however, be said that the knowledge that such numerous entries will be made keeps up the attraction of

such stakes, ensures a large field, and makes it better for the fortunate winner. Let us look a little to all this.

In the first place, a monster field has little or nothing to do with sport, though it may, and has, much to do with betting; for having twenty-five horses running, when fifteen out of the number do not get within hailing distance of the leading horses, has no more to do with the race, as to sport, than would a regiment of the Life Guards, if they, in turn, galloped in the rear of the last horse in the race. If every horse in the race could be kept dark, then perhaps the greater number of entries there might be, the greater excitement and speculation there might be, judging from the breeding, appearance, condition, and style of going, as to the probable performance of each horse. But supposing this could be done, what would become of the betting men? We may form a tolerably correct judgment of what sort of a hunter a horse may be, by seeing him go and take a fence or two; but though a farmer at a country course may say, "I told you the chesnut would win, I seed by his going he would," no man living can tell what a race-horse can do till he is actually tried; so it would never do to bet on style of going. Appearances, as to fitness to run, would probably equally deceive us, for of a horse's fitness the trainer only can judge; and shape and make, though of importance enough to very properly bias our judgment in the purchase of a perfectly untried horse, if we were about to make the purchase, are by no means to be so far depended on as to induce us to lay our money on them, taking them as a guarantee that the performance of the horse will realize their promise. None of these will at all serve or guide the book of the betting man. A dark horse, if such a thing is to be found, is quite a stumbling-block to the fraternity. If a horse

has escaped their vigilance, or that of their touts, and they really do know nothing of any trial he may have had, he is of course quite an outsider to them. They will not, like the farmer, "fancy a horse." Probably such a horse is not "in the betting." If he is, he is only brought to book as a "possible;" but in no way influences the making that book up. No, no; it is the horse that ought to win, and *could* win if *permitted* to do so, or the one that could *not* win if the race were fairly run, that becomes their "great pot;" and a few hundreds, or even thousands, are always ready for great occasions, and these great occasions are the great stakes.

To speak personally, I now feel no more interest in seeing the Derby or Leger run for, so far as regards the comparative merits of the horses, than I should as to which sheep reached the field-gate first, if a flock chose to gallop across it. Curiosity as to how these races will be let come off, I certainly do feel; but it is curiosity only that would take me to see them run for. If I did speculate at all on the result of such races, my mental inquiry would be, not "I wonder how such a horse will run?" but "I wonder what such a party means?" Get at the truth of that, and I would then as strenuously recommend the losing man to continue on the turf to repair his losses, as I now, in all good meaning and good faith, recommend him to leave it before ruin forces him to do so.

The great handicaps, I have been told by some, are the very life and soul of racing. Upon my life and soul, I look on them in a very different light. That they are the life and soul of betting, I know; because they bring horses together, to be betted on or against, that otherwise would have no more business in the same race than I should have in the same cabinet council with the lead

ing ministers. They bring a large field together, I allow; but I do not see that large fields are any gratification to the public, or conducive to real sport. If horses are so weighted as to give the veriest wretch that ever looked through a bridle an equal chance with the Hero, which would be the true spirit of a handicap, we then damp the spirit that induces men to bring out really good horses, and we are doing injury to what has been considered one of the good results of racing—namely, encouraging the breeding of fine horses. If, on the other hand, a handicap authorizes the owner of a superior horse to say what one once said to me of some others, "I wish there was a hundred such devils in the race, for turn them loose they cannot win," then handicapping becomes a mere humbug, and the unfortunate owner of a bad horse only stands to be shot at and have his pockets picked for the amusement of some and the advantage of others; when, God knows, the man who is unfortunate enough to have a bad horse in training, what between his own sanguine expectations that he will run better another time, and, most probably, his trainer's assurances that he will, is pretty certain of having his pockets picked without getting a lift on the road by a handicap, when he has not the ghost of a chance of winning.

I remember to have said, on some former occasion, that a man knowing little of racing may be fortunate enough to have a trainer who will enter his horse advantageously for him, and that so situated he would be wise in trusting to his trainer's judgment. And so he would. For even supposing the trainer to be a rogue, if a man knows nothing, or, what is often worse, only a little of racing, he may as well suffer by his trainer's roguery as by his own ignorance. One thing is, however, certain:

no trainer is an honest man who recommends his employer to keep a bad horse in training.

Against what I have said, it may be stated that there have been very indifferent two-year-olds that have become useful horses at four. I do not deny that such a case takes place with one horse in fifty; but suppose it does, and he becomes this useful horse: if we look at his expenses of training, &c. for two years, we shall have paid more than a useful price for him, and have only, after all, got a class of horse that requires being in very particular hands to be turned to any useful account; for pay his way he certainly will not, in the hands of a public trainer; though he might pick up a something in proper ones, entered for proper races, and placed in proper company. But we are now looking at quite the bright side of the picture; for with the other forty-nine that could not run at two years old, every grain of corn they have eaten is an absolute loss; the only consolation and encouragement the owner can get from his trainer for these failings being that usually given by the owners of the snuff-boxes to be thrown at, namely, "Go it again, master; better luck next time."

So far as I am concerned, I can only say, if I tried a yearling, and found no promise about him, I would, in dealer's phrase, "ship him" at once; that is, get rid of him: it would be a saving in the long run, I am quite satisfied.

In some corroboration of my conviction that with unpromising racing colts the first sacrifice is the best, I wonder how many persons have done themselves any good by buying any of the Bentinck stud. I believe the number of those who have got a clipper from these cast-offs would not make up a rubber at whist. What, then, must be the perfect infatuation of the man who perseveres

with a bad or middling two or three-years-old! What is to make him better, if increased age alone would do it? It must be remembered that other colts are growing older too; and the reasons given by the trainer why the colt will probably improve, are mere subterfuges to keep him in his stable.

As it certainly is to the credit of the trainer to have horses of some character in his stable, and therefore to his interest also, it may be inferred that he would recommend a bad brute being sold, and a better horse put into his place. It is not unlikely that he may insinuate that such a change would be for the better. If, however, he finds that the wishes and ideas of his employer do not at once jump with his own, he knows too well to hazard such a proposition again; and then, as a brute in his stable is better than a vacant box or stall, his interest induces him to make excuses for the horse, fearing that otherwise the owner may either change his stable or give up racing altogether; for it would very frequently happen that if a trainer was honestly to tell an owner that his horse was good for nothing, the impression would be, that the horse, being thought little of in that stable, was not done justice to, and he would be removed to another. A trainer would not want such a lesson twice, and thus in one particular he is made dishonest through the obstinacy and want of judgment of his employer.

I know a gentleman, a man of fortune at the same time, who has now, and for some time has had, some three or four wretches in training, with which, of course, he never does or will win. But though he sees this, I suppose nothing would induce him to change his system, which is to purchase low-priced horses. Probably he calls them cheap ones. I should consider his stud extravagantly dear at ten pounds a head, or, taking them

as race-horses, at ten pounds a dozen. Yet with these he expects to win! Among them is a cast-off or two, who could do nothing at two years old, and are about as promising now. A nice lot for a man to have to train! Next to being their owner, defend me from being their trainer. If, which is quite certain, they do not go in front, the trainer, be he good or bad, will probably be told the horses were never fit to go; and if he were to tell his opinion of the lot, he would as probably be set down for a rogue or a fool. Doubtless, when this gentleman has lost money enough, and gives up racing, he will be loud in his abuse of the turf, and swear that no honest man can make money, or have a chance of making it, on the turf. He would not be far wide of the mark in saying this, but he should add that bad horses have no chance; for in such a case as his, he need no fear of his nags attracting attention enough to be "made safe:" they are safe enough to lose every time they start without it. This is another of the number who will decry the turf, with no better reason than that he foolishly hoped to make money by racing, of which he knows nothing; buys horses that are of no use (unless he wants a few such new saddles as no man would ride upon), runs them for stakes and among horses where their chance is that of an omnibus, and is then disappointed in finding them nowhere—when, in fact, they should be anywhere but where he places them.

It may be said that people have now become so accustomed to the excitement occasioned by heavy stakes, that, if they were done away with, the turf would want patrons from that cause as much as it does now from others. I should beg to remark, in reply, that I rather think that nineteen out of twenty of those who have bred, entered, and started good and bad horses for these great

races, have had such lessons as to their chance of winning them, that if mercenary consideration has been their inducement, their eyes have been sufficiently opened as to their chance of making money by them, and that the seeing them done away with would occasion no regret. In fact, what would they have to regret? Why, the doing away with a losing kind of lottery, that held out temptations to great expense, for the benefit of those who, in return, will pick their pockets.

But, in some corroboration of my conception that these great races, so far from bringing patrons *to* the turf, absolutely drive them *from* it, did the turf want patrons before the Derby or Leger were set on foot? We have only to recall the host of noble or high names that then gladdened old Newmarket by their presence. About the mansions and houses of those who made the old town their temporary residence, the grass and weed flourish; and the roof that then covered many a noble party at the festive board, is now actually falling in. Does this look like the present system being one conducive, or likely to be conducive, to the interest of the turf? Surely not.

It is true there were at that time men who looked to the making money by the turf—Sir Charles Bunbury, for instance; and doubtless all those keeping race horses would have been glad to make money, if they could; but they knew that, though individually money could be made, generally it could not. The motive in keeping a certain number of horses in training then was fondness of the pursuit, and honourable emulation, the congregating together as noblemen and gentlemen should congregate, and, further, the *éclát* of having a stud as an appendage to high rank and fortune. How far that stud might contribute to its own expenses was a secondary consideration; the making money by it merely considered

as a thing *possible*, but not contemplated. Knowing men among them doubtless there were, and men amongst the highest, with whom to make a match would, to the ordinary run of men, be all but certain loss ; but such men would have been as thunderstruck at being suspected of the tricks now daily practised, as they would have been at being accused of stealing a fork from the dinner table.

I grant that the number of persons keeping race horses at that time was few indeed, comparatively with the number keeping them now ; but the number of *high* individuals keeping them was as twenty to one.

When the pleasure of fairly winning a race, and showing judgment in racing and race horses, is the incentive to running them, fair racing may be always anticipated. When racing is converted into a trade, the reverse is certain to take place. In former days, very few men of small means, as gentlemen, attempted to keep race horses —it was a pursuit above their means ; but when and while the opportunity for rascality affords a chance of making money, the needy man cuts in ; he has nothing to lose, and may win, as we have within the last few years seen several quite inexperienced men do. But what is the consequence ? On first commencing racing, they are known not to be worth the attention of the regular turfmen, who wisely leave them alone till they are. While this goes on, the new beginner perhaps makes money, possibly to the tune of some thousands ; he then becomes game worth notice, and so sure as he does, so sure is he robbed of all his gains, anything he might have had besides, and has only the mortification of knowing he was worth thousands at the Craven, and is perhaps a beggar at the Houghton meeting.

Still a poor man has, perhaps, the best chance of success on the turf, if he thoroughly understands the

whole business connected with it. First, he is more likely to devote his time and attention to it than the man of fortune; by doing this, he does the thing at less expense, trusts to his own judgment, wins in his turn, and does not risk the awful pulls back that are so fatal to most men of more means, who run their horses; and, what is still more in his favour, if he only lives by racing, and is contented to merely live, the fraternity will probably be graciously pleased to allow him to do so. If he has steadiness of mind and purpose to be content with this, and principle enough to act so as to be respected, let him consider himself as one of Fortune's favourites; for how many do we see, who become the neglected of society (a sequitur usually attendant on the loss of fortune), but the despised of good society, from mixing with men whose bare nod of acknowledgment is enough to stamp the acknowledged as one to be avoided!

As insurrections are so much in vogue just now, let us hope to see a nice little insurrection among the racing men, but set on foot by the aristocracy, not the canaille of the turf. Let a jolly good civil war follow; and when the ranks are thinned, we may hope those who fought in the good cause will hail with shouts a victory of the enemies of fair sporting, and who by their rascality had nearly brought racing to be considered as one of our glories *past*.

THE TIMES, THE CHANGE OF TIMES, AND THE PRESENT TIMES.

This, I must allow, is not only *rather*, but a *very*, indefinite term as a heading to any article; for it might, under ordinary circumstances, be supposed to relate to the *Times* newspaper, the once known "Times" coach, the now well-known times-table of the railroads, or the equally well-known, but, as it should seem, little-to-be-trusted present times era.

That it does not in any way relate to that stupendous machine, the *Times* paper, I hope any or all of those who have flattered me by reading what I have ventured to present to the public, will feel at once convinced of; for I must have taken leave of every particle of common sense I ever possessed, if I selected such a subject for *my* pen; for if I said that the mode of publication of this leviathan journal is perfection, and that its leading articles are so written as to be a safe beacon by which every man may safely steer his course, from the statesman to the most unimportant member of society, I should be only saying what would be tantamount to informing the reader that we derive light from the sun; and any panegyric of mine on such a journal would be of about as much consequence to it as would be the opinion of an omnibus conductor to Sir Robert Peel, if that opinion was that the ex-minister was a man of talent; and if, on the other hand, I was weak enough to say a word that could be construed into dispraise, it would only show that either I wrote on sub-

jects that I had not read, or if I had read, that I had not sense to appreciate the talent that produced them.

What I have said will satisfy the reader that the article on The Times has nothing to do with that great engine that carries public opinion with it, whether as first, second, third-class, or penny-a-mile passenger.

It does not relate to the once-known "Times" coach, with its well-appointed, well-bred team, its gentleman coachman, and knowing guard; for though some years ago, if the cheering key-bugle gave us "A Southerly Wind," "Old Towler," "The Mail Coach," or "Love's Young Dream," as suited the taste or the inclination of the performer, we then said—"There's the 'Times' gone by." Ah! well-a-day! if we allude to such things now, we must say—"Those are bygone times"—a sad difference, both in ideas, reality, and, in sooth, effect.

Now, though I am quite aware that to say anything at the present time in favour of coaching, would be about as heterodox in the opinion of the rising generation as it would be to utter a word as to the neat, knowing, and jaunty cut of short waists and petticoats to our wives, or more particularly to our daughters; yet, though coachmen, guard, or short petticoats are mere old abominations to many, let me remind the beauties of the present day, that if in eighteen hundred and twenty we had said a word in praise of the *long* waists of our grandmothers, we should have been set down as Goths and Vandals, though now our wives very composedly wear the identical waists that I have often seen laughed at, and laughed at myself, in the print, where St. Preux makes so much fuss about "le premier baiser d'amour." Faith! we take a first and second with less to do, now-a-days, and, in fact, a third; for "there's luck in odd numbers," said Rory O'More.

Now if in so important a thing as a waist or a petticoat such changes have taken place, it comes quite within the bounds of possibility they may also take place in coaching. Some one may thoughtlessly say that a petticoat is a most trivial concern; whereas the mode of transit through a country is a serious one. "Infandum puer!" if you have said so, hide your diminished head. I grant that, so far as the actual interest of a country goes, the mode of getting through it is the most important circumstance; but the length of a petticoat or waist undergoes as much consideration, and is a matter of as much importance to half of the community as railroads or coaches are to the other; so if opinions change as to an important point in one case, they may in another.

I believe—and if it turns out to be fact, "laudamus fortunas meus"—that a coach or two are preparing to start from certain towns, patronized by the leading members of those towns. Who knows what this may eventually produce? "So bide you get," as the song goes; and let us add the second line, as applying to coachmen, "you little know what may betide you yet."

I used the terms *gentleman* coachman and *knowing* guard: neither of these terms would have been applicable to either individual seventy years since, but they are appropriate to both of some ten years since. The coachman, ever since I knew anything of coaching matters, was always held as of a higher grade than the guard, simply from the circumstance of the patrons of coaching always getting the box seat or one near it; consequently a vulgar or coarse man would have been objectionable as a coachman; whereas the guard had to take his chance of companions, and as they were mostly of a lower grade, and not such as usually fill "the stage box," he shaped his manners and conversation to please them. All this gave

him quite as much, perhaps more, insight into mankind and occurrences than did the duty of the coachman; and, as the collecting the carriage money for luggage and passengers also fell to his lot, the latter being often a queerish lot, it became necessary he should be a knowing fellow; for, if he allowed any "shouldering" on the part of the passengers, there would have been the less left for his own and the coachman's private use and benefit All this made him a different sort of man to the coachman: many of these were knowing enough too, but they did not show it in the same undisguised manner. I have known several gentlemen, men of family and education, coachmen; but it never fell to my lot to meet with one gentleman as guard. Many coachmen, who were in no way gentlemen, were men of very general information, and could give us a wrinkle on most subjects, from the odds on a great race, to the biography and pecuniary circumstances of most of the families of the country they inhabited. This showed they knew a good deal; but if they were men who aimed at being respected, they avoided the being set down as "knowing fellows:" to say a man is talented, clever, or even quick, leaves us ample room to respect him; but the moment we style him *knowing*, he always stands before us in at least a questionable shape; it, in fact, all but insinuates he is one who will take us in if he can. The coachman had a bow, a nod, a how-d'-ye-do? for hundreds, and a smile and often a wink for many a pretty face, peeping behind a curtain every day as he passed by; but the guard had a bit of slang for all grades and every individual on whom he dared show off his talent in this accomplishment. Even the bugle was often made certainly not a mute, but a passive agent, in carrying out his jokes or annoyances. One guard I met with was famous for this: if he heard

any anecdote relating to the inhabitants of any house on the road, he immediately set his wit and lungs to work to get ready an appropriate tune to favour them with, either complimentary or derisive, just as his feelings or whim prompted him; so his collection became numberless. The only time I ever went with him, he treated me with a specimen of his talent at mischief, in the shape of musical hints, by the following illustrations:—

Approaching a very handsome house, he told me an old *swaddy* lived there, who had given him nothing the only time he had ever gone with him; so it seemed he had given the old swaddy (who was a field officer retired from the service) a constant remembrancer of the withheld fee by means of his bugle; but on this especial day, having learnt that the veteran was entertaining the officers of a regiment at dinner, he treated the old gentleman with "The Rogue's March," with all energy, of which he got the full benefit, the windows of the dining-room being open, and the road by the house up hill.

We next came to a house that it seemed had been taken by a few Roman Catholic priests. These he accommodated with "Boyne Water."

On nearing a butcher's shop, he told me that that man of meat could settle an ox, and so he affirmed the lady could also; but it seemed neither could settle their own conjugal disputes, which, in the true "pull devil pull baker" way, generally ended in a trial of strength, in which success as often attended the efforts of the lady as it did those of the gentleman; ending his account by saying, as they had no harmony of their own, it was but charity to give them a little of his; and so he did, if a close imitation of what we could conceive would be the screeching of condemned demons is harmony—at all events, he gave them no earthly sounds—thus proclaim-

ing the state of their domestic happiness to all the village, and causing the report of it to be carried far and wide.

We now came to a house whose appearance at once indicated its style of inhabitant, for the house in itself looked like a starched old maid: it was rather high, and very narrow—in fact, looked as if it had squeezed itself uninvited between two of hospitable dimensions. The flag-stones up to it were so white as to show it was not intended that any one should walk on them, and the tiny brass rapper was polished up till it evidently proclaimed itself an article for ornament only. Some dispute had been made about the charge for a parcel, and only half could be got, though the whole was but a shilling. Now, it was known in the town that the venerable spinster had made most furious love to a young man somewhere about forty years her junior; so, as the guard could not get his sixpence, he determined he would have five shillings' worth of fun, to effect which he regularly serenaded her with "There was an Ancient Fair." This at last brought the old lady to a parley to capitulate for terms, so she hailed the coach one morning, and on its stopping produced the disputed tester; but finding out the extent of the terms of capitulation, our guard first took it, and then in gratitude varied her entertainments by giving her a fresh tune, striking up "A Frog he would a wooing go." The indignant fair one turned round to beat her retreat, on which he gave her such a blast of "Heigho! says Rowley," that she bolted into her stronghold, like a badger into his box after being drawn. The incorrigible guard told me he had a fresh chaunt on its first wheels ready for her, and swore (something) his eyes! but he would blow her out of the house unless she came down hush money. Whether he succeeded or not, I do not know.

The time of the coach at its last stage was eleven o'clock, and on our arrival in the town our musical guard informed me that a brother bugler had just married the bar-maid of an inn, and had a day or two's holiday to spend his honeymoon. On nearing a house, where a light showed one or a pair going to bed, he hailed the coachman, saying—"We must give Jones a chaunt as we go by;" which he did by a tune of a song, some parts of the words of which are something of this sort—"Tally high ho! you know!" As I know no more, of course it shows how little I know of any such matters.

Days and nights of fun upon the road, farewell! Swaddy, butcher, priest, spinster, and bridegroom sleep in peace! Doubtless your occupations still exist, but he who chronicled them is gone; his bugle, like Tara's harp, hangs as mute as if its notes were as dead; so are the roads that once teemed with fair and merry faces.

In spite of myself, scenes once so cherished have carried on my pen. No such fear need be entertained when I simply state the heading of these lines does not refer to any line of railway, or the table of *their* times. I hate them—engine, tender, carriage, truck, and all—not as an *occasional* mode of conveyance, for as such they are most useful, but I hate them for having destroyed a delightful mode of travelling—for devastating roads, towns, and villages; and, as it is now found out, devastating the fortunes, prospects, and peace of thousands, and having greatly contributed to change the habits, ideas, and pursuits of Englishmen. This brings us to

THE TIMES—THE PRESENT TIMES.

Wherever or whenever any innovation is made on old customs and habits, the result very frequently, indeed

generally is, that the new system is reprobated by those who are forced into the change, even supposing it to be advantageous, and this feeling continues till habit has again resumed its sway. This is all very natural, for several reasons. We dislike being forced into *any*thing, be it even for our good. We mostly become attached to that to which we are accustomed, and look with a jealous mistrust on anything that displaces an old friend. The very young hail with pleasure anything that is *new*, simply because all things are comparatively new to *them*, and they have not been long enough accustomed to any habit to render that habit a part and parcel of their nature. Whatever is the prevailing custom or fashion of their time, they naturally consider the best possible custom or fashion, having seen no other, and in their turn will become so prejudiced in its favour, as to deprecate any change from that, as much as their parents or ancestors did the change to it; and this will always be the case, so long as the mind of man is constituted as it is—a weakness of that mind it certainly is: for without innovation on, or change of habits and customs, there can be no improvement.

That a greater change has taken place in the habits, propensities, and pursuits of the young man of the present age than occurred during centuries before, is, I conceive, a positive fact. Whether this will eventually prove advantageous to the rising generation or not, I do not pretend to say; but it has taken place, and, what is more, great as is the difference between the youth of 1820 and those of 1853, that difference will daily become greater, so long as present customs and circumstances continue.

From the earliest recollection of any living man—and, indeed, from that of many of his ancestors—the horse was the first cherished and chosen idol of the English

boy—a wooden horse and a whip his first chosen toy—a rocking-horse his next; and when at length his living pony and his pad were brought out for his use, that day was perhaps the proudest and the one of most unmitigated pleasure of that boy's life. This, probably, brought on the being taken to see a meet of the hounds. Joining the harriers followed, and this sort of initiation brought out the aspiring youth and more hardy man, who, over the flying pastures of Leicestershire, showed what English blood, with the then English tutelage, could effect.

I am quite willing to allow that the boorish and ignorant fox-hunter of two centuries past is not a man we would wish to see regenerated; but better, ten thousand times better, for Englishmen and England would it be, that we should again become the unpolished squire of Fielding or Smollett's time, than that our youth should degenerate into effeminacy, or lose the feeling "that he does greatly who dares greatly"—a feeling that, taken in its mitigated sense, is a glorious one—one that has hitherto actuated Englishmen, and brought our country to the highest pitch of military achievement. This was not done by a servile adulation of foreign habits or foreign accomplishments, but by teaching our youth, before they become fiddlers, to become men.

It is true that, so far as field sports are concerned, we have a host of hunting men still; and perhaps at no period of history was boldness in the field evinced to the same degree it is at the present day; but such men are but few among the millions of which this country is composed. The men of large fortune still attached to field sports may be, for all I know, as numerous as ever; but the men of small means mixing in such amusements are wonderfully diminished, and will daily diminish more. This must be the case, for I believe it is quite evident

that to hunt, horses—or, at all events, a horse—must be kept; if twenty-five years ago ten were kept for private use where one is kept now, which is about the fact, it is quite clear that the numbers who could at least occasionally hunt must diminish in the same ratio. I do not mean that *all* those who kept horses hunted regularly; perhaps not more than one in ten did; but the keeping horses, riding and driving them, was, at all events, something more manly than being boxed up in a carriage, or taking a season ticket for a Putney, Mortlake, or Richmond steamboat.

Everything seems to conspire to do away with the original characteristic of Englishmen, as the first nation in the world as horsemen. The railroads struck the first blow; before they came in, few men lived in the country who did not keep horses; he would have been considered as strange a being as a grazier taking up his residence in Philpot-lane or Lombard-street. The tradesman who lived a few miles from town kept his horse or horses; the commercial travellers, of whom there are thousands, all kept their horses; their sons took a pride in their fathers' horses, and looked to keep the same themselves. Now, Kingston, Harrow, Richmond, and Croydon are all reached by rail in time for dinner, leaving town at half-past five; the son, never riding, driving, or seeing a horse of his father's, has no emulation to possess one, and such a thing will probably be the last acquisition he would wish for; nor is the not keeping horses now confined to even ten miles round London, but it penetrates fifty miles into the country; the family reside there, and papa comes by rail on Saturday and returns on Monday. The example of keeping horses even that distance from London is therefore lost, and persons living in the

country without one country pursuit are no longer uncommon.

But the railroads have done much more than this in the way of altering our habits, tastes, and inclinations; they take hundreds and thousands of English abroad, to learn foreign habits and tastes, and bring as many thousands of foreigners here to confirm them—thousands of indigent ones, who bring nothing into the country that is of essential benefit to us, but take a great deal away, in the shape of information, that is of essential benefit to themselves—bring nothing and buy nothing to serve us as a nation, but consume a great deal of the common necessaries of life to help to starve us as a people. "Have the railroads not brought Jullien?" lisps some half-girl of a fellow, with moustaches big enough for a life-guardsman, and ten times too large for his pigeon heart, that dares a polka as the summit of its daring. Yes, it has, sweet sir; and if it had never brought him, or returned you, it would have been all the better for your country. Immortal spirits of Siddons and Kemble! rise and anathematise that which has brought about a vitiated taste, that can only be pleased with stunning sound, instead of sense and intellectual pleasure. Is this a school likely to form the frame of a soldier, or the mind of a statesman? and yet to such pursuits are our youth being brought up, forsooth, to teach them to be Englishmen.

It may be thought that I attach too much importance to field sports as having any effect on us as a nation. It matters little what I think on the subject, but foreigners, I suspect, think a good deal, as I do, upon it; for look on the continent: their youth are as far progressing from what they were in these pursuits as our youth are degenerating from it: our continental neighbours have as much sense as we, a more chivalric idea of the honour

of a soldier, and have just as brave hearts: they wanted only the hardihood of Englishmen; they know it, and are fast going on the way to gain it. Do away with the bulldog courage of a common soldier or sailor, and you spoil him. A Frenchman taking to hunting here is a pleasant gentlemanly fellow, and every gentleman would respect him; but an Englishman learning all the tastes and pursuits of a Frenchman, becomes a mere mongrel, that is worth about as much as most mongrels are.

Whether we allude to field sports, coaching, or anything, it seems one of the decisions of nature that when anything has got to the highest pinnacle of perfection, it begins to go back. Nothing remains at that chosen point. Perhaps this is wisely ordained, that the mind may always be on the *qui vive*, and find something to employ it. If we ask whether there will ever be a reaction in favour of the sports of the field, it is a question no man could answer, but the inference must be very much against it. These sports were intended for those who inhabited the country; but now that we have made the country London, and London the country, so far as reaching both are concerned, the importance of field sports to the country gentleman are greatly lessened; and the less the want of a thing is felt, of course the less energy will be employed to carry it on; consequently hunting never can become as general as it was, unless we render the country as *it* was three-score years ago. The youth who at that time was perfectly happy at the old hall, would be so now no longer: the rail brings him up ten times a year when formerly he only came once, and doubtless London possesses more attractions than can be found in the country; and the man, and particularly the youth, who has once tasted a London season, will rarely be tempted to be located in the country again.

The zest of the pursuits to be found there is lost, after witnessing scenes where vice assumes so tempting a form as not to offend; and, deny it as we will, it is not the virtues, but something very like little agreeable vices, that render a metropolis so alluring.

Those accustomed to field sports and sportsmen may think it illiberal to suppose the habits of the young men of the present age likely to effect bravery as men: I do not mean to say it will make a man a coward altogether, but a constant succession of enervating amusements instead of bracing ones—having a warm railroad carriage and an omnibus always at hand, to prevent the necessity of the slightest chance of exposure to weather, or even a salutary walk—is not quite the mode of bringing up likely to produce a second lot of Waterloo men. Doubtless, thousands of those brave men never saw a hound in their lives, and would no more have thought of riding at an ox-fence than they would of jumping the Serpentine themselves. This did not arise from want of courage, but from want of being used to show it in this particular way; still they shewed it in some other way. Let me see a man follow ANY manly athletic pursuit, I set him down as a manly fellow; but a mere railroad, omnibus young gentleman had better pray that both may always last for his convenience; otherwise, as he would be unable to ride in any other way, and from want of practice equally unable to walk, he would be obliged to do what perhaps would be the wisest thing for him to do—stay at home; then there would be little chance of danger, none of fatigue, and none of his delicate, tender person being exposed to hard knocks, which in some way a man addicted to field sports, or indeed any manly pleasure or occupation, is sure, more or less, to meet with: so much the better, they do him good. May such men go on and prosper!

COPING.

Whence the origin of the term, I know not; neither is it a matter of the slightest consequence to any one. Little, however, as may be known of the derivation of the term, the effects of its practice have been felt by thousands, and will continue to be felt, in all probability, so long as horses and men inhabit the earth. Nor is it confined to metropolis, town, or rural district, county or country. We find it in the truly aristocratic neighbourhood of Belgrave-square, in the close purlieus of Silver and Marlborough-streets, in the City—in fact, in nearly every mews in London; and if we betake ourselves to Newington, Camberwell, or any suburban place, behold it is there also! Nor should we be exempt from its presence or influence if we betook ourselves to where we should feel our proximity to the equator—under Shiraz's walls we should find the Coper. Bombay, Madras, Calcutta—nay, the centre of the desert—have their Copers, as wily as the most knowing who ever played his part in our own vast metropolis. Travelling in the Far West, we have only to want to purchase a trotter, and the Coper is at our elbow. The system may be different, but the intent and effect are the same.

The usual understanding of the two terms "Coper" and "coping" is, that the Coper is a man who keeps nothing by him but unsound or worthless horses, and, of course, coping to be the avocation of the Coper, which is also generally understood to be cheating. That such is,

in a general way, a correct understanding of the man and his pursuits, is not to be disputed. Still, there are copers of another and better sort. These are men—be they noble, gentle, plebeian, or the lowest of the low—who are constantly on the look out for *anything* that is to be got cheap, thus holding out a prospect of making money by it.

Of the latter description of Coper there are thousands, and, fortunately for the public, in point of numerical numbers they far exceed the Copers who live by baser means. Of gentlemen Copers I know personally dozens —some known to have been such all their lives; others little suspected.

The difference between coping and dealing in a general way I conceive to be this: Dealing is going to purchase at a fair price, and then re-selling at an advanced one. Coping is buying when, and only when, from some particular circumstance, a horse, sound or unsound, is to be got at a price far beneath his apparent value. Such a horse is, in dealing terms, a "flat-catcher."

I could point out men—gentlemen, in fact, and eke military men—who are always to be seen with apparently from a hundred to a hundred and fifty under them, who never gave the odd fifty in their lives—that is, not for a horse for their own use. A pretty good trade many of these gentlemen make of it. They are detested by the dealers—indeed, looked upon by them with sovereign contempt. The only thing that saves them from being insulted is this: they often sell a horse for dealers, and on such occasions their aristocratic origin or position in society in no shape prevents or interferes with their condescending to "stand in" on such occasions.

I will mention one very neat way of managing such a little affair. A gentleman knows of a particular horse in some dealer's stable: he also knows a particular friend

who wants precisely such a nag. He does not take him to the dealer's stable, as, in the first place, it might appear to his friend as if there was some little feeling or interest in so doing; and, in the next place, should he not be bought "there and then," but subsequently, the dealer might not stand the standing in; so the recommender might, under such a circumstance, be, in coping language, "thrown over." No: a safer and more gentlemanly mode is adopted. The gentleman "stander-in"—in fact, Coper, for it is no use shirking the term—goes to the dealer, and tells him he can sell (we will say) the roan cob. He is saddled, and out sallies my gentleman on him. Rotten-row, in nine cases in ten, is the field of action. There the tout, or whatever you may please to call him while acting in the capacity of salesman, is sure *accidentally* to meet his particular friend. Something very close on the following scene occurs:

The gentleman-salesman, seeing *particular* coming, rather avoids than seeks joining him. This brings the other up.

"Well, So-and-so, what have you got there? Something clever, no doubt—eh?"

"Why, yes; he is uncommonly clever. He belongs to Stickem, the dealer; and I have been riding him the whole morning on trial."

"Then I suppose he is the same as bought. I only ask because I want just such a one, but of course would not interfere if you intend purchasing."

"No, I shall not buy him; though he is, in every respect but one, undoubtedly the completest I ever knew."

Now this one failing, that is to be mentioned as a reason why he will not buy, must be named as one that salesman knows, so far from being objectionable to the particular, will be in fact a recommendation. So, if he knows that

particular likes a very lively, corkey, flippant stepper, the cob is not sober and steady enough for a salesman. He wants one that will stand unheld at doors, and also stand like a post while he talks to his friends; if he would do that, he would give the hundred, and ask a shilling took off; for he considers him very cheap at the money. If purchaser is known as wanting a kind of automaton four-legged conveyance, then the objection on the part of salesman is reversed: the cob is perfection, except not having that flippant action that salesman wants. In short, he rides for exercise, and wants one that gives him plenty of it—in fact, a hasty one, and somewhat of a rough goer; whereas a man might as well be carried in a sedan as ride the cob he is on. In short, the changes are rung in point of alleged objection, in accordance with the description of horse—be he hack, hunter, charger, ladies' horse, or harness-horse—and also in accordance with the known particular predilection of purchaser. After "sweetening" the cob sufficiently, if salesman is certain purchaser will like the way the cob will carry him, he offers to change horses for half-an-hour, that purchaser may see how he likes him before he says anything to the dealer about him. This is very kind and good-natured of salesman! "But he *is* a good-natured fellow," soliloquizes purchaser. Very. He thus thinks he is getting a trial on the sly, and perhaps intends "coming the knowing one" by telling the dealer he only wants him for a servant, thus hoping to get off something in price, the dealer not knowing he has ridden and is delighted with cobby. But he will find this dodge wont do, for salesman will give the dealer the "office;" for on the more or less that is given depends the amount of the "stand in;" so salesman is not to be had on that tack.

The matter having gone thus far, there are three ways in which it may be concluded:

Purchaser may choose to go to the dealer at his leisure. In this case, when salesman takes cobby home, of course the dealer is told all that has been going on; so he gets his cue as to how to "finish," as we say in racing affairs.

The second way of concluding the matter is by particular and salesman going together to the dealer on taking cobby home. Salesman tells him why he does not buy him; and now particular begins his little by-play, and coming the knowing—a commodity of which perhaps he fancies he has stock enough for wholesale dealing if wanted, so is willing to retail a little of it to the dealer, forgetting that Newcastle is a bad market to take coals to. So he begins unshipping a part of his cargo.

"Mr. Stickem, I have been riding with Mr. Salesman, who declines your horse. He has told me what you have asked for him. I want one to carry a servant; so, if you are disposed to sell your horse at a moderate price, I think he might answer the purpose I want him for."

A look from salesman makes dealer, as he would perhaps term it, "fly to the gentleman's gammon" at once, so he civilly replies, "I am much obliged to you, sir; but I should not be disposed to alter price."

Purchaser, in no way suspecting that when he intended to bamboozle, he himself will be the bamboozled one, is rather surprised his *ruse* has made no impression. He fully expected his bait would be snapped up in a moment, angling, as he thought he had done, with such fine tackle. However, he finds it is not one of the dealer's *biting* days: no, not a rise even can he get.

Seeing how matters stand, salesman determines that so fine a fish shall not be lost if he can help it; so he now throws in *his* fly—mostly a sure killer:

"Perhaps, Mr. Stickem"—the Mr. must not be left out, or too great an intimacy might appear to exist—"Per-

haps, Mr. Stickem, you may think, because my friend wants the cob to carry his groom, that he meant to offer some very low price; but the fact is, he can afford to give, and does give, as much for horses to carry his servants as I can give to carry myself; so I am sure he will give you as much as he thinks your horse worth."

This knowing cast of salesman has brought particular into shallow water, where all his movements are seen at once. Salesman has got him in something like a fix. He knows the other wants the cob: the dealer knows it too. Salesman knows, and dealer much more than suspects, the wanting the horse for a servant was neither more nor less than a falsehood. Disguise it as you may, call it a fair "fetch," a knowing "throw in," or by whatever term you may think sounds the least objectionable, a falsehood it was; and purchaser cannot help feeling himself somewhat smaller than usual before his friend. That he also stands suspected by the dealer, however, never enters his head. He does, though; and the dealer determines he shall pay for manœuvre, or go without the horse, which he is pretty sure he will not do. Now purchaser, being aware there was no small share of shabbiness in the fib about wanting the horse for his groom, feels it will not do to make matters worse by refusing an animal he really likes, merely because he cannot get him at a depreciated price. So the cob is bought, dealer gets his price, and salesman his "stand-in;" nor is it suspected that while he is passing the côte-roti or Château Margaux at his own table, that he has condescended to soil his aristocratic pocket with a "tenner," or more, as the case may be, from the unwashed hands of a common horsedealer. Yet such things be, and are so commonly known among the initiated, that they neither "overcome" them "like a summer cloud," nor cause any "special wonder."

Now there is a third result that might have taken place, which would have been—for particular not to have accompanied salesman to the dealer, but to have deputed him to have purchased cobby as for himself, particular thinking that salesman would make a better hand of the dealer, as to price, than he could. If he did think this would be the case, perhaps he is the only one of those who know salesman's habits who would think so. He is commissioned to buy the horse, so any bating down as to price is reserved for an occasion when salesman may be authorised to give so much and no more. Here he would try his influence with the dealer to get the horse at the price named, seeing that even a humble "fiver" is better than nothing; but in a case where he is not tied to price, why should he take, or try to take, ten pounds out of the dealer's pocket, in order to put it, or rather keep it, in the pocket of particular? No, no; interest forbids. The more the dealer gets, the more salesman gets; independent of which, "I serve you now, you serve me next time," is the understood thing, so of course all is given that can be given; and when cobby is saddled for purchaser or particular, by whichever name we may designate him, purchaser is also saddled, not *for* but *with* cobby.

Whoever has heard of horses, or their being bought and sold, has also probably heard of their frequently being bought and sold on commission—that is, on a percentage on the purchase-money from the person who sells the horse, or from the purchaser when a man is commissioned to buy. In such a case, however, he generally gets his commission from the man he buys for, and also from the person of whom he buys; for he mostly makes the person having the horse to sell understand that, unless he pays commission, the animal will not be bought.

Doubtless the seller, understanding this, demands more than he would take if such commission had not to be paid. Still, though the agent employed does get commission from the seller, he gets a horse for say fifty, that the person for whom he buys could not have found for ten or fifteen pounds more; so the fifty shillings given the agent by the seller is altogether a mere bagatelle in the price of the horse. In short, the purchaser saves, we will say, ten pounds by employing the commission-man, all but the fifty shillings paid him as his fee. Now most men understand this; but may not equally comprehend what "standing in" means. They probably guess or know it is deriving some benefit on the sale of a horse, but do not understand the difference between "standing in" and selling or buying on commission. This shall be explained.

I have stated what commission means—namely, the receiving so much in the pound on the price of the horse, without reference to whether the price is a good one or not, or whether the seller gains or loses by the horse sold; but where a "stand in" takes place, it is generally when the original cost price is known, so the difference is this: If a horse is sold at, say, ninety, the seller on commission gets his ninety shillings, and is, in a usual way, content; but if he knows that a dealer bought a horse for fifty, and he can get him ninety for him, then he makes it a *sine quâ non* that he, the seller, shall stand in to a certain amount. The profit being forty pounds, he will expect to stand in at least ten pounds, or, if the horse is not a likely seller, probably more; or supposing the cost price is not known, if the person learns by some chance that the dealer had offered to sell the horse at a much lower figure than he can get him for the animal, here again he will not stir in the affair without "standing

in"—that is, taking a certain share of the dealer's profit —and it pays the dealer well to give it, be the seller gentleman or plebeian.

There is another, among the various modes of coping, that frequently pays well. A gentleman coper knows a person who wants or is always ready to buy a horse of a particular sort, or possessing particular qualifications, such as being able to carry twenty stone, being a fast trotter, or having extraordinary showy action. He looks out for such a horse, and finds him, taking care he is not one known in the neighbourhood to which he intends him to go, or by the person for whom he intends him, or by any of his friends. Having bought the horse, he rides him for a few days, taking care, if possible, to improve his particular qualification by practising or having him practised at it.

Now, whether he is intimate or not with the person he feels confident will buy the horse, he neither mentions he has such a horse by him, shows the horse, nor in any way alludes to the subject when he sees his friend or acquaintance; but he gets a mutual friend to open the ball—something in this way:

"Weighemdown, have you seen a horse Copingoft has been riding some time? By George! he is just the thing for your weight. I did not tell him so, but have come to tell you of the nag, that you may get a sight of him before you say anything to Copingoft about him. Anderson would ask you a couple of hundred for such a one."

"I dare say he would," replies Weighemdown; "for he has asked, and, as you know, I have given as much, and not got one to carry me after all; but I wonder Copingoft did not mention his horse to me, for he knows I want one, and I have seen him twice this week."

"Oh!" says the other, "I do not tell you, or know that he intends selling the horse; for I asked him this morning what he bought such a Sampson for, to carry his light weight; and he said he should not have bought him, but he found that, though he can carry twenty-five stone if wanted to do so, he carried him as light as a thorough-bred one. 'And,' added he, and very truly, 'you know such horses should never be missed. I bought him down in the country, of a miller, who did not know his value; but I do, and so, I suppose, do the dealers in weight-carriers, for I have had two or three at me about him already.' Here ended our conversation, and I thought I would let you know about the horse."

"Well," says Weighemdown, "I am obliged to you. No man knows better than you what will suit me; so get at what price he wants, for he is not so circumstanced in money matters as to refuse to sell; but do not say you want him for me; for if you do, he will clap an extra fifty on directly. Get Copingoft to let you ride him: say you can sell him for him, and ride him down to me. After we have got his price, I can speak to him about the horse. So now, good day."

Now, though Copingoft had Weighemdown in his eye when looking for a weight-carrier, he was too old a hand to go and give a long price on the speculation of his becoming the purchaser; but he bought the horse at what he knew was a safe price to buy at, and said quite truly that he bought the horse of a miller. He saw the horse walking away with his knee up, and a load of flour in sacks on his back. Having ascertained that these weighed close on thirty stone, and seeing the horse was a good-looking one, he got the miller to let him have a saddle on him. A ride of a mile quite satisfied a man of his quick eye as to a horse's merits; and though the miller

stuck on an extra ten, seeing a *gentleman* about his nag, Copingoft was not to be choked off by that. He determined not to lose him, and some of the miller's ale soon helped to settle the purchase at forty pounds.

Now a man may see a horse that in shape, make, and apparent strength could carry any weight a horse can be expected to go under, but might find that, when a great weight got on him, he was in reality comparatively a weak one; but when a horse has been accustomed to carry great weights, and does it lightly and well, though that weight might be only sacks of flour, it is quite certain proper riding and practice will make him shortly carry a man pleasantly; and then he becomes very valuable. No man, coper or not, should in a general way ever neglect to buy a horse that can carry both eleven and twenty stone pleasantly. Such a horse is as sure to sell as a loaf of bread. They are in constant demand; and if they can be got at a proper price, supposing a man could get enough of them, they would be a sure fortune.

This sort of buying and selling I can hardly designate as coping, inasmuch as the buyer actually gives as much as the horse looks worth, or is worth for the purpose he was kept for. It is only the good judgment of the buyer; and having seen such horses used for quite different purposes, that enables him to see that the animal is out of his place, and calculated for better things. I should not call it coping if a man gave fifty pounds for a horse out of a carriage, that his quick eye detected as one that ought to cross Leicestershire. He gives as much for him as, going in a carriage, he is worth; for another horse, with better harness-action, though no more like a hunter than one of Batty's spotted ones, probably as a carriage-horse is worth double the money. These horses, purchased as I mention, become valuable from being put

into work and hands that bring out qualifications unknown and unthought-of by their late owners. Another horse, that would carry an equally heavy weight of flour, though as unlike carrying a man as an elephant, would be just as valuable to the miller as the one I suppose Copingoft to have bought. In fact, if he could carry a couple of bushels more, he would, for the miller's purpose, be a better horse. The picking up horses in the way I allude to is a speculation, and a very fair one; one that a man has a right to avail himself of, who has devoted much of his time, attention, and perhaps money, to horses. He gives the miller a good price for his nag —more, perhaps, than he ever expected to get; and if he, as we will suppose, does sell him to Weighemdown at a hundred and fifty, his having purchased him at forty has nothing to do with the matter. He wanted a horse to carry him well; he gets one; nor has he any right to consider he gave too much, because Copingoft makes a hundred and ten (deducting expenses) by him. He was actually worth the hundred and fifty when he sold him—that is, he was worth it to the man he sold him to; and probably, had he not purchased him, some other heavy weight would have done so. The only thing that, in such a transaction as the one I suppose to take place between Weighemdown and Copingoft, makes it coping, is the manœuvring with a third person. It is, in fact, what is vulgarly called "putting a plant" on a man. Yet such things are daily done, and ten times worse things, even by gentlemen, unworthy of them as it is. But they do worse by far than this. They frequently condescend to employ some low scamp to go and worry, bully, or persuade some gentleman who may have a horse to sell, till he is got at a most unfair price. The same miscreant is then employed to sell the same horse at as

much again as it is worth. This is coping with a vengeance; but it is done, and done, the reader may take my word for it, by persons I might find some difficulty in convincing him would be seen in such transactions. When this is done, I hold it as the lowest of any description of coping. And what is the dire effect and result of stooping to such degradation? Why, the still greater one, of ever after being obliged to put up with all the insolent freedom that the low take a pride and pleasure in showing towards their superiors.

I can mention an instance. It had more than once occurred, that, when calling on a gentleman I knew, I had observed a man that I knew had formerly been a dealer, but now sells a horse for others, very coolly, on being admitted into the house, walk straight up into the drawing-room, or any other in which we might be, and without any hesitation sit himself down. Of course I stared; but the gentleman, with ready tact, said, "Oh, you are come about the grey horse." I had not seen as much as I have, without seeing through so flimsy a veil. In speaking to this fellow relative to some horse transaction, the gentleman, in a joking manner, told him he was a great rogue. Judge my consternation at his insolent reply: "Why, as to that, Major, we've gone together so long now, that if the world calls me a rogue, you must feel queerish, I should say." The question might naturally enough be put, "Was not the scamp kicked down stairs?" No. If gentlemen condescend to make use of such rough tools to do dirty work, they must submit to sometimes feel their edge.

Such is coping practised in the latter way, and such its blessed results. There may be those among the readers of this sketch to whom I could justly say, "De te fabula narratur."

HUNTING AND THE MILLION.

STAG-HUNTING.

"But if thy proud aspiring soul disdains so mean a prize,
Pleased with the pomp, magnificence, and splendour of the chase,
Hear what the muse from faithful record sings."

So said, or sung, the only bard who has ever produced a lengthened poem on hunting that could be read with unceasing pleasure by a *hunting man:* 'tis true, the energetic language I have quoted was written in allusion to the sports of the east, where the brave huntsman of the sun fearlessly roused the crouching tiger from his ambush, bearded the lion in his den, and—

"Dragged the struggling savage into day."

We must allow that all this sounds manly enough, and the keenest sportsman that ever welcomed the challenge of a favourite hound as "sure prelude to a cry," must allow that the game that face to face with man is more than his equal, is nobler than any we pursue; but not being a man of such aspiring thoughts, if I wanted the skin of a lion or tiger for any purpose, my grovelling soul would be quite satisfied in purchasing one in Regent Street, and should feel quite as comfortable in covering my body with the purchased skin, as I should in making acquaintance with its former owner when it covered his. God help my nerves! I have found them tried enough in following *flying* game; how they would serve me on meeting a grim-looking gentleman, whose countenance

bespoke an earnest wish to make a dinner of my horse and self—he standing as principal dish, myself as a lighter morsel for second course—I cannot say. I suppose my reader will say he can; I dare say he is right: I shall not, however, if I can help it, put the matter to the proof. So, far, however, as courage or daring is concerned in the chase, habit teaches different men to face different sorts of danger with equal coolness; and probably the matadore who goads an enraged bull to the encounter, or the tawny savage who faces the wild denizen of the forest, might hesitate in facing an ox-fence, or driving an unwilling horse like Switcher at a rasping Northamptonshire bullfinch—how his noble owner might relish Mr. Lion, I know not; but I give him credit for facing anything.

Each sportsman, naturally enough, advocates the cause of such sort of sport as he prefers, and produces all the real or fancied good reasons he can muster in favour of it. The regular stag-hunter, of course, has his store of praises ready to produce in favour of this pursuit. I must think its convenience as to its certainty of a gallop is the strongest recommendation that can be brought forward, carried on as it is in the present day. When stags or other deer were hunted as wild game, all must allow there was more to be said in favour of the pursuit than in that of the fox, for the enthusiasm and anxiety were equally great and exciting in either chase, and the possession of a haunch of venison was no bad *finale* to a good run, whereas the haunch of a fox, though eaten by a hound while his blood is up, is not, or rather would not be, considered a tit-bit even by him in his cooler moments. Let stag-hunters, therefore, say what they will, it is the gallop, not real hunting, that they want. Fox-hunters, at least most of them, anathematize the

thing altogether, and decry the calf-hunters as no sportsmen *at all;* this is illiberal; for while we are in actual chase, it does not matter much what the game is; but it is the knowing what we are in pursuit of that destroys the zest of the thing. The almost certainty that the stag *will* be taken, destroys the anxiety that is so exciting in fox-hunting; for in stag-hunting we are almost as sure that Rob Roy or the Hendon deer will be taken *somewhere*, and that we shall see him again leap from the deer-cart, as we are of seeing the same horse in the coach on Saturday that took us a stage on Monday. Every true fox-hunter likes to see the *kill*, knowing that getting on as good terms with a game fox another time is quite a matter of uncertainty; but whether the deer is taken at Upminster, or runs on to Hendon, matters little, for taken he will be; and it is more the wish to show others that the nag can go on as far as theirs, that causes men to go on to the take, than any other feeling as to the finish.

As a kingly amusement stag-hunting had certainly something more imposing in its appliances than fox-hunting, and when six or more yeomen prickers, the huntsman, and whip, were all seen in royal uniforms, and the French horns proclaimed the uncarting the stag, the stag at bay, the hounds stopped, and also the stag taken; looking at it as a royal chase, the sight and the sound had something truly imposing in its effect. I can, as a boy, remember this when old Johnson was the huntsman, and the baying of the old-fashioned stag-hounds while stopped was as fine as anything imaginable; it was not the soul-inspiring cry of a pack of fox-hounds, no doubt, nor the crash of a pack breaking cover, that brings the very heart to the lips, but the

thing was fine in its way, and perfect in its way as a show.

I am quite ready to allow that Johnson's successors brought in a different and more fox-hunting style of chase than the good George the Third ever saw, and now Mr. Charles Davis has made stag-hunting as enthusiastic as the pursuit of an all but tame animal can be brought to. "Short, sharp, and decisive," is his motto. I can pay him no higher compliment than by saying he ought to have been a fox-hunter; and all who know him as a man and a sportsman will join me in the wish that he had always had, and had now, forty thousand a year, a pack of fox-hounds of his own, and that he hunted them; if he had had the first, there is little doubt the other "two events would have come off," and the doubt is quite as little as to his hounds and hunting having been perfection.

The rage for going fast, and the (then) king's hounds having been at one time hunted by one who had been huntsman to a pack of fox-hounds, no doubt brought on the innovation, or improvement, as the case may be, held on the legitimate style of stag-hunting, and it is right, perhaps, to go with the taste of the times in things where a change of taste is harmless, and if fox-hunting is the *ne plus ultra* of hunting, the nearer we bring stag-hunting to it, the nearer, of course, we bring it to perfection. But in alluding to stag-hunting as a royal sport, no doubt we have greatly done away with the "pomp, magnificence, and splendour of the chase."

We have not had for more than half a century a royal sportsman for our sovereign; if we had one now (begging pardon for using such an expression in allusion to royalty) his majesty would be, as Paddy would say, a bit "bothered" as to how he was to hunt without going

back to the old system. I believe a king might walk a minuet with a queen or other royal person; but what should we say to a king in an Irish jig "covering the buckle," or careering in a fast galopade? My respect for sovereigns makes me blush at the bare contemplation of such a sight.

But to return to hunting: it may be very allowable for a gentleman or a young sporting nobleman with hounds, to good-naturedly "race for the lead" to a gap with his equal, with a sporting dealer, or Tom Oliver; but a king shaking his horse and cramming him through a bullfinch side by side with Mr. Mason, would have something in it rather novel, and I think somewhat indecorous. It may be said that "what is worth doing at all is worth doing well;" and if this holds good as to men in general, it holds good as regards monarchs: granted, but there are things that the position in life of monarchs renders it unseemly in them to do *at all*, consequently there is no occasion for their doing them well. Hunting has ever been a royal sport—but not *fox*-hunting; there is an emulation and maddening sort of enthusiasm in this pursuit that would inevitably lead to a certain competition quite improper between monarch and subject, and this could not be avoided in a sharp run with fox-hounds. Regular deer-hounds can readily be brought to stop—it would be difficult to bring hounds accustomed to hunt a fox to this; and supposing we could do so, it would be hard to guess what a thorough keen fox-hunter might *think*, if not *say*, if in the midst of a run a pack of fox-hounds were *stopped* because any one, even if it was an angel himself, happened to be behind; under such circumstances he would hold losing a fox *next* to losing a king.

Royal hounds should of course be subservient to royal

pleasure. The master of a pack of fox-hounds, even supposing most of the country he hunts is on the lands of his friends, acquaintance, or tenants, is to a certain degree under obligation to them for leave to cross their land, and, above all, for the preservation of foxes: the manager of a subscription pack is mostly, or often, under obligations to *everybody*. Both must hunt to please their supporters, or they will find they will very shortly not be able to (comparatively speaking) hunt *at all;* not so with a royal pack, and very properly: they are the king's hounds and for the king's amusement, and it is quite enough if the subject is permitted to enjoy the same amusement as his sovereign. Not being high enough to expect any notice from royalty, I should perhaps betake myself to where I could get a clipper with plebeians; but this is, God knows, no reason why a royal pack should be hunted in a way to please plebeians; but then it may be fairly inferred that something more than sport must be looked to, in a pack where the pleasure of royalty is the thing to be considered. I can fancy I hear some enthusiastic fox-hunter declare he would not be a king to give up fox-hunting. I once thought so myself, but we may make ourselves perfectly easy, for we have no more chance of being, or are more fit to be kings, than kings have of being fox-hunters.

Now, though I freely award the palm of royal appearance to stag-hounds, I trust it will not be inferred that I could for a moment hold him a lover of good and true hunting who would hunt with such where fox-hunting came within his reach. Kings must pay a certain tax for their elevated position; and one of those taxes is, they cannot enjoy certain pleasures that come within the reach of the subject: fox-hunting is one of these, as I said before. A king may hunt—an English king is liked for

doing so; so a king may smoke—a Turkish monarch does so to a pretty considerable extent, and the privilege of cutting off the head or bow-stringing the happy man who adjusts the hookah if it does not go "all right," is a very royal one, and let us hope that like the subjects of other places, who go to heaven if they die with a cow's tail in their hand, he goes to heaven also; but imagine, for instance, the Emperor of all the Russias with a *clay* pipe in his mouth, and to make the thing perfect, making it squeak "*secundum artem*" prior to filling it. Thank God! I am beyond the confines of the knout.

Let us now just cast an eye towards the motives of those who keep staghounds, who (I don't mean the hounds) are not of royal blood. The Earl of Derby to begin with: of course I do not know why he, as a good sportsman, chose stag instead of fox-hounds; it might be to render himself popular by insuring a run to the neighbourhood and the metropolitan sportsmen; it might be that the Oaks were, and are certainly not in a perfect fox-hunting district, or it might be that the noble lord liked to be certain of a gallop himself; but from whatever reason they were kept, the hunting was quite of a different character to that with the king's (I speak of both as they were thirty-five years ago); with the Derby it *was* what I believe it *is* now with the queen's, and this in a great measure, if not totally, arose from the one pack belonging to a nobleman, the other to a king: if the noble was thrown out, he would not wish the sport of others to be risked by his hounds being stopped on his account; whereas etiquette would require that those of the king should be so constantly, for the convenience of their royal master. I have not ridden with stag-hounds for many years, merely because I have been so situated as to get hunting more to my taste; I am not, therefore,

qualified to say much on the style of hunting them now, but I conceive it is quite necessary to occasionally stop all deer-hounds, to prevent their running into their game without a sufficient run—not altogether from the want of speed in the stag, but that with so large an animal the scent lies so high, that hounds have little occasion to stoop to it, and where, from whatever cause, this is the case, the run must always be a clipper; for if hounds can run breast high and over a good country, any pack of harriers will give a very fast horse quite enough to do to lay by their side, and I am quite sure a pack might get the character of a very slow one, when in justice we ought to say the *country*, or the *scent*, is slow. If even a slow pack went off with their fox at a pace that a Meltonian might despise, only let them *keep on* without a check, and let the country be such as they can take the fences in without checking their speed, they will, after two or three miles, be found to be going quite fast enough for most horses, and, in truth, for most men.

When I remember the king's hounds, I must say their style of hunting, or (I should more properly say) their want of style in hunting, quite disgusted most fox-hunters. I will not merely say their tailing was worse than O'Connell's, but they were after a quarter of an hour's run "*all over the country*." I was then told this was a fault inseparable from stag-hunting, and the reason given me was, that the scent of the deer was so strong, that the fast hounds would get to the head. I was but a young sportsman at that time; still I had had four seasons with fox-hounds, where I had seen nothing of the sort; it therefore struck me, that though this might be a very fair excuse for hounds not going so that a table-cloth would cover them, it was not a sufficient one for a pack tailing to an extent that an honest mile often intervened

between the leading and tail hounds—no, there was something more. In the first place, at least ten couples out of the twenty were cripples, some so bad, that, like old coachers, till they got warm they could not go at all; in fact, it was pitiable to see them trying to get to the head, while they were so lame and stiff that they went as if their legs were wooden ones; this with some arose from age and work, but chiefly from kennel lameness, that then existed in the royal kennel to a most deplorable extent; this, I believe, under the vigilant eye of Mr. Davis, is no longer the case.

It may seem presumptuous in me taking on myself to speak in any derogatory terms of kennels built for a royal pack—a consideration that one might naturally suppose would have led to their being pattern kennels for all others; but so far from this having been the case, when I first saw them there was an air of discomfort in the appearance of their interior, that gave the idea of a penitentiary for dogs instead of a luxurious home for royal hounds; there was an air of cold and damp inseparable from the first sight of them, and I should venture to say the then crippled state of half the pack bore evidence that the idea was closely followed by the reality as to the want of warmth, dryness, and comfort found within their walls. It is many years since the time I allude to: doubtless it is all altered now; the appearance of the present pack shows that it is so—but so formerly it was.

Few things deceive a bystander more than the reality of the speed he sees exhibited by passing objects; it is only by practical test that he will arrive at the knowledge of its quantum; in fact, it is all but impossible to judge of the comparative speed of animals from seeing them go singly, or collectively either, if they all go alike

as to pace and style of going—we will instance a race. Let us bear in mind the absurdity of the idea as strongly as we will, we can hardly help fancying the winner of a race a speedy horse, unless we are thoroughly acquainted with the qualities of those he has beaten, and by nine-tenths of spectators he would certainly be looked upon with more favour than a fourth or fifth horse who had run for a Derby or Leger, though the one had merely won a race where all were slow, the other only wanted the slightest possible turn of more speed to have been the winner of as fast a race as any on record—in fact, though he did not win *that* race, perhaps turns out the fastest horse of the lot. This shows that we can only judge of speed accurately by comparison. How often at provincial meetings do we hear—"By George, they're going a terrible pace!" "What a pace they come down the hill!" and when over, "That was a fast thing!" and as frequently do we hear it said of a great race, "The pace is wretched," when horses are going beyond comparison faster than in the "fast thing" to which I have alluded. These different observations and opinions arise from two causes—the annexing the idea of whirlwind speed to a runner or runners for a Derby in one case, and a want of something to compare with in the other: it is much the same with packs of hounds.

I have been often amused, as doubtless thousands of others have, by seeing men on a race-course back a particular horse because his style of going in his canter pleased them; and as one among these horses must win, the man who betted on him is sure to say *after* the race, he was *certain* the horse would win, from his manner of going. I quite believe that take them all in all, there are more fast race-horses who go like fast ones, than who go otherwise; but to attempt to judge whether a

horse can race from his canter is a most fallacious criterion indeed to go upon; we may much oftener be right in judging of the lasting of a hunter across a country by *his* style of galloping; but we cannot to an absolute certainty decide even here, for stamina has to be considered; but we chiefly want the speed of a race-horse for a hundred yards, and with this momentary exertion the canter has nothing whatever to do—no man can tell whether a horse can race or not, till he *tries* him.

Whoever can recollect the original stag-hounds, who were as unlike fox-hounds as is the southern beagle to the fast harrier, will agree that to a bystander the thought would suggest itself—"How can these great slow-going animals ever expect to run up to a stag?" those who ever hunted with them will recollect, however, that run *up* to him they did, and that sometimes very quickly, and unless stopped, would have run *in* to him also. Yet while the whips of the huntsman, and a yeoman pricker or two were dropped before the pack, and the horns were playing, the scene to a fox-hunter was odd enough. Perhaps ten couple of the young, or fast, or sound hounds were standing opening in full chorus, looking impatiently for a whip to be raised, as many of the slow ones and cripples were to be seen in ones, or twos, or threes, coming along on their old stilts, just as I have seen old Borabec start on his, when "God save the neck of the jockey!" was the charitable ejaculation of the bystander; you could hear these poor old veterans giving every now and then a whimper, or a single occasional lengthened "yow," as they came along. Probably by the time the tail hound had got up, the whips were raised, and away they rushed; some of the old ones had by this time warmed to their work, and thus adding to the vanguard; the tailing was not quite so much, and it some-

what diminished every time the pack was stopped; but still it was always pretty considerable; and as it was the same with some of the men, there was this convenience in it—each man might select a couple of hounds and ride with them, so all were accommodated, as each man had his pack. I in no shape mean to say that in those days these stag-hounds were slow; quite the contrary, they went a great pace—that is, the body of the pack did; and General Vyse, who was sure to be with the leading ones of these, will tell any one, that on as good and fine horses as ever man rode, and riding them as well, he found, though a light weight, he had not (riding as he did) two or three stone to spare. The fact was, that though seeming to go slow, the stride of these large hounds was very great, and they *kept going*, and in that case, as I before said, almost all hounds will be found fast enough.

But while I say a burst with stag-hounds is fast, I am quite aware, that taking the hunt altogether it was slow, for I have seen farmers and others on very slow horses, and such in anything but hunting condition, that have been at the turning out and taking of the deer; and so might any man on a slow horse if he was a sticker, for if he was content to keep with tail hounds, and thus come up occasionally, he might last to the finish; but thus mounted, starting with the hounds when the deer was uncarted, and laying with them till they were stopped, was quite out of the question.

Nor was the appearance of going slowly confined to the hounds only: the same apparent want of speed was shown in the stag; when striding evenly along, nothing but following him would convince a spectator he goes the pace he does. We feel we are going fast in a railway carriage, but meet another, we then see the velocity

of the machine; or if we see one going, it seems to go fast doubtless, but turn our sight from it for ten seconds, the distance between us in that short space of time brings the velocity again at once to our senses: it is somewhat thus with the stag, it is not easy to frighten him from his "propriety," for whether the hounds are five fields in his rear or nearly on his haunches, though in the latter case he will increase his pace, he does it as smoothly and soberly as the steam-engine when higher pressure is put on, or the race-horse in going his sweat, when the heels or ash-plant rouse him to a lengthened stride. If hounds come suddenly on a hunted fox, he lays his ears in his poll and sets to work in earnest, we see he is going fast; still more so with the hare, for running "like a frightened hare" is proverbial; a hint puts her to her topmost speed instantly; and though we see the greyhound is the swifter animal as he runs up to and turns her, still to our vision the hare appears to go the fastest, for with all fast animals the smaller the animal is, the faster in proportion he appears to be, when his speed is nearly equal with the larger one. With the stag there is on no occasion, at least not on any one I have seen, any appearance of perturbation or hurry: he has either not the inclination or not the powers of the same *increased* exertion as the fox or hare; at all events, I never saw one evince it. I do not believe he possesses the power of striking very quickly in his gallop: I may naturally suppose a pack of hounds would alarm him as much as anything earthly could do; I have seen scores with a whole pack at their heels (I mean when hunting), but I never saw one put himself out like a run-away horse. I conceive it to be more their great endurance at a *certain pace*, than any great speed, that keeps them before hounds so long.

Formerly, I mean two centuries ago and before that period, I believe the outlying or wild stag was the one hunted; how they went comparatively with those fed on hay, oats, carrots, and beans, I know not; and if we had any authentic accounts of the runs in those days, we could come to no conclusions as to their comparative powers, for neither the hounds or horses that followed them were such as are in use in modern times. There is one thing that certainly must tell very considerably against the stags kept in paddocks, namely, the want of exercise, that is *strong* exercise: if we could give him a gallop every day, I suppose in return, when we hunted him, he would give us a "burster;" to what extent improved feeding makes amends for this, I know not.

Baron Rothschild's stag-hounds I have never seen: if money can make them good they ought to be so, and from what I have heard they are so. We must in candour allow that such men as go well with them in *their* country can be no bad workmen in any other, for the Vale of Aylesbury is no joke to get over. At all events, the baron's hounds are a great convenience to his numerous friends and acquaintance, many of whom have important avocations that do not permit their hunting as often as, I dare say, they would wish; as they hunt as often as they can, I only sincerely wish them good sport whenever they meet the baron and his justly celebrated pack.

There is one accusation brought by fox-hunting men against stag-hounds, that has certainly its foundation in truth: more injury is done to a farmer in breaking down his fences, riding over turnips, clover leys, &c., in one day with stag-hounds, than in a month with a regular pack of fox-hounds. This will ever be the case: the certainty of a run brings out enormous fields—those com-

posed of numbers who are unknown in the country; nor do they possess an acre of land in that or any other: consequently, both from ignorance, carelessness, and fearlessness of recognition, they ride anywhere—many anywhere but where they ought. The railroads have increased this evil most wonderfully; and I can only say, if I was master of a pack of fox-hounds, I should anathematise railways till each separate length of iron would rise up in indignation against me: if they did, I should pray they might never get into their places again. I mean nothing illiberal in this. If I knew a man came from Sweeting's Alley or Bride Lane—if I knew also that he was in heart and feelings a sportsman—he would be welcome: but for the rest, I would endeavour to keep my "fixtures" as great a secret from them as they keep those of their 'Change from me, and I think my change would be for the better.

HUNTING AND THE MILLION.

"The million" is a term that has now become rife in all journals, periodicals, and publications, whether it is applied to Moses and Son, who furnish inexpressible articles to an inexpressible number of individuals, to an oil that promotes the growth of the hair so fast that unless the hand that rubs it in is protected by an oil-skin glove its palm will be converted into a flesh-brush, or to "silver superseded by Rippon and Burton's (God knows what) white metal"—a truism that no one need doubt, where and when he treats himself to a dinner for one shilling and two-pence, though perhaps it might occur that in Grosvenor place or square that superseding might not be so apparent. However, "for the million" is the term that I suppose has some talismanic effect in procuring the suffrages of the public; and as no one, both from gratitude and interest, is more anxious than I to stand as well as I can in public favour, I apply the term to my present subject.

It may be objected that where the term "the million" is used, it only ought to be in cases, or alluding to articles, that come within the reach of every one; and that hunting does not, for it is not every one who can afford it. I cannot deny the truth of this axiom; but it is not every one who can afford to use Macassar, or Rowland's Kalydor, or even Burton's spoons. But it will be said Moses' *inexpressibles* are also *indispensables*. Some nations would deny this; and even here, if a man chose

to go without, if he walked where he could offend no one, who has a right to prevent his enjoyment? And further, now-a-days if he has not ready money to buy a pair, "by" (as Pat says) "the piper that played before Moses," go without he must.

There was a time when hunting was almost as indispensable, with a large proportion of men, as the articles above mentioned — not as a pursuit of pride, vanity, fashion, or imitation; but as a sport, as necessary to the country gentleman, as the assembly, play, and opera to the town lady. I am not prepared to say whether or not there are as many hunting men as formerly; perhaps with stag or fox-hounds the numbers may not have much decreased; but the squires and farmers who formerly kept their harriers, or little cry of beagles, are now seldom seen, and unquestionably those were the men who hunted for hunting's sake; but farther, where no *one* person was found who chose to keep hounds, a scratch pack was commonly made up by a few sporting tradesmen, who partook of a healthful amusement out of their gains made in a respectable way, instead of, as now, robbing the public by ticketed shops, to indulge in far more expensive and far less justifiable expenses in other ways. Doubtless a man has a right to select the amusement that gratifies him the most; but he has not always an equal right to select the means whereby he does so.

The term "hunting" is purely English, and, in the sense in which *we* take it, implies the first hunting or seeking for any animal, and then hunting or running it down. The term is so definite with us, that if we say a man is "out hunting," we at once figure him to ourselves as following a pack of hounds in pursuit of something; and if we asked for any more explicit information, it would only be, "What hounds is he gone with?" but

we should perfectly well know he was neither coursing nor shooting; we therefore, very naturally, (though I must say improperly), should laugh at a Frenchman, if after hearing he was *à la chasse*, we should find him with a single pointer or spaniel, shooting; but we should be wrong in doing so, for it would only show we did not understand the import of the word, which by no means intends to convey the idea that a man is, in our sense of the word, hunting: it merely implies he is following some sylvan sport, or is in some way engaged in pursuit of some wild animal; for hunting with a regularly organized pack of fifteen or twenty-five couples of hounds is, or rather was, confined to England alone.

Why the legitimate taste and keen relish for real hunting have so far left us as it has, may be traced to various causes. A Leicestershire man may say, and probably would, that it has not left us at all. I am quite ready to grant that the zest for Leicestershire hunting, or hunting with the Queen's or Baron Rothschild's, is as much in vogue as ever it was; but the zest for hunting where no display takes place is as much gone by as the relish for old port, or I might almost say as that for mead, with which our worthy great-great-grandmammas regaled themselves and friends.

One great reason for this arises from the habit of late hours: another is from every man now wishing, in point of fashion, display, and expense, to vie with his more aristocratic neighbour.

Every true sportsman will allow that hare-hunting is the *foundation* of real hunting; that it is the real test of the sagacity and keen sense of scent on the part of the hound. A few men may deny this; so may a young Hussar or Lancer, proud of his splendid trappings, deny that Infantry are the stay and prop of an army; but a

true soldier knows that it is so. Now hare-hunting, to be enjoyed to the utmost, requires early hours; and the hunting *to* a hare in her form, while her scent lies in the morning, is as pleasing, taken as *true hunting*, as that of chasing her after she has left it; not to the Brighton man, who only wants a fly for a quarter of an hour; but candour must make us allow that this is only virtually coursing, with twelve or more couples of high-bred harriers, or dwarf fox-hounds, in lieu of a brace of greyhounds. But to return to hours: hunting from eleven till three o'clock may suit the man of fortune very well, for it accomplishes what is, with many, one of his great desiderata in life—it breaks through the day; but the man who may wish to blend amusement with pursuits of more importance, cannot afford to destroy three days a week, by being absent from those pursuits precisely at that part of the day when probably he would be the most wanted. It may be very fine or very fashionable to say, "Then let such snobs stay at home;" but "all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," and it would be somewhat hard to say, that because a man may be willing to work, we will take care he shall have no opportunity to play.

I am finding, however, no fault with prevailing customs: I am only endeavouring to point out why sportsmen are in the aggregate daily getting fewer in number; in fact, like dissolving views fading from our sight, they may, like them, be replaced by a more gaudy or splendid representation; but if the latter bring with it the conviction that we are destined never more to see that which we remember to have seen with quite as pleasurable feelings, but with less astonishment, a sigh will escape to the memory of that which has for ever faded from our view.

Vanity, as I before said, has, I fear, had no small share in diminishing the ranks of our sportsmen; for there are numbers of men, who, because they have not the means of doing a thing in the same way and in the same style as others do, will not do it at all; and this, I fear, influences sportsmen as well as others. Hunting, like most other amusements, is carried on at a much greater expense than it was when Somerville or Beckford wrote and rode; therefore, as all men's means are not grown commensurate with their increased expense, those who are in such a case retire from the field; and why?—because, forsooth, they find Lord Strathmore, or any other nobleman, can keep a dozen hunters, and hunt, if he pleases, six days a week; so because they can only keep two, they turn sulky or vanity sick, and will not hunt at all. This is egregious folly we know, but it is a folly very rife at the present time. The same man might as well say, because Lord Strathmore drinks champagne and he cannot, he won't take his half pint of sherry, but will drink water. I personally take things in another point of view, and I hope a more sensible, philosophic, and indeed philanthropic way. I can't drink champagne; I am glad his lordship can; this shall never make me drink water, while a pint of wine stands before me,—nay, rather than turn sulky, I would finish the bottle.

So I would say to a man who had even one solitary nag: if he is a good one, he will carry him in a general way, judiciously and carefully ridden, two days one week, and one the next. Get, then, a day when you can; stay at home when you cannot, and, like an honest, good-natured fellow, wish good sport and a kill to others; but don't kill yourself by spleen or apoplexy from staying at home always grumbling, like old Diogenes in his tub; he was no sportsman, or he never would have been such a fool.

Something closely bordering on this sort of feeling has occasioned numbers of packs of harriers being put down, or rather being given up. To begin with the squire living in some old ancestral mansion, to which a pack of harriers has been so long attached as to be held indigenous to the place; wonderful changes in the habits and minds of men, probably, nay certainly, have taken place since he first as heir took possession of the old hall and old pack. He dies; his heir, swayed by fashionable manners, prejudices, and men, comes, in his turn, into possession also; and probably it may be said of him, as comparing him with his progenitor, what was said by a client to his adviser, comparing him with the counsel on the other side—"Mr. B. is a barrister: you are a barrister *also*, but not *likewise*." The new heir has seen the *fast men*, associated with them, laughed with them at the queer ways of the *old governor*, is it to be expected that the protegé of the first flight will spend four hundred a year in keeping a pack of harriers, when a thousand will keep a stud at Melton? True, harriers had been kept at the hall far, far beyond the memory of man; and each succeeding squire had been as well known to, and almost as much venerated by every man, woman, and boy within miles as the village church; the hat had been doffed to the squire as master of the pack by those who derived amusement from them three times a week, with some of them for, perhaps, nearly half a century—what matters? "This fine old man, he died;" his son wants no hats doffed to him by a set of old country neighbours among whom he never means to reside; he will find the old place bearable for a fortnight before the grouse shooting enlivened by a few choice spirits, to hob-nob with the portraits of his ancestors on the walls, and wonder "what that old chap in the scratch wig would say" to such fine fellows as themselves; or he may

vouchsafe to visit it and the neighbourhood for a miserable three days twice a year, to receive rents, if they have not been forestalled to be received by others. This much convenience he finds from possessing the old grey walls, while his steward or agent finds about an equal convenience in living within them; lucky such an heir, if the steward does not, on the whole, get the lion's share. The heir could conceive only one other greater temptation to visit the old bore of a place, and that would be on the occasion of being enabled to sell it. Do not be alarmed, my *bit of new light;* you will not, probably, be troubled by many journeys to it. Mortgages on your life interest, and the worthy steward (of *your own* selecting) will probably render your temporary loss to the fashionable world on rent occasions, shortly, quite unnecessary. Doubtless, your stupid old father was silly enough to waste four hundred a year on so slow a pursuit as hare-hunting; but when the fast Melton stud, and the thousand a year to keep them, are gone, and a few more that kept yourself are *gone too,* you may find that going by the express train in all we do in life is a little apt to get us off the line, and then the world is not quite so considerate as railroad managers; for if you get an engine sent to pull you on again, you are indeed, a favoured son of fortune. But don't let others trust to that and try their chance.

Something like this has occasioned the numbers of tenantless kennels, and, indeed, tenantless old mansions we see in the country. Let us now see why the farmers, and others of a middle class, no longer are seen in the numbers they were, joining in the field or keeping hounds themselves.

The very old adage, that "whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing well," is unquestionably as applicable to riding, hunting, or keeping hounds, as it is to any other

pursuit; and if the merely doing it *well* was contemplated or carried into effect by those who did it, every praise and encouragement should be given to those who effected it. But the doing it well, be it what it may, and doing it in the most expensive and extravagant way possible, are very different things, and produce very opposite effects; for if we do anything so expensively as to render a participation in it so expensive also that not one person in twenty can join in its pursuit, we do away with the motive that probably was the origin of the business being set on foot. For though, as I have said, it is most absurd in any man to forego any amusement because he cannot vie with his richer neighbour in the way in which *he* participates in it, still, as the human mind is constituted, it is so sensitive on the score of visible inferiority, that thousands daily lose a great deal of real enjoyment rather than be detected in amusing themselves in an humbler way than those whom good sense ought to tell them they have no pretensions to imitate.

Formerly masters of foxhounds thought themselves well mounted with three good horses, and six for the three men, the two whips taking care of their own horses in the stables; and these horses costing, on an average, forty pounds each. I need scarcely say, such a pack only hunted three days a week, some few only twice; this, of course, still further decreased the establishment.

At what expense foxhounds were kept in those days, may be judged by this fact: A baronet who hunted Kent, a most intimate friend of my father's, got into difficulties; his estate was unfortunately obliged to be, like his whelps, put out to walk; but he was allowed to keep up his foxhounds, and five hundred a year kept them, and the old baronet's stud too. This I can

vouch for, having often heard my father speak of it. What would the Quorn, Cottesmore, or Pytchley say to this? Why, it would not pay their wear and tear of horse-flesh.

Some persons may say a man must be a fool to keep a pack of foxhounds to only hunt twice a week. So he must be, if they cost him two thousand a year; but if they only cost five hundred, the folly would have been the foregoing his two or three days' amusement because he could not get six.

Many—nay, I believe, the generality of men, who hunt would say they would prefer spending the five hundred a year on an extra number of horses, and hunt with other persons' hounds; I am afraid I should say so myself. But this only shows that I am not in heart and in grain as true a foxhunter as the old baronet; though, without ever having had the prospect of keeping a pack of foxhounds myself, I can fully enter into the enthusiastic feelings of a master seeing his hounds going like a whirlwind, and occasionally throwing a tongue, as if in defiance of those who, probably, half an hour before, he had cursed in his heart for riding among, if not over, his darlings. There is an inherent pride in every one in seeing *his own* excite admiration; and no pet boy is a greater object of idolatry to his mamma, than is a favourite hound in the estimation of his master.

Something of this feeling I remember seeing called forth when hunting with Warde. We had had a long and somewhat fast run; the hounds, on good terms with their fox, had run him to within half a field of a widish stream, when they on a sudden came to a check, they made their own cast, and two or three couple whimpered a little in uncertainty; a hound or two spoke. No notice was taken of this by the master, who had come up;

at last a favourite bitch spoke in earnest, and bolted off towards the stream. "Over he is, for a thousand!" roared Warde. And over he was, sure enough; and over was the bitch before the pack got to the stream, and away she went like a single locomotive sent to overtake an express train. I do not believe, at that moment, a hundred guineas would have purchased her; the feelings of the moment were worth a hundred to a master of foxhounds. There are cases in life where manslaugher is held to be excusable; now if any of those men who merely hunt to show off their riding and their horse had rode over this same bitch, and manslaughter had ensued from her master to such a man, by the spirit of fox-hunting it ought, "*nem. con.*," to be brought in justifiable homicide.

When it is necessary, or, what in effect is the same thing, *held* necessary, that hounds should go a racing pace over a racing country, no doubt the cost of bringing an entire pack up to one uniform speed, and that speed the fastest, is necessarily enormous; the first cost of purchasing, say, fifteen hunters for the men, is enormous also, and the wear and tear another heavy item. Now let us fairly state for what this heavy additional expenditure is incurred; not merely to ensure the certainty of *a kill*, but of a kill in a *certain style*, and at a certain pace, or rather, in consequence of it. Every Leicestershire man will allow this to be a fact; and being, as they unquestionably are, a set of the finest fellows living, and men of a high tone of mind, have about them that candour inseparable from such minds; and this, in spite of all their prejudices in favour of their own aristocratic estimation of fox-hunting, will induce them to candidly allow what they know to be a fact, namely, that there are subscription packs to be found, and those hunted by

a farmer and his one son, before whom a fox has as little chance of his life as he has if he were found at Barkby holt, or any other *fast* fixture. But then let us, in equal candour, allow the kill would be in a different style, and every appurtenance, appliance, and most of the participators in it, of a different style also.

Men of narrow minds will, as a matter of course, rail at the doings and feelings of the scions of nobility or aristocracy, it is the common attribute of such minds to do so. By this they only lead us to suspect the lowness of their own origin and associates, and the want of proper and manly feeling; in fact, they merely evince a littleness of mind, disposed to cavil at all their station in life precludes their imitating.

Foxhunters ought to be above all such narrow prejudices; let the nobleman or man of fortune take his fox-hunting as best pleases him, or corresponds with his ideas and station in life. So let him enjoy his town house in Belgrave-square, his mansion in the provinces, his villa at Brighton or the Isle of Wight, and his shooting quarters in the Highlands; *certes* such a man will not hunt with a town-subscription pack, nor have the members of such pack pretensions to hunt where the being a recognized *one of the clique* requires the returns of a principality to carry the thing out. Let such enjoy their sport in accordance with their means; the true sport of the less-expensive pack is quite on a par with that of the other. If the man of moderate means will not cynically carp at the superior style of the man of fortune, such a man will never offend the man of minor means; it is only when the latter attempts to vie with those he cannot keep pace with, or turns sulky or morose because he finds he cannot, he becomes a just object of ridicule and contempt with his superiors.

I am quite aware that on any stranger making his first appearance at a meet of our aristocratic hunts he would find many an eye-glass levelled at him, and it would be certain to be detected to what class he belonged; but if it was known he was a plain farmer, but a tip-top workman across country, who had merely come to treat himself with a week with the Quorn, without any intention of being considered as one *of* them, the men he would meet there would be the last in the world to mention a plough in his presence—nay, would be very likely to give him an invite, and if he acted his *natural* part, would treat him as, and consider him, a trump. But *one* attempt at equality his fate is sealed; aristocracy will often welcome a man of another grade as being *with* them, but he must not attempt to be one *of* them

Perhaps such a feeling *should* be altogether banished from the hunting field; but it is of little consequence that it is or not, if men would use their common sense. Hunting with a crack pack or a scratch one differs only in the style in which it is done; the real hunting with the latter is quite as interesting, perhaps more so, than with the former, though the riding is neither so fast, so determined, or perhaps so good. This, one would think, need not have anything to do with hounds on a minor scale being kept up; it *need not* certainly, but it unfortunately *has*, and we may trace it from its origin, and that origin is a foolish vanity in mankind.

When the squire went out with his harriers in a comfortable broadcloth short frock, cut so as just to turn the rain off his knees, a pair of mahogany tops and leathers merely clean, but not bleached, the farmer was not thrown at once in the shade by the evident inferiority of his hunting dress. The squire's horse was in fair

hunting condition, so was the farmer's; the squire kept two, the farmer one. So the hunting field was precisely the place of all others that brought him in a situation of more *temporary* equality with his superiors than any other; this pleased, and he hunted.

The farmer in those days often kept a pack himself; first, perhaps, from his love of hunting; but secondly, because the neighbouring gentry often took a day with him, gave him a hunting dinner at some inn (the squire in the chair), toasted him and his hounds, and gave him the honours, "For he's a right good fellow," &c.; nay, drank the health of his family and his wife. And as this was usually done towards the end of the entertainment, when a little confusion of ideas *does sometimes* take place, the health of the lady was perhaps followed by "*He's* a jolly good fellow" again; and when the master and his dame were thus assured that they were both "jolly good fellows," "which nobody," of course, did "deny," there was no danger of the pack being given up. But even riding was, *as a minor* part of the business, a little talked about, no doubt, even in those days; for I have heard the fences taken, the gates jumped, and the water skimmed (in retrospection) were at such times wonderful. What matter, true or not; it helped the port down, kept the spirits up, and served as a stimulus to make them in some degree, at least, attempt to realize the feats they talked about. These were *one* sort of men; jolly fellows they were—men who made themselves happy, and endeavoured to make others so, by making them welcome. I fear fashion does not always achieve as much, though it spends thousands in the attempt; that is, so far as the attempt to make one party happy. The envy or admiration of the other is all fashion attempts or desires.

All this, it may be said by another clique, was very well for the "provincials." I quite agree with them, it was *very well*, and perhaps quite as well as a good deal that has been done since; but things will progress, and refinement will creep in. I am not prepared to say this is not *very well also*, and I have no doubt it is, if it does not do away with the original good intent by the performance; but if too much refinement in any pursuit diminishes the diffused moderate enjoyment of hundreds or thousands, and produces only a more *expensive* pursuit for a few, then the sooner our refinement comes to "a check" the better; for the most expensive way of doing the thing does not always produce the desired effect, but, on the contrary, in moments of reflection, "the heart, distrusting, asks if this be joy."

We come, I trust, however, to this conclusion, that hunting squires and farmers were a happy, jovial set. Well, this is something; but we allow they were a "slow set." This will, therefore, induce us to have a look at some other packs of a different sort—the flying Brighton, for example.

VICIOUS HORSES.

THERE is, I conceive, no animal indigenous or exported to any civilized country, where he is in use, in whom vice is so objectionable as in the horse. I particularize a civilized country, because if a Tartar or some other nations found a young horse incorrigibly vicious, they could turn him to the same account we do the ox, by eating him; but we do not eat horse here, that is, not if we are aware that it is so, though we do often, I believe, get such a treat in this our great metropolis when we indulge in sausage guaranteed made in Germany, or, if we are disposed for a higher relish, warranted filled and cured at Bologna. In truth, we often dine on much worse things than would be a bit of a fine young healthy horse put into the hands of a good French cook; he would (to my individual taste) make a far better thing of it than the finest sirloin of the finest ox ever fatted, roasted plain by a twenty stone English female "good plain cook," the only description of female for whom I entertain a comparatively sovereign contempt.

That vicious propensities are sometimes inherent is doubtless a fact, as they are with many men; if not so with the latter, they make pretty good use of their time at a very early age, for we see them, in phrenologic language, very strongly developed in numberless boys; I fear acquaintance with the world does not so much eradicate the vice as teach hypocrisy to conceal it; but supposing that we establish it as a fact that certain vices

are inherent in the horse, it in no shape proves that he is naturally a vicious or ill-disposed animal; various circumstances prove that he is not so.

We will suppose a colt got by Alarm (about as savage a horse as any living); this colt shows savage and vicious propensities even at his dam's side; these vices we have reason on our side in supposing to be inherent—in fact, inherited from his sire; this merely proves that the sire was vicious, and the progeny inherited the same or some of the same vices. We must, to come to any definite conclusion, investigate *why* Alarm was, or is, as vicious as we find him. He is not a horse I am much acquainted with, so I cannot answer the question. If his sire or dam were vicious, we must then ask why were *they* so; all this may go back for two, three, or ten generations, and all may have inherited the family vice; we have still to ask what made the tenth generation back vicious? I will answer for it that it was not that they were born so—at least it would be one instance in a thousand if they were. Even with man, whom I consider a more vicious animal than quadrupeds are, vice is not a natural propensity—to err is. Adam erred in listening to the persuasion of a beautiful woman (who would not err in the same case?), but he was not vicious; and though man has been so for ages, it is not nature that made him so, but intercourse with other men; in other words, the world, deprivation, unkindness, ingratitude, hope deferred ending in disappointment, services or labour ill repaid, injustice, calumny, and all those ills that flesh is heir to—all conspire to disgust him with his fellow man, on whom he turns round a *made*, but not a natural, savage.

So it is with horses, whether we go to the large tracts of Cleveland pasturage, the fenny acres of Lincolnshire,

the woody precincts of Windsor, or the New Forest, be it hunter, cart-horse, or pony, his natural disposition is nearly the same; but we will travel further a-field, and suppose ourselves in the pampas of America, the ukraine of the Tartar, the treeless and shrubless plains of the Falkland Islands, or the almost equally naked wastes of Patagonia, we shall only arrive at the same fact, whether the horse is trammelled with the halter or the lasso. From the innate love of liberty born with all creatures, the innate hatred of servitude, and the distrust of man, whether it arises from his being strange to us, or from knowing him too intimately, the captive struggles to escape; but with the quadruped the struggle soon ceases; he feels he is captured, and though his struggles were violent, they proceeded not from *vice*, but a love of liberty and a fear of man; a few days, nay, a few hours, bring him to a state wherein he offers no violence or vice to his captor, and this is generally repaid on the part of the latter, more or less, by severity and ill-usage.

There is something so vain, so foolish, and so overbearing in the mind of man, that whatever or whoever in any shape refuses or hesitates to bend in implicit obedience to his lordly will, is set down as refractory, and a culprit that has rendered himself worthy of the utmost severity the art of man can inflict; and this idea leads him to acts of the grossest injustice and cruelty.

We are, both for our safety and comfort, authorized in counteracting any acts likely to endanger either of them, but counteracting and punishing are widely different; we may be, and I should say are, quite justified in taking life where we consider our own in immediate danger, but even in such a case we might not be authorized in inflicting punishment. In all cases, before we do this,

even supposing an attack on our own lives was meditated, we should see why such was the case. If a wild beast attacks us from hunger, shoot or destroy him; but he merits no torture or punishment. If we approach too near a troop of wild horses, possibly they would attack us. Why? Not from ferocity, but from a fear that we contemplated some mischief towards *them*. Few, if any, wild animals will attack us, if we do not approach near enough to excite their fears or suspicions — the horse never would do so. Whether, on once being subjugated, he submits quietly to man, is any proof that he was especially designed for our use, is too abstruse a subject for me to consider; but that he does in a general way so submit, is a fact not to be disputed. One reason why we might be disposed to imagine that the will of Providence had less to do with his docility than the will of the animal, is this: the zebra, with a trifling difference as to size, would be as useful to us as the horse; he, however, will not submit to the same subjugation from us; he remains indocile, nay, vicious and savage to the last, though from make, shape, and action, as superior to the ass as the horse is to the zebra. This looks more like docility in the horse inducing him to serve man, than Providence ordaining him to do so.

That any carnivorous animal, of strength and size enough to give him courage to attack man, should do so, arises from the most common of all causes: the same that induces us to attack a lamb, a hare, or a fowl; the beast wants to eat us, as we want to eat the animals mentioned, the only difference being, that we fancy the lion has no right to eat *us*, though we have a self-constituted right to eat the *lamb*. If Providence thinks as highly of us as our arrogance induces us to think the case, why the deuce was the lion sent?

It is a fact, but one the reverse of being indicative of the good feeling of mankind, that, generally speaking, the first proof a captive (be he what he may) gets of being captive is severity from his captor; who, instead of endeavouring by kindness to reconcile his prisoner to his situation, sets about breaking his spirit, in lieu of allaying his fears and distrust; thus at once raising distrust and hatred as barriers between master and servant. It is thus with the unfortunate negro torn from his family, on the coast of Guinea; and thus with the horse taken from his native pasturage. The first suffers from unfeeling avarice, on his voyage to final slavery; the latter from ignorance and brutality in him who undertakes to render him docile for the masters he is destined to serve. Brutality and unmerited ill-usage will always produce in man a desire of revenge, which his better judgment teaches him to conceal, but which, like the smothered flame, will burst out at the fitting moment. Fear is the first feeling of the captured animal; ill usage produces hate, and hate produces at first resistance; and if this is conquered, leaves vice and ferocity of disposition, that is also exhibited on every opportunity that offers. Whereas, different—that is, proper—treatment, would have rendered him a willing, cheerful, and valuable servant in our pursuits of business or amusement.

In these days of monster meetings, monster sweeps, and monster trains, few establishments would be of greater utility than a monster breaking-school for young horses, where all the breakers should be men of superior sense, if not of education, and the head or heads of the establishment persons of still higher attributes. The thing on a large scale could be done cheaper than it is by a common colt-breaker: and instead of having a

promising colt ruined by an ignorant savage, we should be certain of his being placed in the hands of a recognized man of ability, patience, and good temper, and he under the direction of a man of education.

I am aware there are numerous places where young or old horses can be sent to be broken as colts, or as horses broken to harness; and doubtless many of these places are owned by respectable and experienced men, but they are by no means so in a general way. Now, if some properly organized large establishment were set on foot, we will say by a company, or one person of large means, where none but competent persons would be taken, we should be as certain of horses being properly attended to, as we are that a boy will be so at Eton, Oxford, Cambridge, Harrow, or Rugby—a confidence in no way to be universally placed on minor schools. For the master of an ordinary school may take any lout or savage of an usher that he pleases, because he gets him at a low salary. Such a man would never get his foot into any of the colleges or schools mentioned. So there are thousands of veterinary surgeons, and many of those men quite worthy of confidence, both as regards ability and integrity; but we *know* that the head of a veterinary college *must* know his business, or he would not get there; nor would he be continued, if even he did. He must also have considerable experience and practice, and every advantage and appliance to favour his ability.

In this speculative age many more improbable things daily take place than an equestrian college for the education of breaking of horses. I have the thing all arranged in my mind, from the stabling to the lunging ring.

From whatever cause a horse may be vicious, be it hereditary, or brought on by bad judgment, bad temper,

timidity, or brutality in his breaker, one thing is quite certain—the vice must be cured, or, at all events, partially so, before he can be of general use to us. Some persons might thoughtlessly say, it matters little what made a horse vicious, if he *is* so. This is quite a mistake; for the origin of it matters everything, both as regards the probability of cure and the mode of setting about it.

If a man has had his leg amputated, it certainly matters little to him whether the necessity of amputation arose from the kick of a horse or the falling of a chimney; but it would matter a great deal whether it arose from accident or disease; as, in the latter case, he might live under the constant dread of a return of the complaint in some other part. But he must be a most unlucky wight if he should lose his other leg from the same kind of accident that lost him the first.

It is something like this as regards vice in an animal: if it is hereditary, or proceeds from a bad disposition altogether, it then becomes very difficult to eradicate; if, on the other hand, it arises from treatment, we must then investigate *what* that treatment was, that, by adopting its opposite, we may, by time and patience, undo what never ought to have been done.

If, for instance, a colt becomes self-willed, from the timidity or too much lenity on the part of the breaker (a circumstance that does not occur once in a hundred times), it then becomes necessary, by determined resolution, to show him that he has at last met with his match; and the *fortiter in re* must immediately and determinedly follow the failure of the *suaviter in modo*. And here boldness, strength, and resolution on the rider's part will generally produce a proper effect without resorting to punishment, for the animal is only like a spoiled child,

self-willed, from having been allowed to have his own way. And even supposing what he does amounts, in point of fact, to the same thing as vice—such, for instance, as refusing to go the way we want him—it is only vice from habit, not vice from a sulky, savage, or violent disposition; though he would probably be made to evince one, or all, of these propensities by undue punishment. If the spoiled child and the spoiled colt find that by resistance they gain their ends, they will ever resist where compliance is in any way contrary to their own inclinations; but if they find that they *always* get the worst of the contest, they will soon learn that it is easier, and consequently pleasanter, to themselves to obey at first than at last. To obey is all we want of them. To teach them that they must do this, it is by no means in all cases necessary to also teach them to dread, and consequently to hate us.

With the colt of an absolutely vicious, savage disposition, advocate as I am for gentle usage of horses, and more particularly of young horses, I am aware a different conduct must be pursued; for if we cannot *eradicate* his vices, we have no resource but to make him afraid to *show* them; in such a case, the best we can make him is a subdued savage. Instances, though rare, have been known of the zebra being brought to this, but we can seldom or ever get further with him, which shows him to be *fera natura*, while the horse is only wild from the want of being brought in contact with man.

We will now look a little at some of the different modes in which horses exhibit vice.

I must here take the liberty of digressing a little from my subject, while I solicit the lenient construction of my reader on any occasion when I may mention myself, my own horses, or circumstances that may have occurred

relative to myself or them; the writer who is egotistical to recount his own exploits renders himself most deservedly liable to both ridicule and reproof. But I hope and trust, when I bring forward what may have happened to myself, it will be seen that I only do so to show that what I may write, or the opinion I may promulgate, is founded on *practical experience*. It is certainly egotism *in se*, but a description of it, that I trust, when brought forward, will be held as not only pardonable, but justifiable. Now to return to my subject.

BITING AND KICKING IN THE STABLE.

This would appear, on the first consideration of it, as positive proof of a regular savage disposition; but to set against this, how are we to account for numbers of horses being vicious in the stable, but never attempting to bite or kick at either master or stranger when out? I had a mare with such a habit. In the stable she would be certain to lay hold of any one, if not watched; out of it, no quieter animal lived; even in the stall, once get hold of her head-collar, she would eat bread or corn out of your hand, and even lick it; but the next moment, if loosed, and you turned your back, she would seize you to a certainty; it seemed an impulse she could not withstand; still, if her biting was from a savage disposition, or hatred of man, why would she not bite out of the stable? A friend of mine had lately a horse who would let any one handle him in the stable or out; but if you laid hold of his neck, as we frequently do by way of feeling the crest, he would seize one with all the ferocity of a bull-dog, and not let go very readily afterwards. Now this objection to be handled could not arise from any natural ferocity, for under such influence he would as readily have bitten on any other part of his body

being touched, or on being approached. I make no doubt, had every circumstance that had occurred to him from a colt been traced, a cause for this peculiarity would be found, as it would for many other acts of the animal which we set down to sheer vice; and he gets very improperly, ill-advisedly, and indeed unjustly, punished for that which does not exist.

I will here bring forward an instance where a most valuable horse, the property of a friend, lately died a martyr to his resistance being set down to violence and impatience, when it solely arose from intense agony. He had had his arm broken by a kick from another horse, who got loose in the same stable. One of our leading veterinary surgeons was sent for, who very skilfully set and spliced up the broken bone, and the horse was put in a sling for support till the bone should have time to unite. He was one of the most placid and perfectly harmlessly disposed animals in existence; but on his fore parts being raised up, he resisted most violently, nor could all the efforts of his groom, and those about him, in any way pacify him. No horse under the influence of hydrophobia could struggle more madly. This, with the exception of short intervals (when he remained quiet from absolute exhaustion), continued for two or three days, when he died frantic. On the body of the poor animal undergoing *post mortem* examination, it was found that two or three of his ribs had also been broken; of course the pressure of the sling suspending him must have caused unspeakable agony, and accounted at once for his violence. I have no doubt many horses are punished, when little more to blame than the one I allude to. Every thing was done that art, ingenuity, or money could command, to render his suspension as comfortable as possible; there was only one thing wanting, namely, the

suffering animal being able to tell why he resisted, and this disability is the occasion of more suffering and more unjust punishment where horses are concerned than we imagine.

It may be said, in refutation of my excuse for many acts of apparent vice in the horse, that no excuse can be offered for his biting or kicking us, or attempting it, when we do nothing to hurt or annoy him. I will beg permission to ask any one making such an observation, did he never strike at — nay, kill, a wasp or bee that merely buzzed about his ears? Why does he do so? He has perhaps been stung by one or both such insects, or, at all events, knows they can sting; he fears therefore they will hurt him, and strikes at them to drive them away. The horse does the same thing. I will answer for it, he has often been much more hurt by man than man ever was by a wasp. It will be said by some, that the certain death of a hundred animals, of no pecuniary value, is not to be put in competition to the smallest pain to man. I am not quite satisfied of this, for I daily see many common animal propensities in man, but no superfluity of animal virtues.

I have known several horses who were vicious as to kicking in the stable become perfectly quiet towards those they got accustomed to; but I never knew, or heard of, one biter that left off the practice of biting. It is a vice or habit incurable.

One thing is quite certain: let vice arise from what cause it may, no man should purchase a vicious horse, if he intends him for any purpose that would occasion his being placed in the hands of strangers; and this will hold good more with an inveterate biter than with the horse that kicks. It is easy to watch and consequently avoid a horse's heels; but a regular biter is all but cer-

tain to pin a stranger; in fact, he often catches those aware of his tricks, and his bite is awful.

There is another, though rather uncommon, vice that some horses show in the stable, this is—

SQUEEZING, OR, IN STABLE PHRASE, "PINNING ONE" AGAINST THE STANDING.

This very singular habit certainly looks more like determined vice than either biting or kicking, both of which are the act of the moment; the other seems like a premeditated *intent* to injure us, and injure us it certainly would, most seriously, if he caught us just at the place and moment when we should derive all the full benefit of the favour intended.

The horse who has this vice watches till either in going up to, or in coming away from him, we are about opposite to his hip; he then, without any preparatory motion to put us on our guard, throws his hind quarters, with all the force he is capable of, against the standing. Should he catch us in certain positions, it would be almost certain death; but in any way, if caught at all, we must sustain serious injury.

I can in no way soften down this vice into a trick, or act of the moment; and if horses were tried for their lives, every jury would very properly bring this in *malice prepense;* in fact, premeditated murder, if death ensued. Still we must bear in mind, that probably the animal, even here, tries to injure us lest we may injure *him.* Or from hatred of us for injuries received, he might be like *Othello,* not naturally savage, but have been vexed and worked on "in the extreme." He is, however, a decidedly vicious and dangerous animal, and one who ought to have numberless redeeming qualities to induce us to put up with this most vile habit.

I was once very near being so lovingly squeezed by a gentleman of this sort, that, had his kind intentions taken effect, I should not now be recording the circumstance. I was on a visit to a clergyman, and concluding all his flock, biped and quadruped, to be well disposed, from the precept and example of the truly worthy and amiable pastor, I went up to one of his horses in his stall. Had I done this as carelessly and slowly as many men do, I should have been nailed; but making at once up to his head, I was too quick for him; but he threw himself against the standing with such force that it creaked again. Of course, in coming away, I timed it so that he had cunning enough to be aware it was no use troubling himself about me. On mentioning the affair at breakfast, I was congratulated on my escape, and was told he would thus serve any one, but the man who fed him; this shewed the horse was no fool; so I begged permission to give him a few practical lessons that I thought would do him good. To effect this I got the groom to procure some good old hard furze, stiff as a black thorn; this I got fastened to the near side of the standing, just in the place where the horse would throw his hind quarter, so as to make about as comfortable a lounging place for him as were the famed barrels of old, lined with spikes, in which they amused criminals by rolling them down the hill. All being prepared, I went up to the horse in a manner that made him sure I was to be pinned; but on the first stir of his body I jumped back, he threw himself with fell force against the thorns; on doing which, quick as his motion had been, it was still quicker in jumping back again. He snorted, and as Mrs. Glass says of some dishes, he actually was a horse "surprised." In an hour I repeated this. He had forgotten my *pointed* reprimand, so his good intentions got the same reward

as before. This time I jumped up to his head, when the villain twisted his hind quarters round as far as he could, and kicked at me. This certainly was determined vice, and many men, as the groom avowed he would have done, would have applied "a broomstick to his hide." What would have been the consequence of doing this? The horse trying to crush an approaching stranger no doubt arose either from fear, or hatred, or both. The application of a broomstick I do not conceive to be likely to diminish either the one or the other; but probably, instead of curing the one vile habit, would have induced the horse to use his heels to prevent any one entering his stall *at all*, or, what is quite as likely to have been the result, to have lashed out at every one who came within his reach in any situation.

But, to make the anecdote as short as possible, after three or four practical lessons, though from habit he made, for a day or two, a threatening motion, he thought better of it, and did not attempt to close with my furze. I caressed him constantly, and though at first he drew himself close up to the manger on my going up to him, (which satisfied me that fear was the origin of the vice), in a few days he left that off, and we parted confident friends. I left my barricade as it had been put up, and I heard, six months afterwards, that the horse had never repeated his former vice; what he might have done if put in other hands or another stable I cannot say—I merely state the fact as it was.

The low and uninformed seem to consider that violence and blows are the sovereign panacea for all faults, whether those of brutes or the human kind. It may at first appear somewhat unfeeling when I say that if I see a dumb animal and a man or boy corrected, the former excites my pity more than the latter; but I hope to convince my

reader that I entertain this feeling on something like reason and defensible grounds.

Few men are so perfectly brutal as to correct a boy until he has committed that which he has often been told is wrong, consequently he knows that it is so—the unfortunate dumb animal has no such insight given him, and a thick-sculled lout, who may have just sense enough to know what it is desirable a horse should, or should not do, will suppose the animal knows the same, when in all probability he knows no such thing. But independent of this, such is the arrogant disposition of man, unless his disposition is refined by education, and consequent reflection, that whether his will be right or wrong, any opposition to it is, in his eyes, a crime meriting severe punishment.

"He knows well enough that he is doing wrong," is a constant reply from a stupid fellow, if remonstrated with on any improper severity to a horse, or any other animal. We will say a horse kicks at a man; he then flies up into the closest corner of his stall, and perhaps trembles. "There," would exclaim the lout, "now see whether or not he knows it;" and he takes this as proof, expecting another person of more sense to receive it as conviction also; but it is no proof at all—the horse had probably kicked before, and been broomsticked for it; he knows this much, and fears a repetition of the punishment. If the horse could speak, he would say, and most probably with truth and justice on his side, "I have generally found man a tyrant to *me;* any docility on my part seldom rewarded so as to encourage, but any failure of doing the will of man punished with unmerited severity; in fact, when he approaches me, it is usually to harass or annoy me in some way—am I not justified in kicking at him to keep him away?" If such an appeal was made

to me, I should answer it, as I did one made to me by a young ensign, relative to a difference between him and the major of the regiment, in which the ensign was quite in the right. "Would it not," said he, "be quite right in me bringing the matter before a court-martial?"

"Quite *right*, my dear fellow," said I, "but very *imprudent*."

Why imprudent? Any military man can, if he pleases, tell the enquirer.

KICKING IN HARNESS.

Some people may wonder, if a horse is put into harness, that he should sometimes kick. I, on the contrary, give him credit for great docility, if, on his first essay, he does not invariably do so.

I would ask such persons if, during their walks, they never find a wheelbarrow being driven close on their heels, or a boy's hoop driven against their persons: if so, I think I will answer for it that on the former occurrence the first thing they did was to step out of its way; and on the latter occasion, let me ask any hasty man, or indeed a cool one, if he never gave the hoop a kick. I know I have done so, and thereby accelerated its quondam pace most amazingly. Now why does a person not kick at the wheelbarrow as well as the hoop? For a very good reason. A wheelbarrow is rather an awkward customer to play at kick-shins with. We know it, and prudently get away from any encounter with it. But with the hoop it is a different affair; we there can make the greater impression, so we show our magnanimous courage where we know we cannot be hurt by doing so. I am sorry that truth compels me to acknowledge that boasted man often shows the same all-to-be-admired

magnanimity and daring courage, on many occasions in life, as well as in encounters with Billy's hoop.

Now getting out of the way of the barrow I hold to be tantamount to a horse running away with (or, as he hopes, *from*) a carriage. "Yes," a person may say, "but I do not run away from the barrow." I know you do not, for a very simple reason, the barrow only comes at a pace that a walk or step aside takes you out of its way. But we will suppose it driven by a very athletic fellow, along the narrow passage leading from Curzon Street to Hay Hill, at the rate of eight miles an hour; I will answer for it, you would accelerate your pace at go-like-bricks till you got to the steps. Arrived in safety there, if you are made of a good bit of stuff you may (the barrow having stopped, for there was no resisting that) go back and give, or attempt to give, the fellow a thrashing for his impudence. If you are not of this game sort, you throw up your eyes, get your breath, thank Providence for his mercy, and walk off. But game or not game, the barrow will beat you when in full career, take my word for it; if you will not, try the experiment.

But we are not here on the subject of running away, though I have perhaps been doing so from my text, so we will return to kicking.

From long practice, and longer observation, in putting horses in harness, I feel perfectly confident in the opinion that with English-bred horses (I will not say the same of Irish-bred ones), if we were to put fifty into harness, not perhaps one out of that number would attempt to kick, if we could keep pole, shafts, or traces from touching his hind quarters. It is, in most cases, this collision that he kicks at—not from vice, but from feeling something touching him that he cannot see; consequently cannot judge whether it is anything likely to hurt him

or not. So he endeavours to kick it away, as we should strike at an insect that lit upon our cheek without our perceiving it. Few things induce horses to do mischief so much as surprise of any sort; in instance of which, I had put my horse up at an inn while I dined; on going to the stable with the ostler, his light was extinguished, as I stood at the end of the stall pointing out my saddle. While he was gone to relight it I imprudently put my hand on my horse's quarter, he immediately kicked out with both heels. Fortunately for me, I was quite close to him. Had I been four feet away, my death would have been as certain as if I had stood at the mouth of a cannon. As it was, I was carried senseless into the inn, and there lay a whole week Now that was as fine a tempered animal as ever lived. He was alarmed, or at least surprised; but vice was not in his composition.

I am quite aware there are some horses that will kick in harness, put them in as carefully as you may, and are, in fact, incorrigible in that respect. If such a horse was savage and vicious on all occasions, I should set down his kicking in harness to inherent or contracted vice; but suppose, as would very probably be the case, he was good-tempered on all other occasions, I should infer that from some unknown cause, he had (and likely enough with reason) contracted a dislike to or fear of harness. Such a horse would be more difficult to cure of kicking than a vicious one. The latter kicks from vice and ill-temper —he may perhaps be cowed or coaxed out of the habit; but the other does it (if I may use the expression) upon principle, and we might never be able to eradicate from his memory whatever it was that caused his fear or dislike of harness, and unless we could, kick he would, more or less, to the end of the chapter.

On the other hand, it is not a very uncommon circum-

stance to find horses, in a general way vicious both to ride and to persons, go perfectly quiet in harness. My inference would be that such a horse had had a something done to him that caused dislike both to man and the saddle; but the same thing, or any thing that had annoyed or alarmed him, had not been done to him in harness, consequently there he would go quiet.

If a horse only kicks when put to a carriage, I think we may fairly conclude it is from some cause that he kicks at the carriage; by patience, kindness, and long practice, we may get him out of his fear (which in nine times in ten it is), or his dislike to a vehicle behind him; but if we find him kick at the harness when put on him, it shows one of two things—either he is a ticklish horse behind, consequently dangerous for harness; or he is an old offender, and knows both what he is about, and what we are going about with him. Whether or not he is the latter is very easily ascertained. Put a collar on to his head till it comes up to his eyes; if he is unused to this he will recoil from it, if not he will rather shove his head into it. If, after doing this, I saw him begin to riggle and his tail go, on the harness being put on his back, I should shake my head at him, and suspect I had got hold of a queerish acquaintance: if he really began to kick, the thing in my mind would be settled.

A colt or horse unused to carry harness will often be much alarmed on its first being put on him, and seriously frightened he will be if this is roughly or suddenly done; but the chances are he will only flounce about in the stall, or get as far up as he can into one corner of it; he will probably put his tail close down on the crupper being put under it, but if this is gently done, and he is caressed, he will rarely actually kick: should he fling out first one heel then the other, as a race-horse does, he does not

mean kicking; he is uneasy and inconvenienced, and shows us that he is so; half-an-hour, and a few oats to take up his attention, will reconcile him to this; on being led out, he may cringe from side to side as any part of the harness touches either side—he may even kick out on the side touched; this means no mischief; it is being touched by a something, he knows not what, and he means to kick it aside, nothing more; a walk for half-an-hour, letting the straps very gently touch him, will reconcile him to this also, and if carefully put into the carriage, and driven off very gently, I will answer for his not hurting any one or anything, unless extraordinary timidity may make him do it, and if he does he shows fear only, but no vice on earth.

Now the old offender will not perhaps actually kick at the harness in the stable, though he may show his total disapproval of carrying it; he waits till he finds we are actually in earnest as to putting him to a carriage. But the moment we bring him out of the stable he thinks it quite time to begin to work, though not the work we want of him, and will show us what he can and means to do, by sending his heels whizzing in the air, without a moment's intermission: no doubt of his kicking at the carriage. I have seen many horses who would show little or no dislike to the harness, kick like trumps when put to, but I do not remember ever having seen one kick—that is, what I call kick—at harness, that ever showed any courtesy to a carriage. Woe to the splinter-bar if it is not a strong one, and woe to such a horse's heels if the bar is not well stuffed. This, it will be said, is vice in its extremest form. I am not quite prepared to allow this in the full meaning of the term, though I grant it does look a wee bit like it, or very like it; but still it may not be vice in the animal as to temper or general

disposition: he has the vice of kicking in harness, perhaps has had good reason to do so; it shows he hates harness, but if he is willing to work in other ways with cheerfulness and good temper, I should lay his kicking in harness to the fault of some biped, and not to the quadruped; depend on it, in such a case, the horse has been hurt, annoyed, ill-used, or frightened in harness, or very likely all—tolerably cogent reasons, I think, to make man or horse dislike harness or anything else.

RUNNING AWAY.

This, when a horse does it in harness, I conceive to be one of the most natural impulses that actuate him, inasmuch as it is natural for any animal to endeavour to run from that which either alarms it or that it has a dislike to; it is one of those occurrences that more than any other should be guarded against in harness, for so sure as a horse has had one decided run away with a vehicle behind him, so sure will he at least attempt the same thing again on the first provocation or incitement to do so; no doubt but in proper hands, that know how to counteract such a propensity, he may in most cases be prevented from accomplishing his purpose, for such a person will first guard against (as far as he can) the animal being excited to the attempt, and should he do so, knows the proper means of preventing its being carried into effect; but with an ordinary hand as a driver, a run-away at some time or other is certain.

That the original, that is, the first, run does not arise from any vice, I think nearly certain; for not having tried the experiment, of course the animal knows nothing of what the result of it will be; but if he has done so, and found that he got rid of the carriage, like the post-boy's

horse following Johnny Gilpin, "right glad to miss the cumbering of the wheels," he then probably runs away the next time to bring about the same result; this then becomes a decidedly vicious trick in harness, though not absolute vice in the horse as to general disposition. I might be asked by some one knowing less of these things than myself, what I would recommend as the best means of curing or counteracting the propensity. This I certainly, from having had a good many such horses through my hands, could and would with much pleasure state, but I know I can give much safer and better advice, which would be—"Use him as a saddle-horse, if he is fit for that purpose: if not, sell him." *No one* can say with *proper* confidence that he can cure a determined runaway horse of the propensity; if a horse runs away from high temper, constant work will probably appear to have effected a cure; so perhaps it will, while the work continues; he is subdued, but do not fancy he is cured. Let him recover his energy, and away he goes again; nor will work even always produce the effect, for if he is really a bad disposed horse, he will sulk at it, and then run away from ill-humour, instead of fright or energy; the cause of the starting off will be a different one, but the effect will be equally dangerous, and in the latter case so certain as he runs away will he kick also, which a high-mettled or even frightened horse may possibly not attempt, though the probability is that he does.

I certainly never was absolutely run away with by any horse in harness, excepting once by a pair of young ones. I in no shape mean to infer this has arisen from any very superior coachmanship; many far better coachmen have had more than one or two such starts, but probably they have not had as much to do with such horses as I have, and consequently do not see by the commencing ma-

nœuvres of the horse the favour he intends us. There is no case where the common saying, that "prevention is better than cure," holds good more than it does, I may say, in all things that regards horses; the want of prevention often brings on vice, where vice did not before exist.

There certainly are some old offenders who are always on the watch for a start, and are knowing enough to make it when they find that from a decline or a particularly hard bit of road the carriage will almost run of itself; for this reason a suspicious horse should always be slackened in his pace before he begins a descent, for if he once get ahead down the hill, not only cannot the driver stop him, but very probably he will not be able to stop himself. But horses often get credit for this kind of cunning and vice, when the run-away proceeds from quite another cause, namely, the state of his mouth. A very high-spirited horse would mostly run away, if we would let him; that is, he would get on from seven miles an hour to twelve, then he would break into a gallop, and thus end in a complete run-away, without its having been in any way premeditated. This is all from want of, in technical terms, "hands" on the part of the coachman or rider, as the case may be. On first starting, the horse's mouth is tender, and if properly bitted he feels the influence of the bit; this he would continue to do to his journey's end, if his driver knows what he is about. The horse, we will say, after going a mile or two begins to find his mouth not so sensitive as at first, so he pulls a little stronger; here half, and more, drivers would pull the stronger at him, so they each take "a long pull, and a strong pull, and a pull" both "together." The horse increases his pull, so does the driver; then the horse begins a determined pull and "sets his jaw," the driver

places his feet more forward, and his hands also, and probably likewise sets his jaw, or makes some such face indicative of the exertion he is using. It is all up now; the mouth has got so dead that it no more feels the bit than his hoof would, and away he goes. This may have all proceeded from high mettle only: had his mouth been kept alive he would have been kept to a proper pace; he was allowed to increase it—his blood then got up, and then, and not till then, he set-to in earnest, and from that time certainly determined on going off, and with such a driver, or a man with such hands, would always do the same thing.

A light hand will hold a horse when a stronger arm cannot, for this reason—he will not let the horse pull at him; just as an expert fisherman will hold a large fish with a single hair: I could perhaps hold a stubborn pig with a rope in his mouth as well as Isaak Walton; but if I had twenty trout at the end of my line they would all break away from me, as the horse would do from the driver I have described. Why? Because I am a muff with a rod in my hand, as the other is with a pair of reins in his.

Running away when ridden is a propensity somewhat more difficult to account for than when done with a carriage behind the animal, for here fright from the vehicle cannot be brought in extenuation of the act; but fear or dislike of the rider may, and if so, it may not proceed from vicious disposition. The horse has probably got rid of his burthen on some former occasion by this manœuvre, so with this intent he tries it again. But why does he so dislike a rider? No doubt, from having suffered by one. Here, as in driving, "hands" and a proper bit are the only remedies.

REARING.

This is unquestionably the most dangerous vice a horse can have; it is a truly awful one, for it renders the rider helpless. No hands, no horsemanship can keep a determined rearer down; a bit for the purpose will check most horses, and entirely frustrate and eventually cure others, but without one the best of riders is completely foiled by a rearer. Horses are cunning enough to know it, and this knowledge makes it so difficult, and often impossible, to break them of the habit. The closer the rider sits, the higher the horse rears in order to displace him; and old offenders, if they find they have a man on them determined to keep on, will rear so high as to fall backwards. If the horse only rears, but is not in other respects stubborn or restive, an easy bit, very light hands, and very gentle usage will probably prevent, or, more properly speaking, will not cause him to do it; but if he is restive, that is, will go one way when we want him to go another, the chances are he beats us, for the moment his head is turned towards the road or place we wish him to go to, up he goes.

I bought one in Ireland, knowing he was addicted to rearing, but certainly not knowing he was restive also. Getting that for thirty-six guineas that, in shape, action, size, and beauty, looked like four times the sum, tempted me. The first time I rode him I wanted to go a few miles from Dublin; he went about two miles as pleasantly as any horse living could; on a sudden he stopped, wheeled round, and bolted on the road back. I pulled him up and turned him the way we had been going. Up he went, and on coming down, as before, bolted back. I did as before, so did he the moment I did so. The rogue by this manœuvre got each time, perhaps, fifty

yards nearer the town. We both worked away in this manner for two full hours, at the expiration of which I found myself within a quarter of a mile of Dublin. I found he was beginning to tire of this—I had been tired of it long enough; however, on again turning him, he voluntarily trotted off the road I wanted to go: he was beat, fairly tired of his own game. He never was with me anything like so bad afterwards; after a rear or two, he would always knock under. Still he was dangerous. I broke him to harness, and sold him for seventy, as a match for three others. At this work, or in the stable, there could be no better-tempered animal.

I have not the slightest doubt but this horse had, as a colt, been given to some bull-rider of a breaker, whose rude hands had brought him, or occasioned him, to rear; by doing this, he found he could get, and go, his own way. In fact, he beat the breaker; and so, in truth, he did all of us, more or less. He probably found me his most troublesome customer, simply because I had patience, perseverance, and, above all, command of temper; I have no doubt he had thrown many persons who had not—hundreds are thrown from such a cause. I will not allow that this was a vicious horse; he had been taught a vice, or, at all events, that had been done to him that had produced the vice. If he was really naturally vicious, why did he go quietly in harness the first time I put him in it? This he did, and with as much docility as if he had been at it from the day he was taken in hand.

KICKING WHEN MOUNTED.

This, if not accompanied by plunging, is really more a nasty trick or habit than a vice; possibly in many cases the rogue does it to get one off his back. But it is often

brought on by a saddle being put on when the back has been sore; perhaps he has got rid of a rider by this, and so does it again. But it is not unfrequently taught by boys pinching the spine behind the saddle, a very common habit with such youngsters when at exercise, if not well watched. I saw a horse, a few weeks since, that had this habit; he was, and is, always obliged to be mounted in some place before he is taken into the street or road; here he has his kick out, and is then quiet for the day, dismount and mount as often as you please. I saw him kick a very good riding boy off his back three separate times: he only gave one kick each bout; but the boy being light, he went off like a tennis ball. The moment the lad was off, the horse was tranquil, as if nothing had happened. The next time the boy started him off in a gallop before he had time to kick; on pulling him up, the master mounted, and the horse went off perfectly quiet.

I had a mare that would always kick, but not violently, on first being mounted, either with a saddle, or her clothing, or bare-backed. She was very handsome, and a beautiful goer. My wife took a fancy to have her for her own riding, much to my alarm. However, the side-saddle was put on, and two men and myself ready to hold her, if necessary. My wife got on her: to our astonishment the mare walked off, and never then or after attempted to kick with a side-saddle on; but was just the same as ever, when man or boy mounted her. No doubt she had been ill-used or played tricks with by some one of the he generation, but never by a woman. W must not call this vice.

The only thing to do with a horse that has this donkey-like trick is first to abstain from doing that which some persons would recommend, namely, punishing him for it.

Beating a horse for vice, or, in more common and vulgar phrase, "licking it out of him," I think I may say always makes him worse. If it is merely a trick, it does not deserve severe punishment; by administering which the horse becomes ill-tempered, and does the same thing more violently from dislike, than he did before from habit. If it is from sheer vice, whoever pleases may try the effect of severity with something like justice on their side; but they will rarely find it answer.

GETTING THE BIT ON THE JAW.

If a horse does this, and runs away afterwards, I fancy I can hear some one say, "What a consummate and determined villain such a horse must be: he cunningly holds the bit so that it cannot affect him, and then runs off." Any one making such a remark jumps to a conclusion as quickly as the horse jumps off; a really erroneous idea runs away with him as fast as the horse could do. I beg, with permission, to give it as my opinion that the getting the bit on the jaw has nothing at all to do with any premeditated resolve to run away; though it will have a great deal to do with the run away if the horse does start off. The truth of the matter is this: the animal has a tender mouth (at least it is mostly tender-mouthed horses that have this trick); he finds the bit hurts him, and very wisely lays hold of it to prevent this. Now, a heavy, boring beast seldom attempts it; nor would the other with a bit that did not hurt him—at least very few would, unless it had grown a confirmed habit. We will say that from some cause a horse does run away, after having secured the bit: why does he so? Because, having the bit so that it cannot hurt him, he finds he can run away. If it was not there, it would prevent him. He feels that, so does not make

the attempt; but feeling nothing to impede him, he does. But to suppose the horse actually lays hold of the bit for the purpose of enabling him to start off, is delegating to him powers of reasoning that, sensible as horses are, I do not conceive they possess.

It is no uncommon thing to see a horse, if taken from a carriage and left loose (while the other is being taken off), start off and run away. We might as well suppose he had all day contemplated running off, and only waited being taken from the carriage to do so. The case is, that while in harness, habit and the weight of the carriage keep him in subjection; when taken from it he feels himself at liberty, and makes use of it: so when the horse has got hold of the bit he feels to a certain degree unrestrained; and then he, like many other wild young gentlemen, "is in for a lark."

In mentioning, as I have done in this paper, some of the habits and tricks of what are termed vicious horses, I beg to remark, that in doing so I have not attempted to point out the mode of either curing, correcting, or palliating such propensities—to do so would fill a volume; and then few persons have time, patience, perseverance, opportunity, and inclination to undertake such a task; and all these are indispensable to effecting such a purpose: even supposing any one to have all these, it would then require years of practice to enable him to set about it properly and with a fair chance of success. I should therefore strongly advise the generality of persons having a vicious horse, not to attempt a cure. There are but two things for such persons to do; send the rebel to some one perfectly qualified to undertake his management, or sell the animal at once.

My object has been to show that though vice may be exhibited in a horse in its worst shape, it by no means

follows that it proceeds from a vicious disposition. If persons would be satisfied of this, as long practice has made me, they would also be satisfied that to resort to punishment and brute force *as a commencement* is the very worst step that can be taken, independent of being, in the majority of cases, a dangerous, and, in fact, unjust one.

I do not quarrel with the term vicious, for a horse having a bad vice is vicious; that is, he is vicious so far as that particular vice goes. The first thing, therefore, is to turn in our minds the probable cause of the effect. Having done so, begin, if possible, with the cause. Do away with the remembrance of that, and in very many cases the effect would cease, without giving us much trouble.

A dog is naturally a fond, domestic animal; but if he had been beaten, ill-used, and annoyed by a whole school of boys, he would learn to snap at all who approached him: would the rational mode of setting about eradicating this moroseness be to beat him? No; take him away from the annoyance; use him kindly: my life on it, in a short time he would become a faithful, attached friend and servant. With a horse of a generally good temper, but with some peculiar vice, I would say, *mutatis mutandus*, do the same thing.

HUNTING AND THE MILLION.

THE FLYING BRIGHTON.

EVERYTHING now-a-days is flying; and Mr. Hudson's locomotive, Mr. Green's monster balloon, and the American trotters brought to this country, all conduce to keep alive, if not as yet the perpetual, at least the accelerated motion. No doubt this is all for the best, for they tell us all things permitted by Providence are so, or at least in some way work to a general good. I leave abler casuists than I to decide this point; but, at all events, in the year 1817, when I first saw the Brighton harriers, they were, in comparison with the old Leatherhead blue-mottles of ever-to-be-respected memory, quite on a par with the express train, or if compared with the old Bristol Blue, on the box of which I once—and, thank God, only once—heroically kept my seat for seventeen mortal hours, the only redeeming points in the journey being that I "worked" over about five stages of the ground, where I got as many teams, that promised, in reward of sheer labour, on my part, to get over about six and a-half miles an hour, and when, in aid of sundry feats of coachmanship, the passengers were treated with a rural walk of a mile through the certainly beautiful but somewhat tedious acclivity leading through the forest to the top of the hill that brought you, all parts of harness and coach holding together, to the good town of Marlborough; not to the castle so celebrated as being the resort of aristocracy, and loving couples, who explored its famed labyrinth, a portentous prelude to finding their way out of the laby-

rinth of uncertainty into which the two simple words, "I will," but to a very comfortable hostelrie, about midway of the town, where the said Blue deposited and took up passengers, some congratulating themselves in finding comforters in the main of fond wives to welcome them home, others in placing their comforters (not their wives) round their necks, to face the somewhat bleak stage to Calne, this said stage being a matter of no small import to those who travelled with ordinary journeying appliances, but braved heroically by those who, like myself, know enough of the Bath road to have stowed beneath their waistbands a pint and a-half of a never-to-be-forgotten compound of malt and hops, manufactured at the White Hart, at Kennett. All hail thee, unpretending as thy appearance was, thou White Hart! for thou hast sent more joyous and happy hearts from thy humble portals than can boast any crowned head in this or any other empire. True, the soul-inspiring influence of thy ale might, after a time, evaporate; where is the temporary bliss that does not? And if we are told by such writers as those with whom I, a sinful sinner, dare boast no kith or kin, that "sufficient for the day is the evil thereof," he must be presumptuous indeed who blames him or the act that renders man happy for the time. But I never heard of any *evil thereof* arising from a participation in the good provided at the White Hart, unless it was from not taking enough of the sparkling beverage provided by its host, or from some enthusiastic youth becoming a little too susceptible of the sparkling orbs of the neat Ganymede appointed to minister there to our wants—though, so far as I ever found, too coy to meet our wishes. Show me the man that can remember the one or the other without heaving a fond sigh to bygone days, and I proclaim him fit for treason, treachery, and plots.

But to return to the Brighton harriers. Whether they were fast from their breeding, their kind of country, from having stout hares constantly before them, from scent usually lying high, from being rattled along by a fast huntsman to meet the wishes of as fast and aristocratic a set of patrons as ever followed a pack beneath the style of foxhounds, I believe it will be ceded to me that more determined sportsmen and riders patronized the Brighton than could be produced or boasted of as following any other pack pursuing the same game. This is easily accounted for. Royalty at that time patronized Brighton; and though its frequenters were then as one to ten in point of numbers to what they now are, and though the succession of half-palaces that now rise there to our view were not even contemplated, still Brighton was not the place to which tradesmen, their clerks or travellers, dreamt of sending their families; the *élite* of fashion and the military formed the number of those who frequented the stone as pedestrians, the rides and drives in carriages or on horseback. The frequenters of Brighton and those of Margate were as different as those of Spital-fields, or, to look higher, Finsbury were, and are, to the denizens of Belgrave-square or Kensington-gore. At a meet at the Devil's Dyke, the class of men assembled partook somewhat of a Melton caste; here was seldom seen a country-looking squire with a kind of dreadnought hunting-frock, or a good sort of half-bred strong hunter with a coat an inch long. The pace would not do for this; here all looked spicy and fit to go; and here, though only to meet harriers, the nearly or quite thorough-bred clipper found at times the persuaders at his sides to keep him at that of the Brighton flyers, with whom I think I have gone as fast as ever I did with the most crack pack of foxhounds. Perhaps this struck a

blow at the root of hare-hunting; for, though we must allow that coursing virtually it was, still a breathing over four miles of such a country with such a pack made men sadly impatient when destined to see a closer hunting-harrier working through a field of turnips fetlock-deep in stiff clay; out of which, should the fence not be practicable, and the rider be obliged to dismount to enjoy that delectable treat of "turning his horse over," he finds a pretty accumulation of adhesive matter on his boots, that induces him to half wish himself in Oxford-street, to avail himself of the convenience of a scraper. Such little circumstances mattered little where and when the squire himself had his boots made by a village Crispin, and when nothing like a polish was expected on a pair of new ones till "the oil had got out of the leather a bit," which was promised would be the case in a month or so. But a fast bootmaker contemplates no "turning over" with his customers, with whom a turn over is only thought of as synonymous with a "*burster*," where man and nag turn over together; and really, as a matter of prudence, setting all enthusiasm or a wish to be thought to "go well" aside, it matters little whether we risk a bruise, or even a broken bone, by riding at a suspicious place, or whether we encounter the greater certainty of a severe cold from sopped feet. It thus appears, where "fast" is the talismanic watchword, that everything and every man lends his aid towards keeping up the pace, and even fast boots contribute to the same end and aim. What was the consequence? the young farmer who got a sight of the Brighton turn-out soon sported white-tops and faultless white-cords or leathers. The squire's heir, who piqued himself on not "dangling after the women," by whom he was too great a bear, probably, to be tolerated, somehow got an invite to the mess of *the Tenth*;

got also a hint how to lose his money in the evening, learnt the taste of Regent punch, and found that a broiled bone, of which his good father would spurn the very name, was, and is, by no means as economical a finale, when all its appliances and consequences are entered into, as the good folks at the Manor-house might suppose. No matter, he has got his first insight into "life," and would certainly abstain from boasting his superiority at quoits at the next mess-table he might be invited to; he has, moreover, picked up a few favourite phrases to be used on *all* occasions, applicable or not: swears that the divine creature who he has twice seen in a *pas seul* is exquisite; astounds the good girls, his sisters, by calling the "divine" by her most pet name; and horrifies the whole family by voting his grandmother or aunt d—— old bores. Has been recommended by his friend, Captain some-one, to *his* tailor, or *pro tempore* tailor, and bootmaker; has, like a gentleman, ordered a few things by the half dozen; has lent what cash he could command to his *friend*, the Honourable Tom Somebody, with whom he got as free in two days as a man of the world and a gentleman would in two years. The honourable took quite a fancy to our youngster, and even bought his best hunter of him, the young squire having been quite convinced his horse (the admired of all his former friends) was but a brute, and only fit for the honourable's luggage-cart when changing quarters. He in return has invited the captain, the honourable, and their friends, to shoot over *father's* estate (governor was not then in vogue); tells his sisters they dress well enough for Rickstaddle Manor, but their "toggery won't do to show his friends;" says that Tom (mark the plain Tom) swears he has seen enough of fashionable girls; that his dad wants him to marry Lady Georgiana Tiptopemall, but he

is determined to please himself; he only wants some dear, affectionate, interesting, unaffected girl, to be happy with (rather an equivocal expression this, though our hero puts but one construction on it; nor, by the bye, does the honourable either). The honourable swears that beauty "when unadorned is adorned the most." Our Melia's *just the girl* for Tom. The lovely Amelia gets an inkling that she is so; possibly this turns out to be the case in the honourable's acceptation of the term—a natural *sequitur* to the killing all the game on Rickstaddle Manor, drinking the wine, which does as cold negus for lunch; while, finally, the heir has the offer of standing a bullet from the best shot in the regiment for his impertinence in having said, and supposed, the honourable contemplated the atrocity of thinking of *the girl* as a wife. This is rather fast, as well as the harriers; but many things take place with fast men that somewhat astonish the yokels. Poor Bridges, Brighton Bridges, Captain or Mad Bridges, with either epithet he at one time astonished yokels, and knowing ones too, by showing the way *down* the Devil's Dyke, and the way out of the barrack-yard at Lewes; but exploits then are not exploits since, for what was this to Copland's (then Captain Copland) feat of riding Tam O'Shanter up and down Arthur's seat in Edinburgh, where the chances were twenty to one but it ended in stilling the pulsation of the best and bravest heart that ever beat in the most erring of bodies? And further, extraordinary and numerous as were the exploits of Bridges, Melton has since beat them hollow; verily, if any one does more, he must be a devil untied.

I doubt not that there were, at the time I allude to, some other packs of harriers who had the *fastgomania* in their kennels; and a very good mania it was, and is,

when compared with the pack whose huntsman devised a novel plan to enable him to unite some other avocations to that of huntsman, for the benefit of the squire, his master. This said huntsman went with his pack till they found; he then ascertained the hour, and, knowing that hares in certain countries always run a ring, he liberally gave the pack an hour and a-half to work her back to her form, or wherever she had been found. He industriously employed the interim in thrashing, weeding, or some such sylvan occupation; at the proper time he was there to meet the pack, and to see how things were going on. The next ring is generally a shorter one, so only an hour's absence was judicious; so the field had had two and a-half hours' good hunting, and our huntsman two and a-half hours' industry, when he made his third appearance at the trysting place. But now, knowing that the third ring, like the marriage one, though small in circumference, is generally great in its consequences, instead of absenting himself (but having still the object of saving his master's time in view), deliberately pulled out his knife and discussed his bread and cheese as luncheon, when, by the time he had shut his long-clasped knife, and put it in a thigh-pocket of some twelve inches in length, poor puss just reeled by within his ken, his beloved pack close at her, and, with a run across one field, he was always in time to give the death halloo, finish the thing in style, put the scut in Mr. or Master Someone's hat, and, with an "Elope, elope! come away, Cop!" that told the welkin the sport was done, he toddled his pack home at nearly the same pace they had been going all day. What would our huntsman have said to clipping or thorough-breds, or what would now clippers or thorough-breds, as men or horses, think of him?

All this was terribly slow work everybody must allow,

but it does not follow that the Squire was as slow in the old Manor-house as his beagles were on his estate. No; at his table the old governor would go like bricks, and, with only two thousand a year, went a pace that many a one with nominally four times his rent-roll could not go. But then the Squire, like the beagles, always went just fast enough to kill his game, but did not value so much as they do now-a-days in everything "the first burst;" he kept something for a finish, and no bad finish was the supper-table in such houses; and no bad finish such men's lives either, in a general way, for their heirs, or, let us fervently hope, for themselves also.

Whether a man chose his hounds to go fast or slow, certainly could not make difference enough in the expense of them to materially affect his finances through the year, but the worst of any fast pursuit is, it brings a man among *fast men;* and then, unless his fortune is equal to theirs, they take him along at a pace that soon obliges him to "shut up;" for whether we pump the wind out of a racehorse or a hunter, or the money out of the man's pocket, however game either may be, nature with one, and circumstances with the other, must in such cases cry "Enough."

It is singular, but not more so than true, that though men profess to, and even fancy they keep things for their own amusement, it really is not the actual amusement they personally derive from them that gratifies half as much as challenging the approval or envy of other persons. That is the great incentive to keeping them, and few men have resolution enough to be amused by, and content with, that which other persons consider as inferior; the result, therefore, often is, that they either launch out into expense they cannot afford, or become disgusted with that which at one time afforded them

constant amusement, and consequently give up the pursuit altogether. And such has, I firmly believe, been the cause of numberless packs having been given up; and, if no other cause could be assigned for the doing so than the feeling I have mentioned, a very weak and poor cause it is to bring forward.

I knew a gentleman living in the neighbourhood of Chichester, whose circumstances obliged him to give up his close-carriage; he got a body made precisely the counterpart of an ordinary bathing-machine, put this with a sunk axle on two wheels, had a seat on the roof, and either with a single horse or two tandem, according to where he was going, used to drive his lady and daughters to church, to a dinner, or other party, as warm and dry as when they before went in their carriage. Now this showed some mind, some firmness of purpose, and a great deal of good sense. True, I, as a boy, used to laugh at the set out; and no doubt many grown-up persons, as great fools as myself, laughed also. Now, had the owner been as great a fool as we, he would have given up his two-wheeled omnibus (as it would now be called), and either obliged his family to walk, to their great discomfort, or have given up society; nor would he have shown one bit more of folly in so doing than the man who would be induced to give up his hounds because the officers of the ——th, or the members of some crack pack, voted them and himself a slow lot, or a confounded bore altogether.

I should personally, most certainly, never think of keeping harehounds of any sort, unless I was obliged to live in a place where no fox-hunting could be had; for if it could, I should calculate the expense of harriers to the increase of my stud. But if I *was* fond of hare-hunting, and kept beagles even in the humblest

way, all the "nettle-whipping," "thistle-thrashing" epithets in the world would make no impression on me. Hunt I would; and, as Pat would say, the more they tried to make me give it up, "the more I wouldn't." But then, not arrogating to myself the possession of such qualities as many fancy they possess, namely, those of ensuring the pleasing of other people, I go upon another tack, and am not always successful in that either—this is trying to please myself; however I have a better chance here than in trying the other plan, for sometimes I succeed. The man who tries to please the world, has no chance at all; he makes himself uncomfortable, and is only laughed at for his pains. And this would, most assuredly, be the case should a country squire give up his harriers and attempt to come out among the first flight men, who carry fashion to the cover-side. To *vie* with them a man ought to be *born* with them and bred with them; for even to be able to vie with them in expenditure won't do, though many fancy it will. They get laughed at for their attempt by one clique, and when they fail they are laughed at for returning to their old habits. And for what do people do all this? verily to please the eyes of the world. Numbers hunt to please these said eyes, and out of that number certainly, now-a-days, five out of six ride to please them also. Perhaps my idea is an erroneous one, but it leads me to the conclusion that, when a man spends his money in any pursuit, provided it is harmless, he must have a weak mind if he does not set the eyes of the world at defiance as to his mode of doing it, whether it be in keeping harriers or anything else.

Fox-hunting was always held as a higher range of sport than hare-hunting, both from its far greater expense and from its requiring a better, or at least bolder, horseman

to follow it. This was allowed by hare-hunters, but it created no feelings in their breast either of envy or mortification. Each pursuit had its advocates, and the owner of each was not only content with, but proud of his pack; for then the merits, not the show, was the desideratum. But when packs of either sort began to outdo each other in expenditure, then began the mischief also. When the huntsman and whips saw twelve horses kept by Lord Someone for his servants, they began to find, or pretended to find, that six, and an occasional extra horse, was not enough. The same mania got hold of the master; three horses had always carried him well, that is, *well enough* for sport; but he had heard much of the Quorn, M'Adam had facilitated travelling, so the journey was nothing to what it would have been to his father, who would no more have dreamed of visiting Hugo Meynell at Quorndon Hall, than he would have contemplated a call on the Emperor of China. But the son went, and there saw the first determined step made towards absolutely running *into*, instead of hunting *up to*, a fox; probably he did not altogether like the thing, but he saw the field of a hundred and fifty out; saw them all delighted; saw, for the first time, second horses out; and, in fact, saw just enough to make him dissatisfied with his own, and to involve himself in extra expense that probably obliged him in a few seasons to give them up altogether. Then comes the outcry and lament that such a country has been given up! Then also comes the invidious, and oftentimes undeserved, reproach, that the present Sir Thomas, or the present lord, has not the spirit of his father; "that foxhounds had always been kept at the castle or hall; and that with such an estate he must be a mean man to have given them up." These good people forget that the old lord kept the hounds for per-

haps six or seven hundred a year, but the way the present one wished to keep them would cost eighteen; so if anything objectionable can be brought against him, it is not that he is a mean man, but that in one particular at least he is a weak one, and that is in not having been contented to do things in a moderate way, instead of going on the "aut Cæsar aut nullus" plan, which generally ends in the latter term being found quite applicable to the finances, if the plan is pursued long enough. To have been Cæsar would certainly be very flattering, and by all accounts he thought his position flattering enough; but because a man could not be a Cæsar, I do not see the wisdom in becoming a full private in a marching regiment, or, as the quotation states, "nullus." There are many comfortable grades between the two; so there are between keeping a pack of foxhounds in the most expensive way, and pottering about with one old pointer (if you can get leave) in the neighbourhood of Calais or Bologne, to which many a man has been reduced, because he sported as he thought *the world* liked, instead of doing it as *he liked himself*, and, in fact, as many others liked, who sported for sport, and not for fashion.

I trust it will not be inferred from what I have said that I am not quite alive to the fascination of a crack pack of foxhounds, with all their several accompaniments; and, certainly, to see a field of the highest and best blood of our aristocracy on the finest hunters the world can produce, going as they do go, is apt to make a man a little fastidious as to what a field should be: and if taken as a lesson, the investigation of the general management, in kennel and out, of such a pack as such men hunt with, would be advantageous to the masters or patrons of other packs; but all he need do is to take hints from what he sees for his guidance at home. He

would be wise to endeavour to improve in his own management, so far as circumstances might permit; but he would be foolish to determine to imitate in every particular that which perhaps neither his country nor pocket might enable him to come up to. A rout at the Duchess of Sutherland's is very attractive and very imposing in its effect. The lady of only one thousand a year may take certain hints there, that without causing any great increase of expenditure, might add a certain style of doing things in the arrangement of her own quiet little parties at home; but she would not show her sense in shutting her doors against all her friends because she could not do things on the same scale. There are parties for the noble of eighty thousand a year, and also for the gentleman of one; fox-hunting for the man with fifteen hunters, also for him with three; and it is quite clear there is perhaps as much real enjoyment in the one style as in the other. That is, if we give a party for amusement and the pleasure of seeing friends, and if we hunt for the sake of hunting; but if we do either for fashion's sake, or a foolish wish to create astonishment or envy in others, then there is no limitation to the expense of carrying on either pursuit, or indeed any other.

Some very talented writers have, and one in particular has lately, in the *Sporting Magazine*, been profuse in his eulogiums on the pleasure and advantages of hunting with what may be termed metropolitan packs, and has handled the subject as he (to say the least) generally does most subjects on which he writes, in a very masterly manner. So a man might do if he brought forward all the *agrémens* of a military life as regards company, dress, presentations at court, the mess, and many et-ceteras; but in whatever choice or appropriate terms such advantages might be set forth, it would not stamp the

writer as a *soldier* in heart: nor, with all submission, do I conceive setting forth the running down by rail to Croydon to get a gallop, as the *ne plus ultra* desideratum in hunting, shows a man at heart a sportsman. It certainly carries with it a suspicion that fox-hunting, or any hunting, is thought *very well* if it can be done so as to be back in London *in time* for London amusements. Combining the two pleasures is in no way to be deprecated; but, in spite of all we can say, it does carry with it a wee bit of Cockneyism. And, if I mistake not, another contemporary and very able writer on such subjects as he treats upon, namely, Mr., or, *par excellence*, Bob Vyner, would rather eulogize that country where, hunting his own hounds, he could show his friends the best sport, or, if hunting with other hounds, where he could see the best sport himself. But Vyner is every inch a sportsman; consequently is content to get a squeeze at the Opera when hounds begin to get butter-milk, if it is to be had, and men cease to eat oysters because they are not to be had.

If a man hunted on Putney Heath (and, as a boy, I once saw hounds trying for a hare there) because he could not get anywhere else to hunt, I should only regret a lover of the chase should be driven to such a resource. So if a man hunts in the neighbourhood of Croydon because his time and occupations prevent his going further a-field, it shows him a sportsman in feeling, and that he is willing to take the best hunting he can get; but if from preference he selects Banstead Downs in lieu of the Leicester or Harborough country, I should merely *insinuate*, or, at all events, surmise he had not much of the Lonsdale blood in his veins. No man would, or, at least, should be affected enough to turn up his nose at such a pack as the late Colonel Jolliffe's; and I remember with much pleasure many a good day with them, and many a

pleasant hour in the worthy Colonel's society. But the field were not always quite (take them all in all) a set that the heart of a fox-hunter warms to; and I know the worthy master would often have been delighted could he have persuaded a good many of them there was more amusement to be found elsewhere. And with packs to which the access from London is easy, this must always be the case; and nine times out of ten, a stranger just imported from London is about as welcome at a cover's side as a landsman is on a quarter-deck in a storm. Not but that a stranger with a right-sortish look about him is always welcomed in a strange country; but a gentleman from London must not be offended if by master, huntsmen, whips, and the gentlemen *of* the hunt, he encounters a few side-long scrutinizing glances to ascertain how far he looks like *going*, and, what is of much more consequence, going *where* he ought to go, and not interfering with those who always do so. Let us hope a million good fellows will hunt; but defend us from hunting "with the million."

HANDICAPS.

In alluding to this subject, I hope it will be borne in mind by every person that I in no shape contemplate offering advice or instruction to the reader. I do not even pretend to bring forward a demonstration of facts; I merely do that which every one has a right to do—state the view I take of the matter in hand. Those who think my ideas erroneous, are probably quite justified in such opinion; and if such opinion emanated from any one of better judgment than myself, and a true well-wisher to the turf, I should listen with deference to his argument, and thank him for the instruction.

The feeling hesitation in giving an opinion arises quite as frequently from pride as it does from diffidence; indeed, much oftener so. Its source is similar to that which often induces persons to refuse to sing when asked to do so—not from the fear that their efforts may be absolutely displeasing to others or tiresome to the party, for that might be avoided by singing a song of two short verses; but the refusal arises from the vanity of not showing that their vocal talent is at best but mediocre, whereas a pretended cold or the not having the music at hand they are accustomed to sing, leaves the possibility that they may be superior performers. It is thus often with persons declining the promulgating of an opinion: their vanity makes them dread being thought wrong, while at the same time it is quite possible that they have not temper or modesty enough to be set right.

Suppose it is thought, our opinion on any given subject is erroneous. What great harm can arise from it? When offered as mere opinion, every man thinks erroneously on some subjects; and unless he is blessed with the overweening vanity of holding himself infallible on all, he has no right to be mortified if he finds he has taken a wrong view of any particular matter. If his motives are good, he will get credit for them—let that satisfy him. "Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof" —so ought to be the credit.

I hope I shall get this credit in venturing my ideas respecting Handicaps.

That many good and true sportsmen, and as such, strictly honourable men, may think me wrong, is no more than I fully anticipate. That some may think there is something like reason in my ideas (taken as a whole), I venture to hope; and that another clique will hoot at me and my ideas altogether, I feel as certain as such demonstration of their friendship would be welcome.

Whether the observations I may make be tolerably just, and the suggestions feasible, or both futile, will depend in some measure on the consideration in which we hold racing, as regards its intents and purposes.

If we are to consider racing only as one amongst many other modes of gaming, then it becomes a matter of perfect indifference to the sportsman how it is carried on, for his end and aim in keeping race-horses are totally done away with; for let him show what judgment he may in breeding or purchasing his horses, and let him secure the best trainer that ever brought a horse to post, and the best jockey to ride for him, he will only experience mortification and certain loss; while race-horses are only held in the light of a pack of cards, or dice and box, to be slipped, hid, or cogged, by those

expert in such practices. While such feeling as now animates the majority of those connected with the race-course as at present exists, the getting possession of good horses will be found about as great a misfortune as can happen to an honourable man; for if he escapes the effects of bribery or hocussing (which he may depend upon it he will not for any length of time), what does he get by having a two-thousand-guinea nag?—why, the mortification of knowing that he is running with a field, a great portion of which are not worth half that sum per dozen; and probably sees some spider-legged wretch, that had been purchased for forty pounds, carry off a large stake, from having all but nominal weight on his or her back, while the best of horses is severely punished, and perhaps broken down, from being loaded like a pack-horse.

I have heard owners of horses not object to this, but, on the contrary, say, "the more the merrier;" and I once heard a gentleman make this vaunt in the following terms: "I wish there were fifty such wretches in the race; I can beat them, if they were turned loose." I beg to remark this was before the race. I saw a most ruthful countenance after it, when his horse was not placed.

We will take another view of racing, and one in which some persons, perhaps, do view it, namely, as an amusement for the public: that all who in any way contribute their time, money, or accommodation towards races have a right to expect some consideration in this particular, I am quite willing to allow; and that handicaps bring out large fields, I do not attempt to deny; and that a number of silk jackets please the multitude, is still more certain. But who is that multitude? A particular case will perhaps best show what such multitude is composed of.

Prior to a race meeting that took place near where I

at the time resided, I interested myself to make an additional strike, so as to bring out a fourth race on the last day. As all persons likely to derive advantage from the races had subscribed liberally to the usual stakes, as had the gentlemen and many others in the neighbourhood, I determined not to propose any further draw on their purses. So I set to work by making a list of a large number of persons who I knew always went to the races, but had not been asked to subscribe, though wealthy trades-persons. All I wanted was thirty pounds, to add to a three sovereigns' entrance. With great difficulty, out of a hundred and odd names, I mustered fifteen pounds—in accomplishing which, notwithstanding that I kissed at least fifteen children, I got fifteen hundred black looks. One greasy beast told me it was bad enough to pay a shilling for his vehicle going on the ground, without being asked to subscribe. *Et tu brute*, thought I, knowing he always took his wife and a host of urchins each day. So much for the multitude, who, we are told, ought to be considered. I hold it quite enough to allow such to look on, if they choose to do so, without troubling ourselves whether they are gratified by what they see or not.

It is quite true that we must in all things go with the times, and bend to the opinion of the day, and those of the day. It then becomes a matter of consideration as to what part of the community we are to bend as regards their opinion, for to please all is quite out of the question. I consider, therefore, the question merges into this, which (as regards racing) of the three following classes should we endeavour to please, encourage, and support—the true sportsman, the legs, or the mob? For the welfare of the turf, my single ideas would lead me to wish that the first ruled it altogether; that the

second did not rule it at all; and that the last only looked on as they may do at St. Paul's or Mr. Green's balloon, both being quite indifferent as to what opinion may be formed of them.

To consider racing as a mere source of sporting gratification to men of fortune, keeping race-horses, has now, unfortunately, become quite an obsolete idea; but that it was so in a great degree, at no very distant period, is not to be denied, and that a laudable pride in owning the best horses first brought it into use, is quite clear; for where it originated, merely some honorary distinction was the reward of the winner. Such, at least, we infer to have been the case among the Egyptians, with whom horse-racing, we have reason to believe, commenced. Such racing, it is true, was with chariots; but whether four horses are harnessed to a wheeled vehicle, or one ridden by William Scott or James Robinson, matters not as to the intent of the race. It is certain that the mode of carrying on races has changed, and changed vastly for the better. It is only to be lamented that the motives and views that promote it have not improved also; but it is far otherwise: the motives have changed from laudable ambition to despicable avarice, and from that to confirmed rascality—perhaps from the example of the Egyptians, or, at all events, about the same era. The Romans had their races. They introduced races for horses ridden as well as the chariot races. Still, honorary distinction was all that was sought for. But not to pursue the career of racing to a tedious length, we will pass on to the time of Henry the Eighth, about which period race-courses were first used, that is, regular courses on the turf. Subsequent monarchs, James and Charles the First, particularly encouraged racing, and I believe it was during the latter reign that Newmarket first shone as a prominent racing

meeting. Still we hear of nothing further than a silver cup being the prize run for. To the second Charles we owe the first idea of regular training, and regular weights for age. Racing now assumed a system; but still that system was only to bring out horses as fit to run as the knowledge of training at that time permitted. Probably bets were then laid, and as probably the most knowing ones in turf affairs got the best of it; his judgment induced him to back the best horse, and the horse won; no man can find fault with that. Every man has a right to benefit by the attention he pays to any harmless pursuit; and it is quite right the most knowing ones should win, provided the best horse is allowed to win also; but the honour of doing away with such old-fashioned notions remained with the last and first quarter of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries to achieve; and well, that is, completely, have they done their work—so completely, that if a man runs to win races, he is as sure to run to lose money in the long run, as if he threw a given sum loose on Newmarket-heath. Bad horses cannot pay him, and good ones will not be allowed to do so. There are three cases now-a-days in which a man is all but certain to lose his money:—let him send a bad horse to an expensive trainer, a good horse to a bad trainer, or a good horse to a good trainer, he will lose by the first from expenses, by the second from ignorance, and the third from rascality *somewhere*.

It can be no matter of surprise, notwithstanding this, that certain men should keep race-horses more than that thieves should keep pick-lock keys; for they each in certain hands are tools to get at money with. But enthusiastically fond as I am of racing, candour obliges me to say, that however great a fortune I might possess, I would no more keep a string of horses in training now-a-days

than I would take a theatre, pay the whole expenses of it, and throw it open for the benefit of all the scamps of London.

I would not object to keep race-horses on account of their expense, for with fair play and fair luck I could measure the extent of that tolerably well, and should know what I could afford to pay for a favourite pursuit; but I would decline keeping them on the principle that I would not be disappointed, robbed, and privately laughed at by a set of miscreants that were filling their pockets at my expense; and this is something very like the position in which the owner of race-horses stands, if he is a man of character and honour.

I have, in a very cursory way, traced racing to its origin, to show that betting and the hope of gain were not the motives that influenced those who first patronized the turf, or, at all events, horse races; and this I have done in some refutation of the arguments the interested make use of in support of their ideas, or at least assertions, that anything that might be done to diminish the value of stakes, or throw a damp on heavy betting, would be injurious to the interest of the turf. May I ask such persons whether the monster stakes that are now run for always existed? yet we had a bit of racing before such were thought of; aye, quite as good as we have had since; quite as good, and certainly stouter horses, as good jockies, and almost as honest men, concerned with the turf.

I believe it will be allowed that the old Duke of Queensbury, Duke of Grafton, Earls of Egremont, Grosvenor, Lord Sackville, Sir Charles Bunbury, and fifty other names of the same date were tolerably fond of racing, kept a horse or two, and had a smattering of knowledge of racing matters, before a Derby or Leger

was thought of, and were each of them ten times more enthusiastic in its pursuit as a sport, than all the host of low-bred owners of race-horses that have figured on the turf since those days. Is it to be supposed that noblemen of large fortunes care whether they take up five hundred or the usual aggregate Derby sum?—not a whit; but they do care very much about not having the pleasure of winning a race. Is it to be supposed that the hope of winning a Derby or Leger would tempt such a man as the Duke of Cleveland to keep race-horses for the money such stakes might amount to? But suppose it did, what would be the use of his knowing there was such a stake to be won, when he knows his very position in society would prevent his horse having the ghost of a chance of winning it, unless, from particular circumstances, the money of a low-lived set lay that way? Large stakes will never bring such men as would be beneficial to the turf to it; but not having a fair chance of winning any stakes, will drive, and has driven, them off it.

It may be said that it matters little to the looker-on to whom horses belong, or what horse wins. To the mob I grant it does not, or to the man who merely goes to the Derby as a day's holiday to his family. But the man who is fond of racing, and has an interest in seeing how such and such horses run, has no zest in the thing, when he knows that what horses have done or could do, is mere moonshine. What is the consequence? He comes away in positive disgust; and the same disgust is, of course, felt by numbers of influential individuals, whose patronage would be of vital importance to the turf.

That large stakes bring an increased number of horses to the post for those particular stakes, is doubtless the

case; but this does not produce increased sport, or an increased number of horses, to contend at meetings where such stakes are not run for. That large stakes produce increased speculation among betting-men, is quite certain; and that they also bring an increased crowd to the race-course, is as certain; but I believe the true lover of racing will agree with me, that the betting fraternity do a great deal of harm, and the mere crowd do no good, unless it be to the booths and turnpikes.

I am quite satisfied, not from opinion founded on theoretical principles, but from what has taken place, that very large stakes, in lieu of encouraging racing in *all* its bearings, are in fact its bane. They produce acts and occurrences that strike at its respectability; and whatever does away with the respectability of anything, will, in the end, do away with all desire of the respectable part of society to have anything to do with it.

If it had been contemplated that such men as Crockford were to be the influential ones on the turf, and to have their strings of race-horses, kings' plates would never have been given, for such men no more care about the pleasure of possessing such trophies of the merits of their stable than of a pewter pot. Yet the honest and sporting pride of seeing such things grace a side-board was then sufficient to bring some of the best horses in England to contend for them; and a king's plate horse and a first-rate racer were terms synonymous.

The very fact of knowing that racing must be, in a general way, an amusement of regular annual expense, produced its respectability, because it kept the leg off the turf. But while a field is opened to him that gives him a fair chance of making money by rascality, we can no more get him off it than we can a badger out of his box. Take away the sides, front, and top of the box, we should

see the gentleman bolt. Take away the legs, chance he would bolt also.

I have no doubt but the intent of the projectors of stakes of fifty sovereigns' entrance was good, and meant as an inducement to breed first-rate horses, and as an encouragement to those who had them. It certainly has not, however, had the intended effect, for the Derby has never been run in less time than the same lengths of ground have been gone over by scores of horses before Derby, Oaks, or Leger ever existed; and I should be inclined to think that out of a hundred horses bred at the present time, and the same number bred, say twenty years since, the hundred then bred would go over the Beacon course in less time than the hundred bred in these days; in fact, I should say that very few indeed of even our present Derby winners could go over that course, under the same weight, in as quick time as it was run in by Diamond and Hambletonian. As to the starters, few of them would live at the same pace from the starting post of the Beacon to half across the Flat. I may very possibly be wrong in such opinion; but if I am not, large stakes have not produced a better sort of horse.

Handicaps certainly produce a large field, a great deal of betting, and a great deal of fun for the gazers, and of course also for those who win; but so far from inducing a man to get good horses, they encourage him to get and keep bad ones; and in fact, if all races were handicaps, a man would be an idiot to keep any other, for if the bad one has not as fair a chance of winning as the good one, it is not a fair race. In such case handicapping would be not only a farce, but a take-in. A few handicaps that a man may run for or not, as he likes, can do no great harm, we will allow; but as they are no encou-

ragers to the owners of good horses, the becoming general would certainly be injurious.

It may be said that if a man has, with a good horse, won some two-years' old, three-years' old, and weight for age stakes, that he can afford to lose a handicap. Granted he can. And a few modified handicaps might be all well enough to give second, third, or if you please, fourth-rate horses a chance for a good thing, no one would grumble at that; but to see an aged horse and a three-years' old, each running under 5 st. 12 lbs. or 6 st. is monstrous; so is seeing one three-years' old carrying 6 st. 12 lbs. and another the nominal weight of 4 st.—thirty-five pounds difference. A wretch that requires such allowance ought not to live; much less, should h run, or be allowed even a chance of carrying off a heavy stake. The two owners are not in the same position—true, each has paid his entrance; but independent of this sum, one has paid for his horse perhaps forty times the sum the other has (for such disparity does often exist in the price of two horses in the same race)—the one risks the breaking down a valuable animal; the other, one that if his neck was broke, so much the better. It is, in point of risk, two thousand to fifty. All these wretches brought in enable a book to be made, we know, but racing was not intended for such purposes, though it is now the chief purpose to which it is put.

No man would object to the Hero giving a horse of his year a weight that would bring them together; and if seven, or even fourteen pounds—enormous as the difference of weight would be—still the one requiring such allowance might be a fair horse. So let him go and win, if he can. Now, if handicaps were limited, as to the weight permitted to be allowed, in consideration of qualification, and, of course, age, we should be keeping, to a

great degree, horses of something like the same class together; and whether it was the Hero or St. Lawrence, they are both nags deserving the winning a first-class stake. Though they would have wanted handicapping to bring them together, and, in fact, every one would be pleased to see the fine old veteran successful, from respect of his performances; but to have a creature good for nothing at best, but made to appear still worse than its natural pretensions were, by purposely losing a race or two, to cut "well in" for a large handicap, and with a feather beating a first-rate horse, is, I must maintain, putting the owner of the latter in a situation that he ought not to be placed in, for, as I have before stated, if such wretches have not a chance of winning, handicapping is a farce. We might, to carry on the fun, and increase the fun, admit jackasses in the same race—and very funny it would be. It may be said with truth, that no weight could bring Jack and the Hero together. That difficulty might be easily overcome. Let the one have a mile out of a mile and a half given; that, with weight enough on the horse, might produce a race, and be a lift to the fielders' book, too. It would only be adding a new feature to absurdity.

Now, in order to produce horses for handicaps, there could be no objection if we made one for a certain class of horse, to also have handicaps for as great wretches as people may please to patronize, but let the latter go for something like saddles and bridles.

If a man chose to run a positive wretch of the same age as the Hero, or any other given horse, receiving fourteen pounds, let him; then, as I stated was said, "the more the merrier;" but we should find owners of such apologies for race-horses quite wide awake enough to their own interest to put their horses in a class where

they had a chance, for none would I give them for stakes their horses have no right to contend for. What harm would such an innovation on the present handicapping system do? Suppose, under the present one, twenty-five horses start, and the take up is, we will say, a thousand. Suppose, by diminishing numbers, we bring it to five hundred, without the chance of a lot all but turned loose, as to weight, winning it. Five hundred won is better than a thousand lost, and that in an ignominious way. The excluded lot would run in their own handicap; thus we should even increase sport and do justice where justice is due.

Far be it from me to attempt to point out how something like what I suggest might be carried out; I merely give crude ideas, that, if properly modified, would be advisable to adopt. There are plenty quite adequate to the task of carrying them into effect.

Every lover of racing must rejoice in seeing that, *mirabile dictu*, we have this year had an honest Derby and St. Leger—no doubt the best horse in the race won. This result did not arise solely from the Dutchman being the fastest horse, but from his noble owner being one who it was known would not be tampered with, and the vigilance with which the horse was watched reflected the highest credit on all concerned in him: he was, moreover, ridden by an honest jockey, and one that many of my friends can vouch I pointed out some years since as one quite out of his place in merely riding at provincial meetings. I ever maintained he was one of the best finishers of a race in England, and on old King Cole I have seen him win a race out of the fire (if I may use the expression), when not one jockey in a hundred could have done it. May his present noble employer go on

and win, and may Charles Marlow go on and ride till he gets rich, for well he deserves it!

By the late lull in affairs of rascality, we may hope that a better feeling is beginning as regards racing: if it is so, it is more than well. I will not be the raven to croak, but let us recollect that want of opportunity to rob keeps men honest, and if alarm has been too far created, it may be judicious to let a time elapse before fresh cause is given for suspicion: but if, to make amends for this, we do not find, when least expected, the pot is put on again, I shall be most agreeably surprised, and shall begin to hope that the true patrons of racing may again be seen, like their horses, at the post.

A SHORT TALE ON LONG TAILS.

A TAIL, be it long or short, is not perhaps a matter of much consideration or consequence as regards the utility of the horse; that the loss of it is fatal to the greyhound we all know; and time was, when our jolly tars would have as soon undergone the amputation of an arm as of a pigtail of admired dimensions; in truth, in many cases they would have preferred the loss of the former, as that would have ensured an asylum for life, whereas the other would have been a source of mortification. It has been affirmed by some writers, that the tail is of great use to the horse in assisting him in making short turns, in proof of which they instance the flourish the greyhound makes with his, in his short turning and twisting in trying to pick up a hare; but even here, whether the dog really does this to assist his motions, or whether it is an involuntary motion caused by the twisting of the vertebræ, it would, I should say, be somewhat difficult to determine. I do not pretend to very extensive knowledge or experience in coursing; it would therefore very ill become me to contradict the opinion of any one who is; but for bare assertion we are perfectly justified in soliciting proof, or at least the ground on which the assertion is made, that the loss of his tail is as I have said fatal to the long dog is fact, for in such a case a halter would be certain to be added to the dog's other misfortune. That the tail is in some way useful to him I make no doubt, and perhaps in the usual conceived way; yet sheep-dogs of a certain

breed are born without tails, they have to turn quickly in their vocation; if therefore the tail is of the vital importance it is supposed to be to a dog, in respect of his motions, nature must have used the sheep-dog very scurvily. It is said that nature sends nothing without its use, this is most likely fact; but if we see two animals in whom the same propensity is inherent, for instance, the nontailed sheep-dog and the long and feathered Scotch dog, either nature has done injustice to the nontail, or he is as well and efficient without one as with.

We frequently see race-horses flourish their tails when going; that some cause urges them to do this is certain; it can in no way assist them as to speed or progress; in fact, if it had any effect at all, it would, by meeting the air or wind, retard instead of accelerate. I should say that it is in most horses rather an indication of "I'm in trouble." I had a mare with whom, even supposing she was leading, I knew the moment I saw her begin to flourish her flag that "the game was up." We now see race-horses not merely with blood or switch tails, but regular Life-guard ones; that such are perfectly odious in point of appearance I must ever think; that they may be advantageous I am not prepared to deny—however I may doubt, for Eclipse contrived to get along without one; true, other horses had sustained the same loss, but stop-watches had not been docked if Eclipse had, and it has ever been my humble opinion that a stop-watch is not so bad a trial horse as many hold it to be. I grant it is no criterion by which to judge of the "*finishing*" powers of a horse, or his speed for a hundred yards in ending; and I am quite aware that on these greatly, nay, mainly depend the winning a race; but if a stop-watch tells me a horse can do Derby distance in the quickest Derby time that distance has been done, if he comes well to post,

and is made use of, he will take a good deal out of the finishing powers of other horses, for that finishing speed may avail, finishing wind and finishing stamina is wanted also: pump out the wind or prostrate the powers, a fig for your speed then. It *was* in the fast one at Tattenham Corner but if my stop-watch concern can keep at him, the hundred yards flyer will find it a plaguy long way from the corner to the judge's chair.

They prescribe a certain length of tail with which only a lurcher is tolerated or allowed to go loose; give me one who with his natural length of tail seldom missed or was beat by his game; you may leave him with but six inches in length, and I think he would still pick me up a hare for my dinner.

But it is not to tails only that I shall allude in this paper. It is to the description of animal to which or whom the tail belongs; still the tail has always occupied no small portion of the notice of horsemen.

The old road waggon eight-horse teams, to their enormous bodies, were allowed no greater length of dock among the collective lot than is now boasted by a galloway, in fact four inches was held a liberal allowance for one of those huge animals. Some of our Dragoons sported the same stump, and I have heard my father state that as a boy he recollected the carriage horses of one of my ancestors as boasting docks about the length of a Bologna sausage "for one" at breakfast; our ancestors also patronised long tails for carriage horses, but it is long indeed since long tails were seen in the hunting field; cocked hats have been seen at the cover side years since long tails were tolerated there.

Then came the era of nicked and somewhat long docks, both for harness and hunters, and this age produced the term of "blood tails," which simply meant a tail docked

but not nicked; this was the appendage to the race horse only, the common farmer's horse was neither nicked nor docked.

There was even in nicking, gradations as the extent to which it was carried; a most wanton piece of cruelty the operation was. The docking a horse is excusable, for a long tail in harness is dangerous, so far as its getting over the reins goes; the long tail is apt to get daggled with mud, and dirts horse, harness, and carriage; but nicking was a most severe and cruel operation performed for *appearance* sake only; we will not enter on the subject of whether the appearance of the horse was improved or deteriorated by it, for such opinion is but opinion, and that opinion guided by and dependent on the fashion of the day; I cannot, however, but consider that every fashion ought to be reprobated that inflicts hours, days, and indeed weeks' suffering on an animal, when appearance even is not absolutely improved but in the estimation of a distorted taste of the time being. I hate cruelty in all its phases, in all its realities, be they more or less. As a sportsman to the very core of my heart, persons knowing little of sporting matters might doubt such an assertion on my part; it is nevertheless true; nor do I hold myself the less enthusiastic sportsman for avowing that to produce personal amusement or gratification to myself, I would no more be guilty of cruelty to an animal than would a lady to her favourite pony. She, it is true, might allow her pet to take liberties with her, go where he pleased, and walk when he pleased. I should not; go with me he must, and go properly he must; but I would require neither, unless he was in a state to do both with that common exertion I might justly demand. I would, most unquestionably, risk my horse's life or limbs at a fence; but as I do not object to risk my own also,

he cannot complain if only exposed to the same risk I run myself; but I would not ask this of a good but beaten horse, still less would I torture him for fashion's sake. The tree is given us to hack and hew into any form we please to humour our mere whim; I do not believe any creature sensitive to corporeal feeling was given for the same purpose, or with the same licence; but to return to nicking.

In this operation there was the nicking for carriage and road horses; this consisted in making so many nicks in the tail, usually three or four, as when filled up by growth of flesh, and of course from the under-ligaments being cut through, caused the tail to stand in the form of a direct curve towards the back, these nicks were kept open by pledgets of tow put in them, and the tail kept curved towards, or rather over the back by a pulley; of the torture of this, some idea may be formed from the known fact that locked jaw was often the result. The "blood nick" consisted of one or two gashes, as the case might require, to prevent anything like the tail being carried in its natural way. Some of these tails were cut to please the taste of the owner; in others the hair was allowed to grow to a switch; but a tail hanging in its natural way, so far as the dock was concerned, was unpermittable.

About this time cropped ears were in vogue. I can just remember a pair of carriage-horses of my father's with cropped ears, and I have seen some others since. This certainly was a most wanton outrage on nature. I am not so wedded to what has been usual in my time as to hold that as hideous that has been unusual during such period; there really was something uncommonly quaint and knowing in the look of a well cropt horse. The first full-sized horse, that as a boy I possessed, was cropped, bred by Lord Egremont; but though cropped,

she was thorough bred as the Hero. I have been told that in former times, if a man had a good but rather questionable-looking sort of a horse as to his fitness for any particular purpose, he commonly cropped him, to give him a hunting appearance, for hunters in those days were oftener cropped than any other horses; still the cutting of an animal's ears merely for whim's sake is a right I hold quite as questionable as the appearance of the horse condemned to be so mutilated, independent of the pain and the soreness of so tender a part of the anatomy as the ear for weeks afterwards; the animal for life sustained the inconvenience of the rain getting into the ear, and in summer of the flies being a constant torment. I well remember that at that season my father's horses were obliged to be driven with ear caps, or one of them would have shook himself out of harness.

The young gentlemen of the present day, that is the few who, thanks to steam, rail-roads, and omnibuses, know or regard anything concerning horses or manly pursuits, may laugh at what they may please to call old-fashioned bob or stump-tailed horses if they chance to see one; but the truth is, such *were* the new-fashioned ones; the long-tail is only returning to the times of *couteau de chasse*, powder, perukes, demi-peaked saddles, and the identical waists the ladies now sport, instead of the one up to the shoulder blades that were held fascinating twenty years ago, but which, of course, no young unmarried lady of something over forty can be expected to have seen in *her* time; but be the waist long or short, the wearers of them are literally in *long* and *short* all that is dear to us, and always appear most lovely in what we last see them.

About coeval with short waists for ladies were short or Leicestershire tails for horses; for these about six inches was the most knowing length of dock, and very well

horses looked with them; the manes were neatly pulled to a corresponding length, or rather to no length at all, for in order to have a fashionable mane many were pulled till they became precisely the mane of the ass. All this is, however, truly English: neither manes, tails, waists, petticoats, or carriages are ever made and left a becoming length, height, or width. When high phaetons were in use men mounted themselves in a vehicle where they sat somewhat higher than the coachman of that ungainly machine, an omnibus. Where low carriages are the fashion we see a great stalwart fellow lounging in a pony carriage a few inches above the mud. And now, reverting to horses' tails, because that really fine horse, Foigh-a-Ballagh looked well with his handsome tail down to his hocks, every wretch we see bestrode by a nondescript, who looks as if he never was on a horse before or ought to be again, sports a tail at least a foot longer. I, of course, got to like the short Leicestershire tail *at the time*, and even the short mane; then a hunter looked like a game cock trimmed for battle; but that extreme was doubtless a perverted taste. A handsome racing-like tail of a proper length, which I hold about level with the top of the thigh to be, well becomes a hunter if one of the right sort; but a regular mud sweeper on a road hack is an absurdity; and a literal long tail on a hunter certainly does not look like going.

On commencing this article, in using the term long tails I rather meant it as indicative of a particular kind of horse than to a particular style of tail, just as we jocularly term greyhounds the long tails; I meant the term as allusive to thorough, or at least very high bred horses. In all I have done, and I believe in all I have written, I have ever shown my predilection for such; I began with them as a boy for any purpose and every

purpose where I used horses; a pretty long and extensive acquaintance with horses has only more firmly fixed that predilection, and I am pleased to see thorough-bred horses now used in ten times the number they were a few years back: their rare qualities were unknown to our fathers, to speak in a general way, and the reason that they were unknown is that they were untried, that is for general purposes; yet had they then proofs daily before their eyes of what blood could do as post-chaise horses; even then, when roads were like ploughed fields, it was found that for chaise work, which was then much faster than coaching, the high-bred horse only could get along; when coaching became fast the same thing was found in the horse for fast coaches, and latterly none but nearly thorough-bred horses could live at the pace even where the draught was heavy. With such roads as we have now I should as soon think of using a rhinoceros as a low-bred horse; we have no occasion for such for any trotting purpose; few persons estimate sufficiently the advantage of our present roads, on which I do not hesitate to say a pair of horses would take one-and-twenty passengers in and on an omnibus from Hyde Park Corner to Hounslow with less fatigue than, say forty years since, they could a gentleman's carriage with four persons; the difference between our macadamised roads and the old gravelled ones is as great as that between the former and a rail-road, excepting hills, and a moderate hill well macadamised is far easier for horses to trot up than was such a flat as from Brentford to Smalbury Green in bye-gone days. We are well aware that in a general way the coarser bred and heavier the horse is, the more irksome is motion and pace to him; therefore, where sheer bodily weight and strength are not wanting, it becomes a positive encumbrance, and the want

of breeding is as positive a loss. Hercules performed many wonders as we are told, in feats of strength; but we don't want men to carry gates and pillars on their shoulders now, but we do want them to carry penny post letters; would we choose a coal porter or drayman for that? if we did, I suspect we should get impatient for the delivery of our correspondence.

A very valued friend of mine has a pair of horses he uses sometimes together, sometimes singly in a light carriage; they are good goers, good looking, I believe good horses, and certainly cost a good price, they are quite strong enough for a coach. One of them he seldom attempts to ride; when he does, the sensation caused by his motion is somewhat like that of a small steamer in a high but short sea. The other I met him on, a few days since, in the Park. I at first thought (that is, when he, in sea phrase, loomed in sight) that it was his Grace of Wellington on the mammoth bronze horse endued with motion, but lo it was my worthy friend; knowing him to be a hunting man, a good and bold rider, and a very fair judge of horses to boot, I ventured to ask if he did not think an animal a *leetle* smaller in size and a bit better bred would answer his purpose nearly as well; he allowed such a one would, but this was purchased to match the steamer I have mentioned. He assured me the one he was on could walk upwards of five miles an hour—no small recommendation certainly, and I think that personally I should never ask him to go any other pace under me; my friend assured me he was a very fair hunter; I merely bowed, I always do to a hunter. That my friend *believes* the horse to be such I am quite confident from his saying so but I suspect, though I did not ask the question, that he spoke from hearsay; if he has ever ridden him with

hounds the run must have been one most favourable to the new purchase, for knowing what being carried is, as well as my friend does, if with the fast hounds he hunts, they get a run, and he rides my bronze friend and likes him, as Pat says, "it's no matter."

We owe a much larger debt of gratitude to Mr. M'Adam than most persons think of; and if ever man under ordinary circumstances merited an estate purchased for him by contributions of the public at large, he did. He not only caused us to travel quickly, pleasantly, and safely, but the wear and tear of our carriages and horses his invention or plan of road making has saved, has been, and daily is, enormous; but he has done more than this in saving expense by diminishing the number of horses necessary for our purpose. Formerly, no man as a gentleman, dreamed of putting a saddle horse in harness or riding one that had been at such work, in fact it could scarcely be done, for the horses used to draw heavy carriages along heavy roads were too heavy in themselves for saddle purposes: and supposing the animal calculated to be ridden, the constant tugging at an almost dead weight soon rendered him both unsafe and unpleasant to ride; and as to think of hunting a horse that had ever had a collar on, the idea would have been ridiculed.

If I was a man of large fortune, certainly nothing should tempt me to put a collar on a hunter, not from thinking as our roads now are it would do him any harm, but simply because I should hold it *infra dig.* of either of us that he should be seen there. But as to injuring him in any way, I can only say that if in summer I wished to give him more than walking exercise I should feel he would be much safer taking me an airing in a light gig or phaeton, than being galloped by most grooms over that very doubtful sort of exercise-ground the turf,

which if dry, hard, and at all uneven, I hold to be a very dangerous place for a horse to gallop on. I would ten times prefer trotting him gently on a really smooth road. Many persons, if riding in summer, the moment they see a bit of turf consider it a challenge for a gallop. The advantage of turf only exists when and while it is elastic; when it is hard, and it often is as hard as the road itself, the difference of galloping on that and on the road is that in the latter case you would gallop your horse on a hard level surface, in the other he would be going on a hard unequal one, and by far the most dangerous, while both are of course unfit for the purpose.

How frequently do we see race-horses break down in running, sometimes snap a leg or dislocate a joint. People may say this arises from the pace they go, but they are under a mistake: race horses do not so often meet with such casualties in finishing a race as they do when going at a more moderate pace; this I think I can account for on very fair grounds. The "run in" on most courses is chosen as a picked level piece of turf, usually somewhat up hill; and be it well kept or not, it is at least of less unequal surface than the other parts of the course: it is the inequalities when the ground is too hard to yield that do the mischief, not the mere hitting a level piece of ground hard with the hoof, to which many persons attribute a break down; it is not that, but a foot alighting on a hard unequal part does the business in a second; it is this that causes the shaken joints we so often see in race horses much more than the severity of the work, for we sometimes see such in even two year olds, and they are not severely worked. Could we always command elastic level turf for horses to train on, their legs and joints would be sound and fresh long after; as the case is, they are shook and stale. But unfortunately for horses,

owners, and trainers, go horses in training must, though the ground may be as hard as an anvil, and no training ground in such case is perfectly smooth enough to be safe.

However much a man from assumed modesty may pretend to deny the fact, it is quite certain we are all gratified if we find that anything we have prognosticated takes place, or that that we have recommended comes into use. I have undeviatingly advocated very highly bred horses for fast work and thorough bred ones for hunters, when they can be got with requisite strength; and I have prognosticated such horses coming yearly into more and more general use. Of course, my advocacy had not the remotest influence in the matter; but perhaps the pun may not be more execrable than others if I say the *grounds* of my prognostic had every thing to do with it, for that *ground* was the roads. Their improved state naturally brought an improved pace, and I always felt certain that under such circumstances persons would find that the nearer thorough bred they got their horses, the better they would get their work done; that they have and do find this, a walk or ride in the park in June and July will convince any one; we see ladies riding horses thorough bred, and some of those even horses that have been in training. I hope I may be allowed to take the credit to myself of this bearing me out in the opinion I frequently ventured to give, that the idea of thorough-bred horses being as a class unsafe is quite chimerical; and further, that what I have always maintained as regards their docility is found to be the fact. It should be borne in mind that the generality of race-horses (and it is by such that persons are apt to judge of the attributes of the thorough bred) are mostly kept by themselves; how should they therefore become sociable

or attached to companions? They are only approached by the riding boy who tends them, the head lad, and occasionally the trainer; I say, occasionally, because this high honour is not vouchsafed to every horse, and the one must be a great favourite if it occurs to him daily (at least it is so in some training stables); how then should the horse get to like strangers when another besides these functionaries approach him. The smith's business with him is an annoyance to the animal; and lastly the jockey, whose duty in no way teaches the horse to consider him his friend; added to all this, sweating is by no means a pleasant hour's recreation—it may in fact be called a succession of many hours' annoyance. To begin with the setting; that worries him, for he would like his hay and water, and the setting muzzle tells him what he is to expect in the morning; this with many disturbs their rest. Then the going the sweat under heavy sweaters is no joke at all, the standing to sweat after the work is over is anything but pleasant to him; then the being scraped and dressed with his thin skin, with every pore open, irritates him; accustomed to be dressed by one boy alone he has now, perhaps, four about him and one at his head, with the head lad or trainer, or perhaps both in the box. He is now so thirsty he feels as if he could swallow the ocean; a wet sponge just cools his nose and lips, and a bowl full of tepid water is allowed, when a bucket of cold would be his heart's wish; with all these annoyances how can race-horses be expected to be placid in their tempers? And further than this, it must be borne in mind that nineteen in twenty of the horses are entire. This, and being unused to be approached by other horses, induce them to be disposed to be savage to each other; and then people draw the inference that thorough bred horses are savage by nature. It is quite

a mistake: the thorough-bred colt is by nature as docile, harmless, and as easily rendered attached and obedient as the cart horse, certainly more disposed to show exuberance of spirits, but quite as free from natural vice, while his generous disposition makes him much more disposed to exert himself for our benefit or amusement than the coarser bred one.

The only fear, and a circumstance to be guarded against in the increased use of thorough-bred horses, is, that breeders finding such horses coming into vogue may commence breeding from a bad sort of mares and any cheap sires they can get; in such case we should have in a very few years a spurious spindling race of wretches in the market, that would be worse than the worse-bred animal to which I have so great an antipathy. It will, however, be the fault of purchasers should such continue the result, for if there should be found no buyers for such they would not be bred; nor should they be encouraged, for there is no more expense required to breed and rear up a fine four years old thorough bred, if not meant for a race-horse, than a coarse one; and it is far easier to produce a hundred fine thorough-bred horses, if not wanted for racing purposes, than half that number of such as are: for in the latter case we must look to running blood, in the former we have only to get mares and sires that produce large, strong, and handsome stock. If chance throws one in our way that shows indications of racing, so much the better: if not, we get at least a fine horse. For the great reason why thorough-bred stock is not larger and handsomer than on an average we see it, is that nearly all of these being bred with a view to their becoming race horses, racing qualities are alone sought for; shape, make and beauty are matters of minor considerations, and of course the promise of being a first

rate hunter, or splendid harness horse, is no recommendation at all; but if not to the breeder of race horses, such animals will be found to recommend themselves to the public.

A DAY WITH THE HUNGERFORD.

It was one of those mornings in winter when the first feeling that actuates the foxhunter is a wish for his hunter at the cover's side. How different are those feelings in the same man, if he knows he has his stud of half a dozen, and one of those gone on to a favourite fixture! Or if, from some untoward circumstance, fate compels him to take his wearisome course towards or to the city, the ward or heir may certainly, with great satisfaction, take his course to Lincoln's Inn Fields, if it is a visit that puts him in possession of the means of enjoying life; but nine out of ten who have visited the last mentioned seat of learning and big wigs, will, I believe, agree with me that the incentives and results of such visits have been anything but agreeable. That most careful guardian of our property, the Lord High Chancellor, is a most scrupulous guardian of it—so scrupulous that he certainly will not allow any one to get possession of it that is not entitled to it, and is somewhat tenacious of disgorging it to those who are; and when he does, so many nibblings have been made at it by different individuals, that we cannot, at all events, complain of any want of attention having been paid to it.

It was on such a morning as I allude to, that having sent on a couple of hunters and a hack to Hungerford the preceding day, I got the box seat on the White Lion coach, where I was so well known and my habits so well

understood, that on changing horses at Hounslow the reins were put into my hands, and with them the charge of four bokickers, over a galloping stage, where the pace scarce afforded me time to give a glance at the barracks on the Heath, where I had so often joined the *recherché* mess, and passed so many joyous evenings and nights. How many of the choice spirits I have joined there are now gone!—where, all but clerical theory; for it is but theory after all, pretend what it may: that where is an awful inquiry no man can or ought to pretend to answer. A proper confidence induces me to believe that the departed brave and good are happy: if so, it matters little where.

Before reaching Thatcham I gave up the reins, for reasons well known to coachmen at that time. On nearing Hungerford I overtook my horses, and prior to their arrival I had engaged a comfortable three-stalled stable, and an occasional helper, corn, hay, bran, and beans.

After discussing what I had chosen for dinner, with a couple of glasses of sherry, I need scarcely say my first act was to send for Nevitt, the huntsman, who shortly arrived; and having ordered a bottle of port, and sent a message to the two whips, desiring them to come to the inn and order what they pleased, I and the huntsman set to for a chat of hounds, foxes, country, scent, horses, and the general men composing the field; my horses having been for a fortnight somewhat short of work, I knew that their two days of long gentle exercise would not hurt them; so learning the fixture was only four miles off, I determined to go next day. Nevitt seemed to relish the Port uncommonly, so I ordered another, about the middle of which he volunteered a hunting song, which he gave so enthusiastically that waiter, landlord, and landlady be-turns, just looked in, but said

nothing, having satisfied themselves the ceiling of the room was not coming down. At the end of the second bottle I was quite disposed to retire for the night, but somewhat to my astonishment our huntsman, though in a general way a particularly unassuming man, found me or the wine too much to his taste in his then mood, that he rang the bell and ordered another. The scene shortly became rich in the extreme. He offered me the pick of his own and his master's horses to the end of the season; tried several hunting songs; gave a tally-ho at each sip of the wine; vowed no man could hunt hounds but himself; and finished by rolling off his chair. I gave him in charge to boots and went to bed.

The next morning I met the hounds; never shall I forget Nevitt's look so long as I can remember anything; he looked as if he had been up for a week; was as hoarse as a raven, and indeed so ill that he could scarcely sit on his horse. He rode up to me, touched his cap, begged my pardon, and very unnecessarily requested me never to mention the affair to his master. I jokingly asked him if he would like a bottle of wine to refresh him after he got home; he shook his head, which was about as much as he could do.

I remained about a fortnight at Hungerford, and had some good runs, among which was one from Donnington, the subject of this paper, and during the time I stayed there I sold, or rather exchanged, one of my horses with that excellent rider, sportsman, and fellow, Mr. John Pearman, drawing £70 and his horse The General, which he rode during the run in question; and this horse I sold to an officer at Brighton for a hundred pounds; so having given only a hundred for my own horse a month before I went to Hungerford, my hunting expedition was not an expensive one.

During my stay I invited a few friends to dine with me on a particular day; in the course of the evening, one of them, knowing I could perpetrate a few doggrel lines, begged me to say something of some of those whom I had seen out. This was carried nem. con. When should they have it? The next day at dinner. And I kept my word, though they did not leave me till four in the morning, and the hounds were out the next day, added to which I do not say we parted quite as sober as we met.

I made my friends pledge themselves the paper should be confined to those in the scent, not wishing as a stranger to offend any one; but at this distance of time some of those mentioned are dead, others have left the country, and those remaining will only laugh if it meets their eye.

The run itself was certainly a brilliant one; and part of it being hilly, I saw more horses beaten than I think I ever did in the most clipping country.

The Hungerford had a large range of country. What I shall call the best part of it they seldom hunted, owing, I believe, to the master, with his enormous weight, not being able to get along in it; for when we think of twenty stone walking-weight, it only shows what judgment will do in saving a horse, and truly the one Ward rode that day was as fresh at the finish as any horse there, and had left dozens of those with light weights on them completely knocked up.

Ward was a true sportsman of the old school of masters of foxhounds. His manners were certainly not elegant or refined; but many of those possessing such advantages want that courtesy in the field that Ward ever evinced towards every man who conducted himself properly in it.

The hounds were, in shape, make, and breeding, as perfect as hounds could be—not, perhaps, as fast or as much dash in them as some others; but where the master rides twenty-one stone, a huntsman may be excused if he does not do his work as quickly as when speed and a fast thing are the great *desiderata*. No man disliked seeing hounds slack in drawing a cover more than Ward did: a pottering hound was his detestation. He liked to see hounds hunt; and provided they kept on, he would rather see them put their noses to the ground than run into their fox breast-high. It was only, therefore, going in chase at the rate of twelve or fourteen miles an hour, instead of eighteen. Ward rode because riding enabled him to see his hounds hunt: others hunt because it enables them to ride. Each man has his pleasure, and each has a right to enjoy it; and long may they do so!

PACE AND ITS EFFECTS.

Nothing can be more true than the much and often quoted phrase, that it is "the pace that kills;" but like most truisms, sayings, and sentiments, it requires both modification and explanation. Otherwise, if we were to see a cart-horse walking, a hearse-horse trotting seven miles an hour, and a good buggy-horse spinning along at the rate of fifteen, we might infer that the first was perfectly at his ease, the second undergoing no inconvenience, but the last to be in such distress as to call for our execrations on his driver's inhumanity; we should, however, very possibly be in error if we did form such an opinion as to the state and feelings of these animals; for stop all three at once, and it is by no means improbable but that the flanks of the trotter might show less indication of distress than those of the other two animals. In proof of this opinion, if any one will cast an eye at four horses returning with a hearse or mourning-coach, when they have had a trot of perhaps six or seven miles, if they do not see some of them in a white lather with sweat, I am much mistaken; they are, in fact, as much beat by this moderate trot, as would be four mail-horses doing a galloping stage of eight miles in thirty-five minutes.

If we regarded the assertion, that it is "the pace that kills," in the abstract, we should be led to infer that it is going fast that kills; this is not, however, absolutely the case; the true definition of the thing is, not that going

fast kills, but going at a pace, be it what it may, that is distressing to a particular animal, whether the distress arises from want of speed, want of condition, or both combined.

The original propounder of the idea found the pace killed (as he figuratively termed it) his horses; that is, its severity distressed, and indeed perhaps occasionally did kill them.

A query might arise as to what was "the pace;" the categorical and definite reply can only be, the pace he had bred and practised his hounds to go. The truth and secret of the thing was this; our respected and lamented master of fox-hounds, though he kept good horses and rode them well, piqued himself more upon, and paid more attention to, his hounds than his horses; so that finding, as he did, that many of the former could go four miles over turf at race-horse speed, he lost sight of the necessity of getting horses fast enough to race also, and having them in racing condition to follow such hounds; he therefore spoke both practically and feelingly when he said he found the pace kill; but it would not have killed Lottery with his turn of speed, and in condition to run in a steeple-chase.

This last-named comparatively new feature in sporting was, on its first introduction in England, neither more nor less than a brutal exhibition; merely good half-bred hunters were entered; and endurance, much more than speed, was the desideratum. The consequence was, that the unfortunate animal that, half-flayed alive by whip and spur, could last the longest and come home first at the rate of seven miles an hour, or perhaps less, won. Carried on as it was *then*, it was a disgrace to the name of sportsmen to patronize it.

Now we order these things far differently; no horse is

entered for a first-class steeple-chase that has not pretensions to be considered a decent race-horse, and is put into nearly the same training and condition as if he was to start at Doncaster or Newmarket; in fact, the only difference is, he is trained to go longer distances, or, in more artistical phrase, a longer length is got into him: he will not have to go as fast, it is true, as if he was going for a Leger or Cesarewitch; but carrying eleven or perhaps twelve stone across country at a pretty strong pace, calls on the lungs very nearly as much as an increased one with eight stone over a sound turf.

Nothing more shows the good effect of having horses more highly bred and better trained for steeple-chasing than that formerly horses dying in the field or afterwards from over-exertion was a catastrophe of frequent occurrence—now we rarely hear of it: broken backs, necks, or limbs are often now witnessed, and much as we must lament to see a noble animal so circumstanced, it is not like the brutalizing scene of former days, when we saw as fine, good, and willing a horse as could look through a bridle, "scourged like a panniered ass," and reeling to the winning post with every energy exhausted, "sad spectacle of pride brought low."

The manner in which steeple-chases are both run and ridden is wonderfully altered for the better. Formerly the beginning of the race was run as if riders thought there could be no end to their horses' power; the consequence was, the pace got slower and slower, till at the finish it mattered little what the actual general speed of a horse might be, but what speed, if speed it could be called, exhaustion had left in each. But now speedier horses being brought to the post, the race is ridden more like a flat race; horses are saved in the early part of the

chase, and consequently there is generally some powers left in them to finish with.

At this year's Spring Metropolitan Steeple Chase, near Halsden Green, it certainly came off differently, something in the old style, the winner in each race having it all to himself. Why was this? Not that each winner was, take him altogether, the best steeple-chase horse out of the lot among which he ran, but that the ground was in so dreadful a state from the incessant rains, that the chance of winning did not depend on which was the best fencer, or in a general way could go the best pace, but which could on that day go fastest and longest through an extended quagmire. At this meeting, an opinion I have ventured to promulgate as fact was, I consider, proved. I have, on more than one occasion, stated that "we never can know under what weight a horse can go, but by trying him." We may, in a general way, form a tolerably correct guess at it; but if we trust to *appearance* of strength, or the want of it, cases will occur where we shall find such appearances quite deceive us; so we should, if we judged by size and looks as to the capability of horses getting over heavy ground.

The British Yeoman is by no means a likely-*looking* horse to live through a race heavily weighted, and going over his fetlocks in clay; he showed, however, that he *could* do it, and "win as he liked," leaving the others certainly somewhere, but "nowhere" in the race. Well and honestly he did his work; and well, steadily, and judiciously was he ridden. Here, it certainly was "the pace that killed," but not the fastness of the pace, for over such ground it could not be fast; but the pace, such as it was, stopped the other horses over that particular course in the state it then was.

The next race was won easily by Outcast, a neat,

small, racing-looking nag—a pattern, one would say, for a ten-stone hunter in a light country; he was admirably steered by a non-professional, who brought him in as fresh as a four-year-old. It is an unusual treat to see an amateur ride his horse with so much patience and judgment, for they mostly "ride their horses' heads off."

The winner of the last race, Lottery, is a tall, thin, light-looking horse, with fore legs that tell tales of feats performed—a wiry-looking one, certainly, and had all over the appearance of meaning mischief as to going, but not seemingly cut out for such heavy work as he had before him; no doubt his owner knew his horse's capabilities, and the result showed his confidence was not misplaced, nor was it in his selection of a rider for him, for the horse was kept well and steadily within himself, and after Oliver unluckily got a fall from Pullaway at the last jump, Lottery might have walked in, as no other horse was near. If, therefore, any man, on seeing a spiry, rather weak-looking horse, books him as being a weak one, let him pause before he bets long odds against him on the score of wanting physical powers, for extraordinary capabilities sometimes lie hidden where we see no indication of their existence. Lottery certainly looked all over a fast one; probably the pace was nothing to him, and this most likely won him the race.

I have offered my humble meed of praise to the riders of the three winners, in no way prejudiced in their favour merely because they *won* the race they rode, but greatly thus prejudiced by the *way* in which they won it and brought their horses in. I must, however, further remark, as regards the riders on the day I have mentioned, take them as amateurs or professionals, I never yet saw an equal number of horses ridden in steeple-chases with so much patience, steadiness, and judgment; there was

no wanton or ill-judged butchery of tired horses, no useless persevering in a cause when they saw it was a hopeless one; each seemed to ride his horse as long as he was warranted in doing so with proper consideration and mercy, and as long as he found he had any chance; when that was over, they wisely pulled up; and, I must say, that among all the steeple-chases I ever saw, I do do not recollect ever having seen so scattered a field; they came home more like men coming from different parts of the country to a fixture of fox-hounds, than like the ending of a race. The course in itself is well-selected, and I only hope at future meetings the weather will be propitious, the funds abundant, and that I may be there to see it.

I have, to a certain degree, described the above races merely as illustrative of what I have in another way said as regards pace, namely, that we must not always form an opinion of the freshness or distress of horses, while going, by the slowness or celerity of the pace they are going at; for the effect, as regards the severity, is wholly and absolutely dependent on circumstances. For instance, had the course I have mentioned been as sound as the straight mile at Ascot in fine weather, and had the horses been in the condition of an elderly gentleman's park cob, the pace would still have been severe to them, slow as it was; and again, had the ground been thus light and sound, and the pace half as fast again, it would not have distressed the horses that went a bit more, or perhaps as much, as the slow pace did on the day alluded to.

Persons not conversant with such matters would very naturally suppose that nothing can be easier than for a person to judge of the pace he is going, whether it be on the road, across a country, or on the flat; but the fact

is, pace is a very difficult thing to be a good judge of. We will suppose a novice to get on a race-horse in the middle of a down, and be told to gallop him at a certain pace to a certain object a mile and a-half or two miles a-head, what has he whereby to judge of the pace he is going at? The celerity with which he seems to pass over the ground will certainly tell him whether he is going twelve miles an hour or twenty, but it would tell the novice little more than this; and I am quite certain I would put him on one horse when he should fancy he was going at the rate of twenty miles an hour when he was only going at that of fifteen; I would then change his horse, and he should feel certain he was only going the fifteen when he was really going the twenty. This renders a head lad, who is a good judge of pace, so invaluable in a training stable; the riding-boys after him can pretty well judge the pace they are at, by seeing how far the other horses are extended; but the head lad has nothing but practice, the feel of his horse, and a certain sensation, I may call it, in himself, that tells him accurately the pace he takes them along.

Amateurs are accused, and very justly accused, of beating their horses by pace, and then punishing them when such punishment ought not to have become requisite; and in truth, when they do thus punish their horses it is when, from the fault of the rider, the animal is brought to such a state as renders punishment not only cruel but absolutely, nine cases in ten, useless; and when, in point of winning a race, they might just as well, and in point of mercy much better, use their whip and spurs on a sack of oats. In speaking of amateurs, of course I do not mean such as Lord Howth, Capt. Peel, Osbaldeston, Broadley, Vevers, &c. &c., for they can ride as well as most, and better than the generality of the profes-

sionals; but I allude to such as fancy, because they can sit firm at a big fence, they can ride a steeple-chase. It would be absurd to suppose that gentlemen and men of education punish horses more than professionals, from want of feeling; but they generally, nay, almost always do so, arising from two causes—first, they reduce their horses to a state the professional under similar circumstances would not do, and then cannot judge, as he can, when a certain degree of severity may be available, and consequently pardonable, or where, being useless, it becomes sheer cruelty and injustice to their horse.

I am afraid a little jealousy of their attributes as jocks often causes amateurs to inflict useless punishment on the bare *chance* of its succeeding; they dread the losing a race may be laid to their bad riding, so win they determine they will, if steel and whipcord can effect it, forgetting that if they win, though the *crowd* may think them great jockeys, good judges will give them no credit for this, if they rode badly or injudiciously, but will only regret a good horse had been so butchered by a bad rider; in such a case the merit is wholly the horse's.

If I was asked to indicate by *one word* what among the many niceties of training brought out horses fit to run, I could not, I conceive, select a better word than the monosyllable "pace;" for of course we suppose all race-horses to be properly fed, clothed, watered, stabled, and exercised, and properly physicked when necessary; but it is the pace in exercise or strong work that brings wind, stamina, and, in short, condition to its highest possible state of perfection; and here again the pace is a slow or strong one, not in accordance with its rate as to speed, but as to the state of the horse at the time, distance, age, and condition.

The pace and distance that would produce a profuse

sweat the first time a colt had his sweaters on, would have no effect on him as to sweating just prior to his race; and if he was taken along at the same pace he went in his last sweat or two, three weeks before that time, most probably it would do away with all his chance in his race, not that the pace or distance would be improper for *a* sweat, but improper for a horse three weeks before his race.

We will now look to pace in the hunting field. If we were to speak of Leicestershire to a stranger, and describe it as a grass country, not hilly, and with fences, though of different descriptions, still each pretty much resembling its fellow of the same sort, a man might conclude it to be a country requiring little judgment to get over, and that nerve was the chief thing necessary. That it is a country where, supposing a man has a firm seat, plenty of nerve, and his horse can last, there is little danger of losing hounds or being thrown out, I admit; but I have made the proviso that the nag *should last;* now that he should do so, there is no country in England that requires more judgment on the part of the rider. In most other countries, various stoppages occur, that oblige the rider to pull up his horse frequently; consequently, whether the rider has judgment or not, the horse gets a pull in time. But crossing Leicestershire, speaking of it in a general way, is something like riding a race; there are not frequent small covers, shaws, lanes, and minute fields to check game, hounds, and horses; so it depends on the judgment of the rider to ease his horse in time: if he does not, in a field more he is "planted." And again, supposing ourselves crossing a firm forty-acre pasture that carries well, we find our horse going pleasantly and at his ease, though the pace is fast; we pop him through a bullfincher, and find the next field a heavy one: let

the unthinking rider keep up the pace, in a few strides he finds his horse lie heavy on hand; let him then persevere, and the chances are, before he reaches the next fence the nag gives a sob, and then one hundred yards more and he shuts up; the pace has not increased, but the ground has changed, and the pace kills here, though three minutes before your horse might have been "pulling double."

The idea may suggest itself, that if with such horses as are now ridden, and those in such racing condition as hunters in fast countries are now put into, it requires a good deal of judgment to keep with hounds across Leicestershire, how did our ancestors get on, in a country that has not changed since their days? The reply to such a query is, "the pace" did it, or rather as we should now estimate it, the absence of pace; yet in further corroboration of my statement that pace being severe or otherwise is *quoad* the animal and not the speed. Thousands have seen the print of the Bilsden Coplow run; I have no doubt but the pace on that occasion was what we should now hold as comparatively slow, yet sporting history tells us of more horses dead beat on that day than we have on record of the fastest thing that has occurred lately over the same country; and no wonder that it should be so. It is far more than half a century since the old-fashioned quite half-bred hunter has been ridden; thirty years ago the owners of such names as Forester, Cholmondeley, Alvanley, Martin, Hawk, Dearsley, Jadis, Germaine, Mellish, Smith, and scores of others, then went a far different pace; they got to nearly thoroughbred ones for their riding, but it did not stop there; many horses belonging to such names were bred *well enough* to race, perhaps were tried, and if found wanting speed for the turf they were made hunters of; but now

horses are going that could race, have done so, and were, to say the least, very fair race-horses. Therefore, the present pace, fast as it is, is no more to them than was that of the Bilsden Coplow day to the nags that went in that run.

We will now look a little as to the effects of pace on harness horses, and though coaching is now almost forgotten, I must allude to, or rather quote it as the best criterion whereby to judge of harness pace. When six miles and a-half an hour was considered a very fair rate of going, if a team stopped, the smoke was not at all outdone by that of a whole platoon firing, the horses were distressed, perhaps for them tired would be a better term; the mails were increased as to pace to eight miles an hour, their horses were not more beat than the others, though perhaps a little more winded, but they smoked less. Why was this? Simply because they were a better bred sort, could and did go faster. The increased pace produced better condition, and moreover it was found that stuffing them with hay would not do; even the horse-keepers began to get a smattering of what condition meant, and would tell you "at the pace our horses go, we must do so and so." Then came ten miles an hour, and every man who has had anything to do with coach-horses knows the enormous difference in wear and tear of horseflesh this additional two miles made; but we must look a little as to how and why it made this vast difference; it was not that, with proper rest, ten miles an hour on a good level road would have distressed such horses as were latterly bought for fast coaches, but the ten miles per hour included a hundred and fifty over all sorts of country, so that the teams that went eight miles an hour on hilly or heavy ground were distressed by weight, and those who made up for this by going at

the rate of sixteen were distressed by pace. Had they only to rate ten miles an hour over such a ground as Hartford-bridge flat, the pace would have been play to them, though it would have sewed up such as were used in the old slow coaches. Of course pace will always distress when it becomes severe on a particular horse under particular circumstances: but it is not whether the rate be six miles per hour or sixteen, but *what* goes it, and where, and how he goes it.

There can be no doubt but that the better bred a horse is, the less will he be distressed by pace; but habit has a good deal to do with this as well as breeding, for we must bear in mind that, speaking in general terms, the higher a horse is bred, the faster is the pace he is accustomed to go; the advantage we get by blood is in its way tantamount to the advantage the diamond has over the pebble; the material of the diamond enables us to give it a higher polish than that of the pebble; so the blood of the race-horse enables him to bear that training to produce speed that the low-bred horse cannot. If, however, we were to take a racing-bred foal from its parent dam, and give it to a cart-mare to bring up, we should greatly mar his general attributes as to elasticity of limb and quickness of usual motion, for nothing is more true than the homely adage that "habit is second nature;" the foal following a quick lively dam that occasionally exercises herself by a trot or a canter, if from any cause she becomes excited, naturally follows her, and thus becomes accustomed to quickness of motion, we may say, from its birth; this is in fact "pace," or the prelude to what in after-days we shall call pace in him; if instead of this he merely walked about with a cart-mare, he would contract the slow, heavy, dwelling step of the nurse, and, from being unused to feel any excite-

ment, would become, so far as their difference of breeding would allow, as energetic, dull, and phlegmatic in temperament as the mare herself. Under such circumstances, independent of becoming phlegmatic in temperament and habits, he would become so also in action, from the want of his capabilities in that particular being put into or kept in practice; we all know that whether a horse is naturally slow or fast, his speed, be it what it may, is wonderfully increased by training: now the fact is, *training* is *practice:* it is, first, practice as to a proper *mode* of going; secondly, practice as to going a given length; and, finally, practice as to wind and speed—in another word, "pace."

I have mentioned the very common result of amateurs riding races of any sort being punishment to their horses; that is, first riding them to all but a stand-still, and then most uselessly punishing them. Whence arises this? Solely from wanting knowledge of "pace." We will suppose a couple of amateurs of the general order undertaking to ride in the same race with professionals or gentlemen who from constant practice can ride as well; the two amateurs no doubt go off with the lead, most likely at very best pace. Pink and black cap considers that if blue and yellow-cap's horse can last at the pace he is going, that his will also; and such jocks seem by what they do to be impressed with the idea that if a horse by being taken off at speed gains a hundred yards' lead in the first half-mile, he will gain four in the two miles' run; and I can almost fancy a *fresh* gentleman-jock saying to himself in such a case, "Gad! I must be after him, or he will run right away from us all." But supposing our two amateurs to be going as I have mentioned, each is afraid that the other's horse will keep up his rate of speed; but the half-dozen professionals far behind them are quite

aware that neither of the nags can live at the pace, so they quietly wait till they drop back to them; then the astounded amateurs find the others sailing by them, pulling hard, and striding along quite at their ease; the amateurs, as they conceive quite artistically, begin shaking their horses (somehow), that is, twisting their arms and bodies right and left, or left; and right they find this makes, *as* it is done, as much impression on the beaten nags as it would on a clothes-horse; in go the spurs; this produces a spirt for a few strides, and perhaps even brings them up to the leading horses; the professionals now make the pace better, and before the distance-post is neared, leave the amateurs as dead beat and safe as if they were under the turf instead of on it. Now comes the time the whalebone goes to work, perhaps with professionals as well as amateurs, but with this difference, the former only use it so long as they find their horse answer to it, that is, has powers of increased exertion left in him, which for a short distance punishment stimulates him to make; the amateurs begin with their whips long before they are required, and even after they can possibly be of any use, farther than as a racing match between themselves, most probably for which shall have the honour of being seventh, three or four score yards behind the last of the ruck.

In such a supposed instance it *is* the veritable pace that killed: not that it was merely too much for the amateurs' horses, who might be the best of the lot, but it was too much probably for *any* horse; that it was such, a new-fledged amateur rider could form no judgment of, nor in truth could the best rider in England rate the pace of race-horses unless he had been accustomed to ride them, the action and style of going differing so materially as it does from that of the hunter over

diversity of hunting ground. This is well known to those conversant with such matters, and I trust will be credited by those who are horsemen, but unaccustomed to ride on a flat; but men knowing little or nothing about horses in their different uses will hardly believe me when I say there are thousands, and those who doubt my assertion probably among the number, who know nothing about "pace" even in a common gig on an ordinary high road, yet indubitably such is the case.

We will suppose we see a person in a gig with his reins in one hand, and that within six inches of the splash-board or dash. If he has a free horse I think, I will venture to say, his whip is stuck behind him to show what an out-and-out nag he has; for as to a whip ever being used as an additional signal or aid to the hand, it is a thing he never contemplates, his only idea being that its use is to thresh a horse if he does not go fast enough; but should he keep it in his dexter to be ready for the last-named purpose, he either holds it in the position of a toasting-fork or in that of the God-knows-what-it's-called, that is placed on the Lord Mayor's coach as the insignia of office. His seat (I should rather say mode of sitting) is on the front edge of the cushion, in a position that leads us to suppose he is avoiding a tenpenny nail rising through and coming in contact with his person, his heels touching the heel-board, for which he concludes it is put there. If such a man, unfortunately for the horse, has a good goer, my life on it he is going fourteen miles an hour, that is as long as he can; and if *vice versa*, he has one that cannot manage eight, if he finds another carriage coming along at a wager-rate pace, he begins plying the whip to prevent his getting the go-by. This all arises from his knowing nothing of the pace his horse is going; if at the

rate of fifteen miles an hour, he is not aware that he is doing so; consequently if he has a twenty-mile stage before him, he lets him go at the same pace that he might do from Hyde Park corner to Turnham Green; and supposing him going that road, he is greatly surprised if when he comes to Longford he finds his horse fall off in pace: if he is a humane man he allows the nag to finish his stage at his own pace, fearing something is amiss with him: and on arriving at Salt Hill, when he finds he will not feed, he cannot account for it. Thus do horses suffer from men who are not judges of pace.

We will now suppose another case; that is, of the carriage I have alluded to coming up to such a driver as I have particularised; he has, we will say, an animal that could not get over nine miles of ground within the hour, if he was flayed alive in the endeavour to make him do so; having the other carriage at his side, he is not judge enough to see by the action of the rival nag, or by the invisibility of the spokes of the wheels of the rival carriage, the pace it is going. He whips his own dobbin, thinking a little more exertion will save the ignominy of being left behind: he has no idea of the enormity of difference in point of going there is between nine and fifteen miles an hour. They say no one knows what he can do till he tries; our driver tries what his horse can do, flogs him, he breaks into an awkward canters, he pulls him in, hits him again, again he canter, he snatches at his horse's bit, the nag does not know whether he means that he is to increase the pace in the canter or to trot; so by the time the other carriage is out of sight our driver has so confused his horse that it would take a coachman a couple of miles to get him to settle to the best trot he was capable of. This dilemma, it will be seen, solely arose from want of

being able to judge of the pace the passing horse was going at, and of that his own had action to accomplish.

Some of my acquaintance who know about as much of horses as I do of alchemy, have at times told me they thought I exaggerated the ignorance of many in this respect; that, in fact, no men knew so little as I accuse them of. In the hope of exculpating myself from this heavy charge, I shall beg pardon for digressing for a few lines to mention an anecdote of only a few days since.

In the hope of further elucidating some ideas and opinions I had given out in the last work I published, namely, "The Stud for Practical Purposes, &c.," I painted two sketches of horses, one of "a pretty good sort for most purposes," the other of "raythera bad sort for any purpose;" the latter I intended to be, and verily flatter myself is, the portraiture of as very a wretch in point of shape and make as can well be imagined; the sketches were engraved and returned to me, and now hang on the wall of a sitting room. One of my acquaintance called in, and looked at the sketches. On my explaining for what purpose they had been done, he remarked he did not think the one I considered mis-shapen as by any means so. I asked him to show me *one* good point about him. "Why," said he, "is he not very good about his loins?" "I think he could not well be worse," replied I, "unless his back was broken." This he did not at all agree to. "Well," said he, "you must allow he has very handsome legs." "Now," replied I, "I have quite done." If any one who looks at the engraving does not say these said legs are as bad in every way as legs can be, I shall indeed be greatly mortified. May I hope the anecdote will satisfy the reader that I do not so much underrate the knowledge of some men, as to horses, as they imagine.

We will now, lastly, bring down pace to its very lowest, that is, slowest degree. I think most persons will agree with me in saying, that if thirty years since we had contemplated a trot for a waggon-horse it would have been held by a brewer, distiller, proprietor of road broad-wheeled waggons, farmers, or their servants, as contemplating certain death to the animal, and so probably it would have been to one who never exceeded three miles an hour from the day he was foaled to that of his death; for, as I have before said, pace is slow or fast *quoad* the nature or habits of animals. At the period I allude to, going at a snail's pace caused both defective wind and activity in the cart-horse, and without this it was as impossible he could move quickly as it was contrary to his habit or wish that he should do so: this was all the effect of habit; for the brewer's dray-horse, if accustomed to do so (as we now see), can not only go at a fast pace, but trot with considerable activity, and the doing both in moderation is highly beneficial to him.

Among other horses, I have owned cart-horses, and was always quite aware of the great loss of time the farmer sustained by the slowness of their movements, and that of the equally slow animals who drove them. On going to Belgium I saw the difference in point of activity between their enormous thick-set horses and our apparently less unwieldy ones. I booked this as a hint, and on my return set to work in right earnest with horses and men on the score of accelerated motion; with the horses I had little trouble in effecting my purpose, but with the less rational or more obstinate animals, the carters, I had a great deal—in fact, with them I could make no progress. I must allow they were capital judges of "pace," for nothing could get them beyond their regular one; however, I got some a little better bred,

and finally carried my point; my horses got in better wind and condition, did their work in less time, yet still with more ease to themselves and far more advantage to myself.

It will be seen from what I have stated, that whether in race-horse, hunter, harness-horse, or cart-horse, a fast or slow pace is only a relative term. That increase of pace judiciously brought into use is beneficial to the animal, and that it is only by "overmarking" either animal as to his rate that distress is brought on. It is no more distress to a good fast buggy horse in proper condition to do four miles in fifteen minutes than it is to the slow plethoric one to do two in the same time; therefore, whenever a man finds his horse distressed by pace, it is useless for him to attempt to excuse himself or to deny the homely but indubitable truth—he has been guilty of either want of humanity or want of judgment.

BITS AND BITTING.

Every horseman knows, and those who are not horsemen will soon learn (if they ride at all), that on the properly bitting the horse, the comfort, safety, and appearance, both of horse and rider, most materially depend. However good may be the natural carriage of the horse, if an unsuitable bit is put into his mouth, it will greatly counteract both the inclination and ability of the horse to carry himself handsomely, and this will of course prevent rider and horse looking to advantage, for the proper carriage of the animal goes very far in setting off the seat and position of the body of the rider. On the other hand, if the natural carriage of the horse is bad, properly bitting him is the chief means by which we can remedy the defect.

It must, however, be borne in mind that this proper bitting must not only relate to the mouth of the animal, but must be arranged with reference to the hands of the rider; for that bit which is the very one to suit a particular mouth, when given to a man with fine hands, would be quite an improper one to give to one whose hands are only fit to lug at the mouth of a donkey: an expert fly-fisher will play and kill a very heavy fish with a single hair—so could I; but I should bargain that the hair should be of the size and strength of whipcord, otherwise if I depended on the fish for my dinner, my stomach would not be likely to suffer by repletion.

It is quite certain that the mouths of some colts are naturally more sensible, or insensible, to the touch than others; and here the judgment, or the want of it, is shown in the colt breaker, by the selection of the bit best adapted to the colt's mouth, and afterwards on the goodness of the breaker's hands and temper depends whether he turns out the colt with a good or bad mouth.

In a general way the colt's bit is the large heavy snaffle with a ring in the centre, from which is suspended some loose tackling which hangs on the tongue, and by producing probably somewhat of a tickling sensation, induces the colt to keep his mouth more or less in motion. With the generality of colts their first bit cannot be too easy; but if the mouth be naturally callous, it must be rendered amenable to the bit by using a severer one, or by using the easy one with a severer touch.

Any part of the flesh of either man or beast, that has been frequently galled and then healed, becomes more callous each time this occurs; for this reason the bars of the mouth of young horses should *never be* galled (if it can be avoided); but if the mouth be naturally so hard as to be almost insensible to the pressure of the bit, it may, under such unusual circumstances, be necessary to treat the mouth with sufficient severity to render it somewhat sore, so that while it is in that state the colt may be brought to carry himself properly, which possibly could not be done while the mouth was in its callous state—the having felt the action of the bit in the mouth while in its sore and tender state would make the colt fear it, and from habit he would afterwards obey its touch, though the mouth was no longer in a bruised state. This severity should, however, never be resorted to but as a *last* resource against a mouth that, either

from its natural callosity, or vice in the horse, refuses to yield to the touch of the bit and the hand of the rider.

The mouths of some young horses are, on the other hand, so exceedingly tender that it is difficult to get them to face the bit sufficiently to bring their heads into a proper position. As I have said that a horse's mouth becomes callous from being galled and healed, it might strike some one that if a mouth was too tender, the best way to render it hard would be to gall it and heal it; I am not prepared to say that such means might not produce such an effect, but against making such an experiment, it would be a cruel one; and further than this, the naturally tender mouth, if rendered *pro tempore* still more tender, would cause the animal so to dread the bit, that he would give us no stay on his head *at all;* so—like most, indeed all, acts of severity against the horse, where no vice is exhibited—it would render bad worse.

In bitting a horse, and more particularly a young one, in any peculiar manner, so as to endeavour to remedy any peculiar defect, persons very rarely do it gradually enough. It is no uncommon thing to see and hear a man conduct and express himself in something like the following manner. We will say a colt or horse has a habit of getting his head up; the man mentally or verbally says, "I'll bring your (. . . . .) head down, I'll warrant me." He puts on a pair of side-reins, or a martingale going to the bit itself, *so short* that the horse is obliged to carry his head as much below where it ought to be, as before he carried it above the proper position; this generally produces resistance to the constraint, and he fights resolutely against it, instead of yielding to its influence; whereas if the restraint is gradually brought to the desired pitch, as the animal

each day becomes more used to it, so each day he more and more yields to it without becoming irritated or alarmed. I happen to be able to mention a case in point, that occurred to a valuable young horse now in my possession. He had an unpleasant trick of getting his head up, and his nose out. Not having any retired place of my own fit for schooling a horse, I went with him to a riding school, and saw him ridden with running reins; it was there proposed to lunge him with side-reins to the girths; these the riding master insisted on buckling tighter than I approved; the result was the horse resisted, and would not go round. He was struck with the whip: at this he kicked and plunged violently; he was flogged for this. He then turned sulky, got to a corner of the school, and would not stir a foot; it now became a fight whether the horse should have his way or the riding master his: had the horse got the better he probably would have always tried to do so afterward; so I was obliged to allow his being severely flogged till he did what was wanted, or have him spoiled by getting the mastery; I felt I was permitting cruelty and oppression to be used. The struggle never should have been provoked or have taken place, nor would it have done so had I insisted on having the reins loosened; but the fight having begun, it was necessary, right or wrong, to conquer. But it was an unjust victory, arising from the ignorance and obstinacy of him who ought to have been the more sensible animal of the two—many a horse is spoiled from very similar conduct of his breaker. Even those who undertake the education of youth are not always exempt from conduct pretty much on a par with that of the riding master; when they are, I know who should get the flogging.

We will now return to the subject of bits as they

rank ; of these, whether destined for the colt or mature horse, the snaffle is the simplest. It is true there are various forms of snaffles, some of them so made as to become an engine (if the expression may be allowed) of very great severity ; the plain large-sized one, with a ring instead of joint in the centre, is the easiest, inasmuch as the ring, allowing of, say an inch in width, in the centre does not convert the bit into an acute angle when acted on by the reins, whereas when the centre is a joint, without going into the mathematical demonstration of the angle being forty-five degrees or any other degree, it becomes a much more acute angle or kind of skeleton wedge in the animal's mouth, and pinches the bars laterally like a vice ; in short, by passing the off-side rein through the near-side ring of the bit, and the near-side rein through the off-ring, and pulling both reins, we make the bit actually a pair of pincers ; and if the bit was strong enough, and the force employed strong enough also, the jaw of the horse could be positively crushed as much as if it was a nut between a pair of nut-crackers ; this sort of snaffle is, therefore, to be rendered even more severe than any ordinary curb bridle —in short, it is an organ that acts by mechanical force, like the screw, wedge, or lever.

Then comes the twisted snaffle ; this is rendered more or less severe by the sharpness of the twist given in its manufacture, it may, in fact, be made all but a rasp in a horse's mouth, I might say a saw, for they are made so severe (or can be so made) that the bars of the mouth could be cut to the bone. Some snaffles are made square in the mouth piece, these cut the bars like a blunt knife ; again, some of them are made rough, so they become in point of fact a sharpened rasp, and terrible engines they are ; when I say terrible, I do not mean that there are not cases

where they may be useful and wanted; some horses' mouths are quite as hard as any ordinary deal board, and such mouths can only be rendered sensible by being made sore by some means or other. On a dead and insensible mouth a curb bridle has little or no influence; so, as the cadger said of his unfortunate donkey, we must "establish a raw" to make him feel; for this I assert without fear of contradiction from any man who understands riding, driving, or horses, that sensible to the bit and hand a horse's mouth must be made if we want to use him with any degree of safety or comfort, in anything but a plough, a hay-cart, or a dray.

Another description of snaffle has been invented and used, this is the double one, consisting of two separate mouth pieces, plain or twisted; the intended efficacy of this bit was that the joint of each mouth-piece not being in the centre, but say an inch and-a-half to the right and left, a very acute angle would be formed; and so it was, but the effect or result is this:—the angle or wedge is *so* acute that the bit or bits are projected forwards, consequently we virtually only bring the part near the rings to press on the bars, so we defeat the intent by wishing to increase the severity; the reins being crossed, as I have before mentioned, prevents the mouth-piece getting forward, as the reins coming against the back of the jaw pulls as it were the bit backwards, so the lateral pressure is complete if wanted. I will endeavour to elucidate what I mean by supposing a boot-maker had brought home a pair of boots too narrow for the wearer towards the toe; if, however, they are sufficiently wide to permit the foot to reach its proper place with excruciating pain to the happy customer, they may, if he is silly enough to take them, most satisfactorily act as instruments of torture; but if, fortunately, they are made so determinately

narrow that the five digits of the foot *cannot* be forced forward, they (bulky digits that they are) only get three-fourths of the way to their destination, consequently remain at a part of the boot where they are comfortable. But whether boots are comfortable or not, it would seem, is not always to be left to the judgment or feet of the wearer; to instance—Gilbert of Bond-street once sent me home a pair most beautifully made (as in justice to Mr. Gilbert I must say his boots usually are), but unfortunately those in question were so tight I could not wear them. The foreman called, saw them, and averred they were an admirable fit—so they were, to stand still in; but with my Goth-like notions and feelings I as pertinaciously avowed they pinched me beyond endurance. "Of course, Sir," said the polite foreman, or some-man, "you know if they *please* you; but if these boots pinch you I'll be (something)—you'll excuse me, Sir." I did excuse him, and myself from wearing them. But Gilbert, Bann and Bond, Hoby and O'Shaugnessy (for I have had the honour of wearing the manufacture of all of them), of course know whether one's foot feels comfortable much better than we do ourselves. Gilbert, and Bann, and Bond, make a capital boot, O'Shaugnessy a superlative dress one, and Hoby a hunting boot that if a man can ride will go along, and, above all, will be comfortable and neat enough for any one. On the subject of boots I must digress to give an anecdote.

Though never a dandy in dress, I was so as far as related to riding breeches and boots: I was told of a man living in an obscure street, whose boots were *ne plus ultra*. I had a pair made *ne plus ultra* in price; the first time I wore them the stitching gave way; I went and complained of this to my descendant of Crispin, expecting a decent sort of *amende honorable* excuse on his part—no such

thing. "My dear sir," (somewhat familiar, a fastidious man might think)—"my dear Sir, I am delighted to hear you say so, it shows the *exquisite* delicacy of the workmanship;" never having had any pretensions to be an exquisite, I ventured to express a wish my boots had been made in a more plebeian style; however, he pocketed my £2 16s.

We will now put a somewhat more coercive bridle on my pen than the snaffle, and speak of the Pelham bit. This is a bit in much less general use than I think it merits; many persons say it is one apt to make a horse hang heavy on the hand. If the curb rein on such a bridle was used as the *general* riding one, it would in most cases lead to such a result, for this reason—its curb part has a tendency to lower the head, and having no port, its chief, if not its whole, pressure is on the jaw by means of the curb chain; this being one uniform pressure, the jaw gets accustomed to it, becomes callous, and consequently the horse ceases to obey the bit, so far as yielding the head goes; but the Pelham is not intended for or suited to a horse that requires the curb rein to be the general one in use; it is in fact a direct snaffle, plain or twisted, with the addition of a lower branch for a second rein, and a curb chain to the upper branch: this of course only acts when the curb rein is resorted to; in fact the Pelham is only fit for a snaffle-bridle horse, who *occasionally* requires a *temporary* further restraint than the snaffle affords; for such a horse it is a very valuable bit, as it can be made more or less severe—first, in accordance with the increased or diminished lever we get by the shorter or longer lower branch; and secondly, by the shortening or lengthening of the curb. Fidgetty, light-mouthed horses, who are mostly inclined to get their heads up, usually go well in a Pelham suited to their mouth. For

the same reason that makes this bit a bad one for a horse with a dead mouth renders it good for the horse with a tender and light one, namely the evenness of its pressure; independently of this, having but one bit in his mouth instead of two, he is not nearly so much inclined to champ, or keep his mouth in continual motion, as he would be with the double bridle; but keeping it still, it gets used to the same quiet gentle pressure, and does not fight against it. It follows as a matter of course that with a horse with a light sensible mouth, and one with a dull insensible one, we want to produce a diametrically opposite effect—that is, we want to deaden the tenderness and irritability of the one, while we want to irritate the dulness of the other; this I consider the properly adapted Pelham, and the equally properly proportioned and adjusted double bridle, will materially tend to do.

We hear a great deal about "*perfect snaffle bridle*" horses, so we do about good ones; we *hear*, as every one knows, much oftener of the latter than we get them; but I have found by experience that good horses exist in the proportion of fifty to one to the *perfect* snaffle-bridle horse. Hundreds are ridden in snaffles, I allow; but very few are perfect in them. Unless a horse can be made to do all he ought to do as well in a snaffle as by another bridle, so far from being perfect, I consider him no snaffle-bridle horse *at all;* but I am free to confess I am not a snaffle-bridle man—above all, across a country; and supposing I had the riding of a hundred horses that *are* ridden in them, I am quite satisfied I should accommodate seventy out of the hundred with a good double bridle, twenty-five with a Pelham, and should think myself lucky if the remaining five went as I think a perfect snaffle-bridle horse should go in a snaffle. When I hear a man say he can ride his horse

better in a snaffle than in a double bridle (unless I *know* the man), I am apt to infer the fault is not in the *bridle* but the *hands*, and that the horse good-humouredly allows his jaws to be lugged at by two sledge hammers, attached to a snaffle rein, though he will not quite stand having it half dislocated by what his master (though the horse does not) terms hands attached to reins, with a curb bit at the end of them; such a man should always ride with a snaffle, for a curb would be out of the question, and it might be difficult to make him put up with the grotesque appearance of a more appropriate appendage in his case to a good-mouthed horse—that would be, a stable head-collar.

If I were writing a treatise on bits—which, by-the-bye, I have some idea of attempting, and therefore send out these sheets as a kind of feeler as to how far the public and the press (both of whom have been more than liberal towards my fugitive scribblings) would tolerate such a work from a private individual—I could enumerate and describe a multitudinous variety of bits of all sorts, denominations, and varieties, both in form and efficacy; but these would require engraved illustrations that would be out of place, or rather out of the question here, both as regards space and expense. I have devoted a good deal of time and money to the subject, but whether any work *I* could write or concoct upon it would be useful to others or beneficial to myself, requires some consideration, for unless I saw a prospect of one or both these objects, it would be useless to attempt it. For the present, therefore, I shall go at once from the Pelham to the double bridle, in other words the bit and bridoon.

The bridoon is, in itself, neither more nor less than a snaffle, plain or twisted; the other varieties chiefly con-

sist in the form of its sides or cheeks: these, with old-fashioned ones, were usually about two inches in length. The objections to these were, and are, the lower cheek constantly got entangled in the curb chain; and if not, by pulling at a hard-mouthed horse to turn him, the cheek pulled through, or rather into, his mouth. To avoid the lower cheek getting entangled in the chain, they were then made with an upper cheek only; this was not made, however, high enough to prevent the bit drawing into the mouth, and when there the rider generally had to get down to get it in its proper place; therefore, though one objection was done away with, the other remained. Then came in the ring without any cheek *at all;* this, of course, prevented any entanglement with the curb chain, but still permitted the bit to be drawn through the mouth; here, however, there was an advantage over the short cheek, for if the bit, rein, and head-rein were partially drawn into the mouth, the rider can easily pull it back again, and these are the best for ordinary riding.

The racing bridoon was usually made with cheeks, the usual length of the ordinary snaffle; these totally prevent both the above-mentioned objections, and for a horse difficult to turn are decidedly the best.

The gagging snaffle is a very useful one for horses who get their heads low, which some will do from vice or impatience. If a horse naturally does this, proceeding merely from a dull heavy mouth, the gag snaffle will not *cure* him of the habit, for the rein being held by the rider's hand (however firm that hand may be) there is still a yielding, which the horse does not mind; so the rider's hands and arms get tired of supporting such a brute's head before he tires of hanging on the bit; a good sharp-twisted common snaffle, if the hands are kept high and

the bit kept constantly on the move, is the best instrument I have found to ride such a horse with, by way of practical lessons to him; the twist renders his mouth tender, and then if the hands are kept up, he keeps his head up, rather than punish his mouth. If he is too heavy-mouthed to yield to this, a cross, or, as some term it, a German rider, should be put on, the reins put up high on the cross, and the horse should be practised in the lounge with this on, or trotted by the side of another; these reins being firmly fixed, give him a forcible chuck up at every step if he leans on them; and as they do not tire like a man's hands, the horse does of being constantly checked by them.

Where the gag snaffle (or bridoon, if a double bridle is used) is useful, is where a horse, when excited by hounds, other horses, or from vice, has a trick of getting his head so low as to give us no power over him, in order to run away: this with a gag he cannot do. If a curb bridle is dispensed with, then the snaffle must have two reins, the one making it a common snaffle, the other either running through a pipe cheek (in which case the gag rein must be a round one), or running through a ring, when a narrow pliable flat rein will answer the purpose.

Some horses when excited will, when galloping, suddenly throw down their heads nearly or quite to their knees, and particularly when going down hill; if the rider does not give them their head they would pull him over them: if he does give the head liberty, the great additional weight thrown on the fore quarters is not by any means unlikely to throw the horse down. I had one who, though a strong puller, would go very pleasantly over a flat country, but no man living could hold him down a hill without a gag bridoon. I had another who would run away to a certainty when with hounds,

if once he got his head down, no matter how severe the curb bridle might be. When I bought him I had a most awful Chifney given me, that had been made expressly for this horse—but he would go away with that. I put a twisted gag snaffle in his mouth; with this he never pulled more than I wished him. I account for this, by concluding that when he got his head down he brought the bearing of the bit on a part of his mouth that, from some cause or other, was quite insensible to pain or pressure.

Curb bits are made in such infinite variety, that to describe them all by words only would be impossible, or, at any rate, it would be impossible to so describe them as to bring each particular variation in form clearly to the eye of persons who have not paid much attention to the subject. The curb bridle, be its form what it may, if suited to the horse's mouth, is a most useful adjunct to the bridoon, which should in all cases be considered the *riding* bridle, for no horse is fit for a gentleman as a riding horse that requires the curb rein as the general one in use. The curb bridle is useful as an occasional aid, restraint, or punishment; but it should be used only as such, and for this reason: there was a time when the "hard and sharp" was in great vogue as a bridle for road riding; this was simply a short-cheeked curb bit, and with a single rein; but the consequence of the use of this bit was this—we will suppose a man had a hack whose mouth was not good enough for a snaffle, a "hard and sharp" was resorted to, probably a Pelham with a single rein; the horse went more, or perhaps quite pleasantly in this, but for how long? He got accustomed to this from the constant use of the *same* rein; he then began to hang on this as he had done on the snaffle; the port-mouthed "hard and sharp" was then tried with

the same temporary good result as the Pelham; but the same constant use of the bit brought the animal's mouth to be as insensible to it as it was to the original snaffle; and so it would in time become to the severest bit Latchford could manufacture, if that bit was used *alone*.

For this reason no horse that requires a bearing-rein in harness should ever have it attached to the driving-bit; he leans on that bit, consequently when we want him to obey the driving-rein we find his mouth insensible to the touch. True, the curb coming into use has *some* effect; but that in such a case chiefly acts on the jaw, for the bearing-rein having all along kept the same bit in close contact with the bars of the mouth, they have become deadened; so the little extra pressure on *them* from the action of the curb is almost unfelt, and if a uniform pressure by the driving-rein is kept up for some time, the horse will care no more for that than he did for the bearing-rein, and will hang as heavily on the driver's hand as he had all along done on the bearing-hook. The only way I ever found I could drive a boring horse (when I was unfortunate enough to have one to drive) is this—put a bridoon in his mouth, bear him up tight with this, and let him lug or bore on that as long as he likes; have a driving bit, one that can make him mind it *when called* into action; let him only feel *that* when wanting to check, guide, turn, or stop him; it is true, that by boring on the bearing-rein bit his mouth gets dead to *that;* but while bit, rein, and bearing-hook hold, he must keep his head in a tolerable position; the driving-bit catches him in a fresh place, and that not having been deadened, it takes him, as it were, by surprise, and he obeys the hand of the driver.

The only bit as a hard-and-sharp that I consider becomes a horse, or that he goes well in, speaking gene-

rally, is the one that has a joint on each side where the part joins the mouth-piece, and again one on each side where the mouth-piece is joined to the cheeks; with this bit, if the horse begins to hang heavy on the hand, by loosening our hold and then tightening the rein again, the bit takes a bearing on a fresh part; this keeps the mouth alive, and as such bits mostly and always should have loose rollers on the mouth-piece each side the port, they shift a little on moving the bit, and add to the difference of the pressure, which is the greatest means of keeping the mouth alive. To prove this, if a horse had been boring on the bit in harness till his mouth was as dead as a stone, take a bit of string, and passing that through the throat-latch, bring it to the curb-chain and raise that an inch, the horse will immediately go comparatively light in hand, because it brings the curb-chain to cut on a fresh part of the jaw, and in a trifling degree also alters the position of the bit in the mouth. By many such little contrivances, which all practised coachmen know, the same bit is made to do for, if not quite suit, all sorts of horses and all sorts of mouths.

It seems reasonable to conclude that a snaffle (of some sort) was the first description of bit put into the horse's mouth by our ancestors, as being the most simple to manufacture; for long after the most classically designed buildings were erected, and those buildings adorned by the most elaborately executed ornaments, both internally and externally, the manufacture of iron was at a very low ebb, both as regards the variety of articles made, and the neatness of the workmanship; it is therefore quite probable that the self-same sort of bit that is still in use for the cart-horse (namely, a bent piece of coarse iron, with two rings that took the reins) was the one in general use for the saddle horse.

About what time the curb-bridle was invented I am not well versed enough in history to even surmise; however, some of our very ancient pictures show they have been in use from a very remote period, and most clumsy things they are represented to have been; in fact, until the last peace, such a bit as we should call even *decent*, of continental manufacture, could not be got: in short, all continental horse appointments were the coarsest and rudest things imaginable; true, they used silver ornaments in profusion, velvet saddles with gold fringe; but the stitching in a trace for a stage coach here was quite on a par with their neatest mode of stitching on a bridle-rein, and the pole hook of a well-turned-out drag is an exquisite piece of workmanship when compared with the French curb-bit of thirty years ago; this, if not absolutely rusty, was considered all that could be wished by the *preux cavalier*, and if all the accumulated rust of years was on it, the *valet de ecurie* at the *Cerf Volant*, or the *Lion d'or*, or *d'argent*, would not have considered the traveller as of the less importance from such a circumstance: some different idea would have struck the knowing ostler at Botham's, at Salt Hill — some little quizzing would have gone round the yard. I have seen Monsieur le Baron drive into an inn-yard in a cabriolet that showed ostensible signs of its being at times a joint convenience as a perch between the baron and his poultry; but he drove it in with much more evident signs of his estimation of its importance, than Sir H. Peyton would his four-in-hand to either of the hotels in Richmond. "The baron keeps a cabriolet"—it is a cabriolet, that is enough. This is all strange, or rather was strange, to an Englishman, for they do things differently there now, that is, fashionable people do.

There can be no doubt but that the true intent and

use of a bridle is to restrain the horse, and subject him to the will of the rider; therefore whether this is effected by a rudely-made piece of common iron, or by the best polished case-hardened Chifney-bit Latchford can turn out, matters little as to its utility; in alluding therefore to the French baron, or any French or continental baron, I mean no disrespect towards him *as a baron*, though he may not rank high in my estimation as a tasty man in horses, horse appurtenances, or carriages.

I have heard, and believe, though I by no means assert it as fact, the celebrated *manège* riders, Lord Rivers and Sir Sidney Meadows, broke, or rather trained, all their *manège* horses in snaffle-bridles. This was all very well for men of fortune who made riding-school practice their amusement, bringing their horses to the highest state of riding-school *manège* their amusement also, and did not care whether it took six weeks, six months, or half six years to do it in. The teaching and witnessing the gradual improvement of the animal, both in docility, elegance of action, and intricacy and variety of evolution, constituted the great pleasure of the thing; and no doubt one of their snaffle-broke horses was a most perfect animal of his kind; but where we want to make a horse pleasant to ride as hunter or hack, and where a man would feel no more pleasure in riding-school riding than I should, the sooner we get the horse to be what we want the better, and to effect this with most horses the curb-bridle must be brought into use.

If we look to old prints, or to the still more certain facts of specimens of old curb-bridles that have been found, it will be seen that their usual shape, that is the shape, of the cheeks, was always in some way bowed—something between the Buxton and the Turkish bit, or in one way or other like the figure of the print-

ing S; whether they were made thus from the form being thought handsome, or for the more sensible idea that the shape prevented the horse catching the lower branch of the bit in his teeth, I know not; but something of this form was the general one. The shape of the opening to receive the cheek-rein was then made like the slit in the post-office to receive letters. It is most fortunate that the opening in the above receptacle for communion of ideas (if not of souls) is made in this shape, as it prevents ladies sending gossamer caps, bonnets, and bustles by the penny post; a dozen of each, in a windy day, would bother a postman not a little; in fact, a well-arranged bustle has often bothered me, and others, in speculating on what the face belonging to it might be, for these said bustles are curious equalisers of seventeen and seventy—when speaking of the wearer, as a sailor does of a ship, we only get a sight of her "stern ahead." This slit seemed appropriate enough to take a flat rein, and so it was, if the bit merely hung straight in the horse's mouth; but when the top branch was propelled forward, it first bent the rein, and secondly prevented the free action of the bit; this brought in the improvement of the round eye, and allowed a much freer action; but to do away with all impediment to the action of the curb chain, Chifney, the celebrated jockey, invented his as celebrated bit: this, by having two cheeks or upper branches to the bit, remedied all faults in this particular.

All ancient bits are represented as being much shorter in the upper branch, in proportion to the lower one, than those now in use; the fashion of making the upper branch longer arose from the idea that it prevented the bit (in the usual phrase) "drawing under the chin," which has two bad effects—first, throwing the cheek-rein forwards, which disfigures the horse's head; and, secondly

it does away with a great part of our purchase on the horse's mouth. When this is the case it is the rider's fault, as it arises from the curb-chain being too loose: no matter how short may be the upper branch, put the curb chain on tight enough and the bit cannot draw under —on this account all old curb chains were much shorter than those of modern date. A man might say his horse would not bear a tighter curb, probably not with the *same bit;* but put another into his mouth, let that be *sufficiently* easy, he will then bear the curb-chain being tight enough to prevent the bit drawing under.

It is no uncommon thing to see a harness horse with an enormous bit in his mouth; and when we do see this, I will answer for it he is also seen lugging away at it; this has arisen very probably from something like the following imagined circumstance: We will suppose a man finds his horse pulling unpleasantly strong against a moderate harness-bit of, say, two inches and a-half in the upper branch and six in the lower one: he goes to his harness-maker, or bit-maker, saying "his horse pulls his arms off," and desires to have a bit sent that will hold him. Home comes a terrific Buxton, four inches in the upper branch, seven and a-half below: this he affirms will hold the d——; it would not though, or the horse either, first because when his mouth becomes deadened he will not mind it, but much more because the fact did not strike the maker that while he was giving additional purchase by lengthening the lower branch he was taking it away by also lengthening the upper one; this every common hind who drives a timber-carriage could tell him, for take a lever eight feet in length, and place your fulcrum two feet from the other end of it, a given weight would not be moved by it, cut two feet off the lever's length, and let the fulcrum be only six inches

from the end, the weight *will* be moved. The bit is a lever, the bars of the horse's mouth the purchase or fulcrum, consequently every eighth of an inch we lengthen the upper branch, by so much do we lessen the lever's power. Now instead of the supposed terrific Buxton, had a bit been made no longer in the upper branch than the one the horse pulled at, but two inches longer below, it would most probably have held him

Having mentioned the Chifney bit, I can mention a circumstance that will show its efficacy, and the way it acts. A friend, not at that time much accustomed to driving any horses, and not at all any troublesome ones, asked me to sit by his side on the box to see a new purchase of his go. We went to a town eight miles from his house; I saw the nag was hanging on the bit, and pulling at it like a steam engine, my friend getting every moment redder in the face, and I felt his elbow tremble with exertion. I thought he would have given in before we got our stage; but he stuck to it like a Briton. I asked if his horse did not pull "a little free," he said "rather so." Coming home, owing to previous exertions, his arms ached to that degree he vowed he would hold his horses no longer; in fact, he was now as pale as before he had been red, and begged me to take a turn at them. I said if he would stop while we changed places, I would. He tried, but I saw he could not; in fact his other horse was a high-mettled one, and taking the cue from his companion, I saw in a mile further they would have run away. "Why do you not stop?" said I. "I can't," replied my friend, with that kind of grunt and grin that men sometimes make when under extraordinary exertion. "Why can't you?" said I, laughing. "Why, said he, "why, the d——d horses wont stop." I now got hold of the reins, and my arms not being tired I

pulled them up. I had, however, a much better reason for stopping than merely for the purpose of changing seats, for I had no intention of having my arms lugged at as my friend's had been. I saw the horse he *had* been accustomed to drive had (in road language) "two sides to his mouth," so I accommodated him by checking him on one side, and putting him to the lowest branch on the other; I then put the bridle head billets of the new purchase to the middle ring of the driving-bit, thus leaving the upper branch perfectly free; this, in point of effect, converted it into a Chifney. On taking the reins the nags set to work expecting to play the old game; but a couple of strong sharp jerks at their mouths, as a proof of the effect of the new bitting, showed them the case was altered, and the new purchase became also a new horse: my friend, tired as he was, took them in hand again, and allowed the magic effect of proper bitting, or rather arranging the bits we had.

There are persons who might be somewhat surprised, on walking into some men's saddle-rooms, who perhaps only kept a few horses, to see bridles enough hanging there to bridle a troop of horse; I am equally surprised by seeing how few some men have by them. If a man keeps a couple of horses, and means to keep them always, no doubt if he has a bridle for each that suits him, it will do; but in such a case I should not be quite satisfied that the horse *was* bitted to the *most* advantage; for though he might go tolerably well with the bridle in use, how does the owner know but that in another he might go better? for the chances are, he has never tried the experiment. I would never be satisfied with permitting a horse to retain any unpleasantry as to mouth, so long as I had left any description of bit untried. We can certainly, in a general way, judge, on riding a horse, what

sort of a bit will suit him; but this is by no means always the case; in fact, the very bit we should think would suit him best, oftentimes on trial is found precisely the one that will not suit him *at all*, and *vice versâ*. Should this turn out to be the case, we need not on all such occasions mortify our self-appreciation by thinking our judgment in error; for, supposing all horses' tempers to be the same, probably we had judged correctly as to the bit likely to suit him; but the tempers and dispositions of horses vary quite as much as those of man. So, independently of the kind of mouth and carriage of the animal, we must also consult his temperament before we can suit him with the bit he will go best in; certain men, like certain horses, will submit to restraint and yield to its influence; other dispositions, whether the restraint be just or unjust, will not submit to any restraint at all; in so desperate a case, so far as regards the horse, it then becomes a trial of strength, in which there are some horses who will die rather than submit.

There are few things that provoke greater resistance on the part of the horse than any opposition to the mode in which he is pleased to carry his head—nor is this to be wondered at, for we may depend on it the animal carries his head in the way that is the most easy and pleasant to himself; and I believe most persons will cede me the point, that to forego that which is agreeable and to submit to the being forced to do that which is disagreeable, requires no small share of good temper.

We naturally want every horse to carry himself as *we* like. Now, whether, in giving us a serviceable animal for our use, Providence also meant that we were to make all of that species carry their heads after a peculiar fashion, is a matter not here to be discussed; such was not how-

ever the case, for the formation of some horses is such that it is physically, or anatomically, impossible that they can carry themselves like others; the attempt to make them do so is, therefore, as futile as it is cruel. It matters not what may be the form of the animal, we have a right to make him obedient to the will of his rider (of course supposing that will to be a reasonable one), and relating to turning, stopping and so forth, we have this right; but to expect an animal to go in a painful position without evincing resistance, is drawing somewhat too largely on good temper, and the attempt to do this is often the cause of vice and restiveness in an animal who would otherwise be perfectly docile and obedient.

Many persons imagine that a horse apt to toss up his head, or carry it too high, would be made to do this still more if a curb-bridle were used; whether he would or would not would depend chiefly on two things—the severity and formation of the bit, and still more on the hands that brought it into action. If the bit is severer than the horse's mouth can bear, or if the rudeness of the touch renders it so, the animal naturally will throw up his head, endeavouring to avoid the pain he endures; but if the bit is only sufficiently severe to make him yield his head and neck, and then the hands are light and delicate enough to hold it there without putting the horse in pain, though he may find the position new to him, and consequently inconvenient, he will prefer that inconvenience to putting himself to greater pain by resisting the bit. That the tendency of a curb-bridle is to bring the head down, may be easily proved by a person grasping the mouthpiece of the bit in his hand, with the curb-chain round his wrist as it is round the horse's jaw; let him then pull at the lower branch of the bit by the reins, it will be found that if the pull be strong enough, the

wrist will be forced to bend downwards; and precisely in the same way does it act on the mouth of the animal. This evidently shows that when a horse ridden in a curb-bridle tosses his head *up*, he does so to avoid pain, as he commits an act in so doing which is diametrically opposite to the tendency of the lever, which is to pull the head *down*.

That the effect of the snaffle is, in a general way, that of pulling the head up, may be proved by a similar experiment. Grasp the bit with the hand, hold the wrist and arm straight; if we pull the reins with the other hand, and force them in a line with the other arm, it will of course be found that the wrist and hand pulled at do not incline to bend upwards or downwards, but are held stationary; but raise the pulling hand, and we pull the other wrist up, and on lowering we as naturally pull it down; if, therefore, a rider finds his horse carries his head too high, or too low, with a snaffle-bit, let him remember the experiment, it will then strike him that he literally has the remedy in *his own hands*.

How far a horse may go pleasantly, or the reverse, in a curb-bridle, independent of the bit, and the man's hands suiting the animal's mouth, depends a good deal on the seat of the rider: that of some men is so unsteady when trotting or cantering their horse, that though they may hold their hands and arms still, so far as the motion of either goes, any and every motion of the body of course affects them, and then the horse's mouth is violently lugged at by the weight of the man's body; the rider finds his horse throw up his head, wonders why he does so, being satisfied he does nothing to make him do it; he does not probably with his *hands*, but he is not aware that he does with his *body*, which is worse, for it must be quite evident that the weight of that of a sixteen-stone

gentleman must make rather a forcible appeal to a delicate mouth.

The above is one cause of horses being sometimes (in hunting phrase) "pulled into their fences." However close a horseman's seat may be in riding at, and over, fences, it is quite possible some unexpected exertion, or motion of the horse, may throw the rider's body a little out of equilibrium; in such a case, if he does not give to the horse's mouth, it must be evident the swerve of the body backwards or sideways acts immediately on the bit, and probably prevents the horse landing where he intended. "Keeping fast hold of your horse's head" is one thing, and quite proper; but holding that head as if fixed in a vice is another, and by no means proper on such occasions.

There are some horses whose temper is so good, and whose temperament is so placid, that they will at once yield to anything that indicates what is wanted of them, be it a bit, a whip, a spur, or the hands of the rider; such a horse feeling the tendency of the curb-bit is to bring his head down complies at once, and here we have no trouble; but others resist everything that thwarts their habits, and, like old Jack, have a great objection to do anything "on compulsion." With such a horse, many men would attempt to make him comply as soon as the placid one, and thinking to do this would put a bit in his mouth of such severity as they would imagine would at once *compel* obedience; they would, however, find themselves in error, for a horse of high temper would at once resist this sudden attempt to force him into compliance: he might be so tied down as to prevent his getting his head up or down, whichever we wished to counteract; but the consequence would be, he would plunge, fret, and turn sulky. With such a horse the

same moderate restraint should be used (at first) as with the quiet one; this he will not resist—will soon understand what is wanted, and will, from not being irritated, gradually submit to such coercion as will make him carry himself properly.

This making a horse carry himself properly, or do many things as *we* consider properly, is all proper and reasonable enough; but we should bear in mind that supposing *we* know that what we wish is *reasonable*, the animal does not, or, if he thinks at all, probably thinks it very *unreasonable*. To instance:—

We will suppose a man a little cracked on some points, in the upper story, had a horse who carried his head beautifully, and this man took it in his own head that he would make his horse carry his like the chimney of a steamboat. If we saw him using severe bits, and otherwise punishing the horse, we should feel indignant at the folly and cruelty of the man, be pleased to see the animal make a good fight against it, and sincerely wish he might gain the victory; probably if the rider got a severe fall we should say he deserved it.

Now suppose, on the contrary, a horse naturally carried his head something in the way the master of the other horse wished him to carry his. *We* know that to alter such a habit would be proper and reasonable, but it would not appear one iota more reasonable to the horse. Consequently, impatience, or undue severity on our part, would be as blameable in the one case as in the other, so far as regards the animal; and his resistance is as natural in the one case as the other, and both good sense and good feelings should induce us to make allowance for this.

It might not appear very unreasonable if a rider, snatching at his horse's mouth or hitting him over the

ears, (if remonstrated with), were to say, "I *only* want the brute to carry his head as he ought, and as other horses do." This *only* comes off the tongue glibly enough, but in point of fact it only amounts to this: he wants his horse to do what well-taught, well-formed horses do. Now it is by no means impossible that in some of the habits of our rider's life his friends may only wish him to act like a sensible and well-bred man. Here he finds the *only* is rather a strong expression, and possibly he might be a rather refractory pupil, though he has reason and the brute has not. We should recollect that beyond putting iron into a horse's mouth instead of herbage, everything we require of him is contrary to his nature, without entering into any dissertation on what was meant by horses being sent for our use; we know they *were* sent, so were trees, but I believe tilburies were not; had they been, we should judge for what purpose the horse was sent: but whatever was his destined purpose, as we find him a very comfortable addition to the quadrupedal catalogue, we should always recollect that by counteracting natural propensities in man or beast we do that which is sorely irksome to the animal, and have no right to feel anger at resistance if we do this rudely.

There are now so many places where good bits are to be had, that it would perhaps be invidious to particularize any. Formerly, "a saddler's bit" was a designation tantamount to a badly finished one, and this was the truth; and so it would be now, if we purchased of an ordinary country village saddler, and for this reason—most of their bits are got from Walsall, in Staffordshire, where bits, stirrups, saddles, bridles, harness, and every description of horse appointments, are to be had at the lowest possible price; and such are the articles usually sent to village saddlers, or rather collar makers: but we

are not on this account to suppose good things are not to be had there also. I know Walsall well, and can assure my readers that many a bit, with a very imposing London name on it, never felt the warmth of the fire in the latter place. This matters nothing to the purchaser: the guinea is not of less value because its ore is not our produce; the Mint would not stamp impure metal, nor will a London man of eminence in his trade put his name on a bad bit. Walsall saddlery is, like French watches, manufactured to suit all customers. Some bits are wholly finished, and finished highly enough to do credit to a London name; others are subjected to the last touch in London, and are then called London bits: of those positively *manufactured* in London there are not sufficient to supply the parish of St. Marylebone. The commonest of the Walsall bits will answer the purpose of a small farmer to ride his pony to market; but, like all other low-priced articles, they are not to be trusted. A bit not quite so highly finished to the eye may be as good to use; but this only relates to the last finish, not to its general manufacture.

Racing bits, for instance, require the minutest attention in the manufacture, and particularly in the tempering of the steel. To do this to a certainty requires a first-rate workman: if a razor is too hard or too soft it will not bear a proper edge: it is thus with racing bits and stirrups, they are obliged to be made so light as hardly to warrant the confidence we have in them; if too soft they bend nearly double, if too hard they do worse—snap at once: their temperament should be just such, that if they chance to get into the mouth of an unusually hard-pulling horse, if they cannot quite bear the force of the pull, they should yield by giving way a trifle as to bending, but by no pull break; in fact, the latter is a

most unusual occurrence, though we seldom see a racing bit, that has been much used, that is not more or less drawn out of its original form: when this is the case it shows the toughness of the metal, and such a bit is more worthy of confidence than a new untried one. The same holds good as to stirrups.

With very strongly made bits, of course less attention is required as to their temper, but the difference in point of appearance between a highly finished and highly polished bit and one of inferior finish is as apparent in the horse's mouth as in the shop; in fact, more so, for if the material is coarse, it cannot be brought to that polish; and what it has, cleaning and the atmosphere soon destroy.

Nothing adds to or takes from the apparent value of a horse more than bad or good horse appointments. If I see a man on one of Kidd's hunting saddles, with a handsome sensible bridle in his horse's mouth, and that horse happens to be somewhat common-looking, I feel satisfied the horse is something the eye cannot detect. But if, on the contrary, I see a man on a very handsome nag, with a kind of small exportation-looking saddle on him, accompanied by a Brummagem-looking bridle, I set him down as worth nothing, otherwise he would not have got in such hands. We may sometimes form an erroneous conclusion in such a case, but it would be very seldom. I can safely say I never once saw a gentleman, who was a good horseman and a good sportsman, riding as owner on a common-made saddle. I have often seen such on saddles nearly as black as a hat, but they *had been* handsome ones.

Of course, as a sportsman, I personally eschew anything like ornamented bridles or half military-looking bits. I never rode horses that such bridles became, for

a bridle may become a horse as much as a hat the wearer. A hack should be rode in a hack's bridle, a hunting-like horse in a sensible hunting-like bridle, or each would look out of character.

If a man sports such an animal for his own riding, (which, thank God, I never did), as a cream-colour or coach-dog horse, one of Batty's bridles are quite in place; in truth, I consider that place should be Batty's circle: but *chacun à son goût.* If another rides a thousand-guinea beautiful genuine Arab, a black, round-reined, light hussar-looking bridle is a becoming appendage, but then the rider should at the same time sport trowsers made like the Marquis of Anglesey's—these he might get; but he should also sport the marquis's seat on horseback—this, I strongly suspect, he will *not* get, any more than I shall the Arab: and if I did, Harry Hieover's top-boot-like seat on an Arab! this is a closer.

HORSES OF THE SUN AND HORSES OF THE SOD.

The attention of persons, papers, and periodicals, *cum multis aliis*, has been a good deal occupied for some time past, as adverting to, and animadverting on, the different qualities of two distinct races of horses, each indigenous to its own soil and country. Statesmen and stable-boys, pachas and post-boys, trainers and touts, who know much, and tradesmen, who know little of such matters, have lately sought and given opinions on this temporarily engrossing subject. As such has unquestionably been the case, let me hope that Harry Hieover may be allowed the privilege of doing the same thing—that is, giving vent to his ideas on the same subject; he, however, makes the proviso that others may not feel themselves called on to do—namely, that in giving his opinions he only does so on the understanding that the author does not vouch for the correctness of the opinions given: what he gives "is but opinion still."

The one great feature so lately and so much discussed, is the relative speed of the Arab and English horse. We will not here enter into any abstruse disquisition on how far the English horse, from having been crossed by breeds from other countries, is now purely English; but to set that matter at rest, we will allow that he is not so—in fact, a pure aboriginal English horse has probably ceased to exist; we will, therefore, to give at once a *quietus* to any caviller on such a topic, merely mention our horses as such as

are at present used in England, let the blood have arisen how, when, or where it may; such as it is, however, taking all its qualities on record, it is unquestionably now the best in the known world for general use.

The next qualification at issue is the comparative endurance or stamina of the two animals, as regards distance; that is, length of going at a certain rate of speed, that speed to be a racing one, for such is the one lately so much canvassed. Before going further into the subject with my reader, he may perhaps think that I lay hold of the curb-rein unnecessarily if I stop him while we inquire a little into what speed means; we annex the term as only applicable in a general way to three classes of horses, namely, the race-horse, the hunter, and the trotter. But speed is not quite so definite or confined in its reality as that; for instance, if four cart-horses were being taken to a fair, or anywhere else, if one evidently could out-walk the others he is the speediest horse. We will, however, state a case more in character with the term speed, and suppose a match to have taken place across the flat at Newmarket; the horses had kept, we will say, side by side the whole distance till within fifty yards of the winning-post; it would be natural, and in most cases right, to infer that the winner was the speedier horse; and so he indubitably was, for that last fifty yards, at the distance they run and as the pace was made; but the winner might not have been the speediest horse a quarter of a mile from home, or had the race been a quarter of a mile further; but he was, at the precise moment both horses were called upon. I remember asking a jock who rode a horse for me, who was beaten easily, how his horse went in the race. "Oh," said he, "I could have run over them at any time till a quarter of a mile from home; but he died off in a few strides afterwards, and

was of no more use than a dead horse." Thus, though beaten several lengths, he was actually the speediest horse in the race; the fact was, such was the state of his legs, that the option was, letting him start as he did, quite short of work, or start a cripple.

As illustrative of how little definite the term speed is as a general indicative quality in a horse, it would be by no means an uninteresting, and certainly a very novel sight, to start a fine lot of horses, weighted according to general qualifications and age, making the course, say three miles, with a winning-post at the end of each three-quarters of a mile: here would be a field for betters; I think a thousand to one would scarcely be too long odds that the same horse did not win the four results. Here would be a poser for those who think speed so easily definable—the chestnut colt that won pulling double at the three-quarters post, was beat by two clear lengths at a mile and a-half, nowhere at two miles and a quarter, and pulled up dead beat at choke-jade post; while old Slow-and-go-easy, who was too far in the rear to let his jock even surmise who won at the first winning-post, comes ploughing away till he gets in the ruck at second, runs the winner close in at the third, and wins as he likes at the ending. Thus it will be seen that in such a supposed race several horses have been the speediest at a particular period of the race, and between those periods there were probably others, who at that precise distance could have beaten those who won at the first winning-posts, and at the end of all, old Slow-and-go-easy will get credit with the crowd for being the speediest horse of the lot, though under usual circumstances he would be found as to them as is one of Chaplin and Horne's luggage vans to the once celebrated Magnet coach.

It is something the same as regards animals in other cases: their speed is not always available at the time or in situations where we may wish to draw it forth; and again, there are two different applications of the term—the one is as regards the general speed of an animal, the other as applied to the time in which any particular act is done. For instance: if a man engage to find his way through a thick wood in the dark, and did so, we might say he did it very speedily—that is, taking into consideration the difficulty of the task; he might, however, be as slow as a hand-barrow as a runner on fair ground. Again: supposing there was a common before two men on horseback; this common intersected by numerous cart ruts, water courses, holes, ant hills, furze, steeps, and all the et ceteras, often found in such places: one man is mounted on a very fast thorough-bred long-striding hunter; the other on a quick-stepping hackney-like horse, who handles his legs like fingers on a piano—he trots or canters over this ground avoiding all impediments; the other is obliged to be stopped continually to save his rider's neck, his want of quickness preventing his clearing such impediments, and his very attributes of speed in this case rendering him slow. Here the hack would do a given space of ground in speediest time, but he is not the speediest horse. We frequently see this exhibition of speed in crossing a country, when if we see a man leading the field, the natural conclusion drawn is, that he is mounted on the speediest horse out. This conclusion may, however, be the very reverse of the fact; he is merely on the horse whose qualifications enable him to get over the particular kind of country (where we see him leading) in the speediest manner. Totally change the sort of country, and possibly in the other he might show he was on one of the slowest horses out—

that is, slow as regards actual speed over a level turf. In alluding to such a case, I suppose the country where the slow horse showed superiority to be intricate and the inclosures small, and then to have been changed to its opposite.

It might be suggested that if over such a country as the best part of Leicestershire two or three horses led the van, it was positive proof they must be the speediest horses as to real galloping qualifications of any out. As they had no perplexing and constantly recurring difficulties to call forth superiority under such circumstances, even here I must make a reservation or two before I allow that this trial, fair as it seems, is a positive and conclusive proof of direct superiority of speed: these reservations are—first, that the weather has been such as to bring the country passed over to something like the consistency or firmness of a race-course; for Leicestershire, after three weeks of good drying winds and absence of rain, is a widely different one for a horse to cross to what it is after three weeks' saturating weather; in the latter case no country is more distressing than a great part of it, and under these different circumstances those horses in a stud that are the fastest, or, more properly speaking, cross their country in the speediest manner at one time, cannot do so at another; in the latter case the fastest race-horse might be the slowest hunter.

I trust I have, by what I have stated, gone far to show that the speediest horse is only so in cases, and under circumstances where his particular speed can be called forth; and if we place him in situations where it cannot, his being beaten would be no proof at all of the superiority of his victors, unless in such particular situations.

We now come to the second quality that was contemplated should be put to the test between the English and

Asiatic horse. Endurance of fatigue is, like speed, somewhat a vague term, as it depends greatly on the animal in which endurance is called forth. Powell, the celebrated pedestrian, was a man of great endurance of fatigue, so is Mountjoy; so was the Brighton Shepherd, who ran a mile in four minutes at four starts: so was Captain Barclay; for whether it be a thousand miles at a certain pace and at fixed periods, or whether it be a quarter of a mile at an accelerated pace, endurance is very strongly called upon in either case, for actual speed in its fullest sense, whether in man or horse, only lasts for a few yards; no race-horse ever went at his *extremest* speed for a quarter of a mile, for if he was at extreme speed of course he could go no faster; he may appear to have been so, but his rush for the last three or four lengths shows that he was not. If Eclipse and Flying Childers did do their mile in a minute, I hold it a greater proof of their endurance than of actual speed, for many horses could do one or two hundred yards at a greater pace; it was, therefore, only wonderful speed for the length, and we may therefore consider the endurance of speed for so comparatively long a distance as much more extraordinary than the actual speed evinced on the occasion. We will say Eclipse did do a mile in a minute; we know twenty miles have frequently been done in an hour, two-and-twenty have been accomplished in a trial, and lately we learn that twenty have been trotted in the same time: Mr. Dixon's chestnut mare trotted a hundred miles in ten hours, and the phenomenon pony, Sir Teddy, did one hundred and seventy-three under the twenty-two hours. Thus endurance is of widely different sorts, and in testing the lasting qualities of a number of horses of different breeds and countries we are not to make the distance of that precise

length known to suit the qualities of either; for if we should do so, it would of course only prove the superiority of the one over the other at that particular distance. If the work of horses was confined to doing (say) eight miles over a particular kind of ground in the shortest possible time, no doubt if we collected the best of horses of all nations, and tried them together, those who beat the others would be the best horses for that work; but it would not prove them the best for other purposes. The British Yeoman is an extraordinary horse, no doubt, and over the Metropolitan race-course, or a similar one, is more extraordinary still; yet this does not make him at all extraordinary over the Liverpool; there is, therefore, no judging of the *general* lasting qualities of horses by a trial over any peculiar ground or peculiar distance.

It would be perfectly easy to test the qualities of horses as to going a distance, by limiting the pace to, we will say, eight miles an hour; and finding what horses could go on the longest on a fair average ground, the pace being such as not to call forth the kind of endurance that speed effects, we should pretty clearly prove the capabilities of different horses as to performing distance; and sheer speed could be tested by a spurt of half a mile, but even then the first quarter should be only to get the horses well on their legs. In this way the two qualities could be tested to as great a nicety as possible; but if we tried horses at something like a racing pace for a kind of no-meaning distance, such as eight miles, it would decide neither speed nor capability of going a long distance.

There is, however, a third quality in the horse, that cannot be proved without the infliction of great cruelty —this is what is technically called his gameness; this is a quality awarded or claimed to the character of a horse

most unjustly; there are two ways in which this gameness may be shown so as to raise a horse's character as to this peculiar quality.

If we were to see a horse that we knew had travelled eighty miles in a gig, coming along ten miles an hour cheerfully, we should say he was a game one; and again, if a race-horse will run on under punishment without shutting up or bolting, he is called a game one, and such a horse evidently shows he is so if he is a free goer till tired, and when he is so will persevere and exert himself to answer the whip; but the first horse only shows beyond doubt that he is an enduring one, and if he is not tired doing so long a distance, merely shows his stoutness; if the driver had perceived the horse was tired twenty miles from home, yet still went on willingly, his gameness would be manifest, for gameness is only shown under severe distress; and perhaps I differ in ideas from many when I state that except under a case of great and urgent necessity, I consider that a time when we are hardly authorised in persevering in calling it forth. Many horses that are what we term bad ones, I doubt not often exhibit a great deal of game when they get no credit for it; for whether a horse is tired going twenty miles or eighty, if both as cheerfully as they can do the last two, each shows as much game as the other, the difference only being that the one is a stout the other a weak horse. If a lady who had never walked four miles in her life was compelled for some purpose to walk six, if at the end of four she was tired, jaded, and distressed, yet under such distress completed her journey, she would (if in such a case I may venture the expression) show herself truly game; while the country girl who walks ten miles to a fair, and ten back, probably exhibits nothing of the sort

—she only proves herself a strong healthy girl, and a good walker.

I will mention an instance, however, where a horse not only showed himself a weak one, but a thorough bad one—there was no mistake in his character. I had bought the wretch to match another; and so he did, as far as looks went, but no further. I wanted to go to a friend's house twenty miles off, the road capital, the day cool, a light dog-cart phaeton with only three about it, and I in no hurry; so I thought the stage by no means an unreasonable one. It was the first time I ever drove him, and the last but one. My mind somehow misgave me he was too fresh and fat to be good, as he was seven years old and not from a dealer's hands. He went a dozen miles tolerably well, with a little occasional reminding that his comrade was not to do all the duty. I had their mouths washed out, and jogged on from hence; his exertions grew "beautifully less" every half mile, till when about four miles from my destination he unequivocally said he would have no more of it, and fairly stopped; however, I got him off again, and having a mile and half of road somewhat on the decline, he rolled along somehow. On coming to a slight hill, he disliked its look so much, he refused to move a step; however, what with my getting out, my other horse pulling him load and all along, he was induced to carry his own body himself: each time he felt the whip he gave a regular cow-kick sideways, but made no forward exertion; distressed he could not be, the pace prevented that; but from the moment he felt it at all inconvenient to go, he would not try at it; he was, in truth, a thorough jade cur of the worst description, a regular impostor, but wanted cunning to conceal it, for in nearing the town I was going to he brightened up wonderfully, and when I

turned into the inn gateway he was so full of mettle he would hardly give my wife time to get out safely, and trotted up the yard with far more energy than he started. I had now found out my gentleman, and he caught it handsomely next day. I got him along much better, but in a day or two I got him off, which was better still. No fear of such a brute as this being hurt by an inconsiderate driver, for he had plenty of consideration for himself, and some to spare for whoever drove him. I mention the above horse to show what I mean when I designate a horse a bad one, by which I mean not merely one who soon tires, but one that the moment he feels exertion irksome to him, has not courage or game enough in him to make any effort.

I will now mention an instance of an animal of quite a different sort, one that the generality of persons would call a bad one: I should hold the term quite misapplied in this case. The horse I now allude to was a piebald mare, uncommonly neat, a beautiful stepper, and could at any time do her six miles in harness in a little over the twenty minutes, but here her good qualities ended. Very shortly after I purchased her I wanted to go a stage of fifteen miles out, and return in the afternoon; she did it beautifully in common-place time, something under the two hours. On taking her into the stable I saw her stand very much like a tired one, but I thought it was next to impossible that it could be so with her from such little exertion; she broke out, however, in a sweat, and would not feed; this I thought told an unpleasant tale. Coming home I found she ceased for the last two miles to go easily and freely; at the slightest touch of the whip she sprang forward, or a *k/k* from the mouth produced the same effect—she was willing, but dead beat. She did not feed or recover for two days; but though beat

by thirty miles, I never would hear her called a bad one —she was as game as a pebble, for when beat she would struggle still; she was simply a delicate mare with no stamina or stoutness about her. I never after drove her except on short excursions as a mere pleasure mare, and one that for a few miles could beat all she came alongside of; I really valued her highly, and sold her at a high price to go to Paris.

I have by mentioning these different horses endeavoured to show the difference between two, neither of which possessed lasting qualities, but the one a great deal of game, the other none at all, yet both being in ordinary phrase bad ones.

There are many horses that will do a great deal after they are apparently tired; the difference, however, as to gameness in each I consider to be, whether they do this willingly or merely from the whip: the first evidently shows game as well as stoutness, the latter stoutness only. If a horse struggles on when really distressed, he shows, as it is termed "game to the back bone;" if when merely tired he prefers bearing the whip to exerting himself, he is a lazy one; and if he shuts up while he really by energy could go, he is a cur altogether.

I believe it is the endurance of fatigue—that is, going on after they are tired—that is the great characteristic of the Arab. Now, if we reflect a little we shall see that having gained this character for game rather brings their endurance of distance into an equivocal point of view, and at all events leads to the surmise that our Asiatic neighbours are merciless horse-masters, or that their horses are not capable with fair exertion of doing more than our own; for in a general way, either uncommon, I may say unreasonable, exertion must be demanded of a horse, or his powers of endurance must be unusually

limited, if we are in a situation to judge of his gameness. And I am not aware it has ever been incontestably proved that any feat in any way has been done by an Arab that has not been equalled by our own; it is held out as a matter of praise to us, that the Arab can go up to his fetlocks in sand, and that they have not the advantage of stride of our sixteen hands high horses; I beg to be allowed to remark that this stride would be no advantage in sand, but the reverse. Now as to the deep sand showing the powers of the Arab, pray let me ask how he would relish deep clay? and as to size, I will nearly meet him in this particular, and accommodate him with Outcast, among others, over four miles of our holding country, at eleven stone each. If the Asiatic did not call on his prophet for help, as the waggoner did to Jupiter, I am no prophet in the case. I in no shape undervalue the Arab, but he must not think himself the wonder of the world because he shines in particular points of the game of speed and stoutness; our old friend Gil Blas was proud enough in being told he was the *eighth* wonder: let the Arab think himself the same and I freely cede to him that he is so.

We will now look a little at the difference between the Asiatic and English horse; I say Asiatic, because of the pure Arab we know little here; and supposing a horse to be a genuine Arab, as we see so great a variety in English horses, we may expect, and in fact there is quite as great a distinction in the horses indigenous to a country more than three times the extent of ours; and when we add Persia, where half the pretended Arabs come from, it must be seen that the varieties of the best of eastern horses are interminable. From what strain of these the pasha would have selected his rivals to ours is, I conceive unknown. I know little, I may say nothing, of Arabs

myself; but I have friends, good sportsmen, good judges, and good and bold riders, who have had studs of Asiatic horses of all sorts, and used them for every sort of purpose as racers, chargers, hunters, and hacks; so I do not speak quite at random in what I say of such horses.

Not to go too abstrusely into the different breeds of eastern horses, I will only mention three, the Barb, the Persian, and the Arabian; now to which of these strains we are chiefly indebted for our present breed of racers is a point I believe no one can decide. Of what our English race-horses were before they were crossed by eastern blood, we know little. The first general attempt at improving the breed by this system commenced, I should say, perhaps nearly a couple of centuries since: the Darley Arab, as he was called, was here soon after the seventeenth century began; he was followed by the Godolphin, who, instead of being, as was thought, a pure Arab, was, I believe, proved to be a pure Barb—perhaps none the worse for that; for though the Barb is low in height, he has great muscular power, and is in many points a race-horse all over, and I doubt if we have any stud horse living the sire of more winners and first-rate horses than was this Barb. The Darley Arab, who was in vogue before the Godolphin Barb, was also the sire of several capital horses; so, at all events, both Africa and Asia have the credit of giving a first-rate stream of racing blood.

I remember having seen the famous Wellesly Arabian, and certainly a finer description of horse could not be looked at. No doubt his importer conceived him to be a pure Arab; if so, such an Arab was, I should say, never seen before or will be seen since; he looked like a particularly beautiful thorough-bred hunter, equal to fourteen stone in any country, and for the goodness of

his produce he might as well have been taught his business as a hunter as not.

The Persian horses are of a size larger than the Arabs, yet I am not aware that any stud horse has been imported into this country as professed to be so. I should be tempted to suspect from his looks the Wellesley Arabian was one, and my chief reason for forming this opinion is this:—When the Persian ambassador was in this country I was very young, it is true, but old enough to be a great amateur and a very fair judge of horses. The ambassador, it will be noted, brought a large stud over with him; to these I had access, and paid them daily visits; among them were horses of a size that I never saw one that was an acknowledged pure Arab. Among the stud I speak of were a couple or more similar in all their points to the Wellesley Arab, and I think nearly or quite his size; I was shown two or three that I was assured were Arabs, and the difference between their appearance and that of the remainder of the stud seemed to prove the fact. The head of these Arabs was certainly more deer-like than that of the Persian; but in general shape and make, and particularly in fineness and obliquity of shoulder, I should say the Persians carried the day; and in this particular among the Arabs I have seen our race-horses beat them hollow.

One thing is very much in favour of any foreign horse as regards the opinion we may here form of them, which is—it is, in a general way, only the picked horses of other nations that are sent here (at least till steam and railroads came into such use as they are now, it was so); and though perhaps Arabs of the purest caste were rarely sent us, still they only sent such as by their looks indicated their being so; thus we have probably formed a rather partial estimation of Arabs, for an ordinary Arab

—that is, one of the class of our twenty pound hacks and light harness—is as ugly mis-shapen a wretch as need be looked at, with a good deal of vice and very little action about him. There is another thing has tended to raise the qualities of Arabs to a somewhat higher notch in the standard of our estimation than they may deserve, which is, I rather believe, that take them as a nation the Arabs are not conspicuously eminent for a strict adherence to truth; and as nothing tempts man to a deviation from this more than matters in which his interest, pride, and vanity are concerned, it may be fairly inferred that as the Arabs pique themselves more on their horses and horsemanship than anything else, if they do tell little white fibs on ordinary occasions, we may not unjustly expect to be favoured by a few thundering —— as regards the performances of their horses. It is not for me to assert that such is the case; but I am inclined to believe that my suspicions are where we in sporting phrase sometimes say we expect a horse to be in a race—"there or thereabout."

There are, I believe, few, if any, places where, in any trials or races against time, time is accurately kept, unless it be in England, Ireland, and America, or at all events where men conversant with the sporting customs of these countries preside. This being the case, it is a little more than difficult to ascertain truly what has been done by eastern horses where only their masters presided; and as to what has really been done in the desert or its vicinity, we know no more than we do what may have been done in the moon: for though New York is further from us by far than Morocco, and further even than the Red Sea, still from the first place we get authentic accounts, because accounts of time are authentically kept and transmitted; but if we are told that the mean distance

between Tebus and Bussora, or the shorter one between Mecca and Judda, was performed in a given time, nothing bordering on truth could be expected to reach us as to the performance.

Many Arabs have been imported here, commencing about the time of King James; probably at that early period most, or at least many of these were timed against our horses; if so, and they had been found better or equal to ours, it must be evident we should have seen their names running as race-horses; we have tried them at later periods, and never yet found one good, without being eminent as a race-horse.

It may be said the eastern horse shines when going fetlock deep in sand; now there can be nothing magical in the influence of sand either in favour of the eastern or against the English horse; all it can do is to show, what no one wishes to deny, that the Arab is a game and enduring animal, and can go a great pace and distance in such difficulty; but no one can suppose that sand is actually preferable to the Arab, or that he could not go faster over the Beacon course than he can in deep ground: going in the latter certainly shows strength, wind, and stamina; so does going at all but tip-top speed over four miles of turf. If, therefore, the Arab had more strength, wind, and stamina than our horses, he would have nothing to do, if he possessed anything bordering on real speed, but to go the distance at such a pace for that distance as the vaunted superior stamina of the Arab would enable him to do; he would then cut down our horses to his own rate of speed at the finish. But this I conceive he could not do.

It was formerly supposed that thorough-bred horses were unfit for hunting; jumping, as our ancestors did, to the conclusion that they would not go through dirt, or

live with hounds in a heavy country. Later periods have proved the fallacy of such conclusions, and we find that in deep ground and difficulty it is blood that tells. That it does away with the actual racing speed of the race-horse while in such ground, follows as a matter of course; but the quantum of speed he can use in such impediments makes the lower bred one sigh at his plebeian origin. If the race-horse can go, as we now prove he can, in heavy loam or clay, why not in sand? The pasha never saw a thorough-bred one go in deep ground with Lords Waterford or Maidstone on him; he probably sees the *Racing Calendar*, or the accounts given of the time our races are done in by that authentic key to all sporting events, *Bell's Life;* he and the world knows we can implicitly rely on the statements of that leviathan of sporting journals, compares our time with what eastern horses can do, and then considers that deep ground would make our horses as "safe" as coach horses. I make no doubt our refusal to accept the match will be considered all over the east as arising from a conviction of our getting the worst of it—so be it; I wish they may be fully impressed with such conviction, and then send us over the offer of a good handicap, keeping in view the inferiority they attribute to our horses—I never bet, but I would "put on the pot" then.

I should say the only accounts we can trust to as regards the performances of eastern horses are those which reach us from Calcutta. So far as I can with a hope of authenticity collect, eastern running has come off as follows:—

At Derby weight the quickest time has been two miles in 4 minutes 6 seconds.

Carrying a trifle over 7 stone, two miles in 4 minutes

—more than half the time the Beacon course has been gone over at Derby weights.

At about Derby weight the quickest time for a mile and a-half has been 2 minutes and 53 or 54 seconds.

At something under Derby weight three miles in 6 minutes 7 seconds. Very good running we will allow this to be, and I should say the longest distance by far the best. It must, however, be recollected that in very few instances are races run in England in the shortest time the horses could do the distance: in other countries it generally is so. We will look to the horse who did the three miles: had he gone over the Beacon course at the same rate he did the three miles, it would have taken him eight minutes and about eleven seconds to go that length; we will only say it is probable he would have fallen off three seconds as to time in the fourth mile, this would bring him to eight minutes fourteen seconds the Beacon course. Where would he have been by the side of Hambletonian, Diamond, Brainworm, and Violante?

Against this it may be urged that the Calcutta course is not turf, but is more like a road; this certainly is very unfavourable for horses' legs, and unless the feet were good, horses could not go on it; but I am not clear of the advantage turf holds out in all cases as regards speed. "The bounding turf" sounds well, but in ordinary cases turf is *not* bounding; there is a description of turf that in particular weather would certainly be bounding to the tread of a girl, but there is no turf strong enough in its elastic powers to give a spring to the foot of a horse; if it is hard enough to resist the pressure of a horse's foot at speed, it is little better than a road, and, moreover, in such a state is more or less slippy, thus affording less secure hold to a plate; and if it is soft enough to show each stride of the horse, though there might be, and

most probably would be, a resisting elasticity to the pressure of a diameter of even twelve inches, I very much doubt its efficacy when the pressure of so great a weight as that of the horse is comprised in four and a-half—snow-shoes carry over snow, but Wellingtons do not. We find a horse bounds along pleasantly over soft turf—pleasantly to ourselves no doubt he does, and pleasantly to himself so far as the absence of concussion to his legs and feet goes; but I believe the truth to be, the horse bounds, not the turf; and when we fancy we are affording a horse a treat by giving him a gallop over a nice spongy fen or meadow, if he could express his wish, it would be (unless a cripple), "I have had quite enough of this; we will change it for the road, if you please." We will say the turf of Newmarket is, for so large a space, as good as turf can be, unless it is that of the Curragh, and certainly on both there are particular times when their turf is in that precise state as to possess an elastic tread to the foot of a light filly in a slow canter, but I much doubt it ever being sufficiently elastic to the cutting tread of a horse at speed.

Another great consideration claimed for the Arab is his want of the size and stride of our horses. Stride, great advantage as it is, is not however the all in all of a race-horse; its advantage is only prominent where one horse strikes as quickly, or nearly as quickly, as the other: Hambletonian and Diamond were far different in this respect, and a considerable disparity of size existed between the two, yet it was a neck and neck race, and report gives it as the opinion of good judges, that had the race been a quarter of a mile further, the smaller and less-striding horse would have won. It is true we have had very large and very tall horses very superior as race-horses, such as Plenipo, Bay Middleton, Harkaway, &c.;

but we have also had little Diomed, and still less Meteor a first-rate one; and though great height, and usually consequent length of stride, tells wonderfully for a mile and a half, fifteen hands and an inch is a very dangerous size for a four-mile horse; and for such a distance, let a horse but be long enough, and I would even take him at an inch less rather than sixteen and a half, unless the giant was a very uncommon animal in style of going and lasting qualities: in fact, when, as formerly, races of four miles, and those in heats, were in vogue, race-horses were not at all on an average the size they are now bred —our ideas of racing are changed, so are our horses, and so, some people say, are our honour and honesty.

The refusing to accept the challenge offered us, can be a matter of no surprise to any one who reflects on the incentives to make the trial. The horses to be produced by the pasha we infer to have been his own property; they were doing nothing at home as race-horses, it is presumed engaged in no stakes, consequently if injured the loss of the animal was the only one. We should of course not have sent over bad ones to compete with the best horses of Asia. The pasha wished for the trial, no doubt, fully satisfied it would come off to the credit of his country, so far as its breed of horses is concerned; his horses are at home, could, and no doubt would have been brought out in the best form Asiatic training could bring them to—would, comparatively, only have to walk out of their stables to the course, that a peculiar one, one they had been accustomed to go over; and they would not have to undergo even a change of water. Now, on our side we should have had to select horses the property of different persons; and though the pasha might choose to risk his horses and money for the honour of his country, the days when men jumped, horse and

all, down chasms to save their country are gone by, and the owners of race-horses, in these less heroic days, would not be found ready to sacrifice the solid advantage of winning a large stake to the Quixotic views of adding to their country's fame. Most probably such horses as we should have sent are deeply engaged, their mode of training would have had to be changed, for that which would do for a mile or two at Newmarket, Epsom, or Goodwood, would not for eight on the desert or its vicinity: so these horses would have been obliged to forego their chance of the good things (as Chifney called them) here, while they were kicking their toes over the hidden and unhidden stones of Egypt. These I consider to be the chief stumbling-blocks in the way of our accepting the challenge: all other objections could have been done away with, or at all events palliated. The trainer, or at least a proper one, could have gone with each horse; the difference of training would only have been getting a longer length into each horse than was wanted here; provender could have been sent, water for the voyage, and means to render any water proper for a horse sent also; the risk of the voyage is now nominal in a good season; and the accommodation could have been made such as to prevent injury and inconvenience to the horse; and the loss of work during his transit could have been remedied in a short time when arrived at his destination; but who with a valuable horse heavily engaged was to stand cat's-paw for the mere pleasure of beating the pasha? So far as the enervating effect of the climate on our horses, I should not much fear that; I should much more fear the effect of a Russian winter for a horse in training; horses love warmth, and look a great deal more comfortable, and I am sure feel so, in a July meeting than they do in a Craven or Houghton. I should say

the trainer and exercise-boys would be much more likely to suffer from the climate than the horses.

I conclude, however, the affair is at an end, and I am glad it is; it would have been either no trial at all, or it would have been far towards a brutal exhibition on one side or both—for it was not a trial of speed, but sheer game and bottom on the part of the horses; and with such a stake at issue, I fear that while life had been left in any of the noble and generous animals engaged in the contest, punishment that any commonly humane mind would shudder at witnessing would have been inflicted, to urge the perhaps dying efforts of the honestest and best of animals to exertion, which, let the result be what it might, so far from redounding to the credit of either nation, would have been disgraceful to both; we will, therefore, dismiss the subject by saying that the acceptance of the challenge is far more "honoured in the breach" than it would have been in the performance.

SEAT ON HORSEBACK.

On whatever occasion, wherever, or whenever we sit, the first desideratum is to sit comfortably and safely; the next is to sit gracefully—an act, simple as it is, in an ordinary chair, is still one that is not achieved by every one; in fact, I much fear there are at all times numberless persons who do not sit comfortably on their seats: and in these times I believe there are very few who do. Nor is the richest damask silk the slightest guarantee of the ease of its occupier, more than a common wood or rush bottom; in fact, in such cases the bottom has litte to do with the matter, but the mind has a great deal.

I make no doubt but thousands have a most uncomfortable seat on their horses from the same cause; and if in carriages, when this cause exists, the well-stuffed cushions of the state carriage no more procure ease than if they were stuffed, in coachmaker's phrase, with French hair, *alias* hay.

There can be no doubt of one thing, so far as riding is concerned; good hands and a good seat are the first things to be studied by any one who intends becoming a horseman; in fact, till he gains both, he may sit on a horse and be conveyed along, but has very little more pretension to call himself a horseman, than he would be authorised in calling himself a coachman because he was on the roof or any other seat about a coach: 'tis true, we see many such riding every day, and perhaps their proficiency in equitation is sufficient for their pur-

pose; if so, so long as they stick to that one purpose it is all very well.

We will say there are, take them for general purposes, four different seats. A firm seat and its reverse, an ugly seat, and a graceful one; but in these so many changes may be rung, that to describe them all would be impossible. We may see several men all riding with a different sort of seat, but all of them sitting well and firmly, but not gracefully; others sitting well and gracefully too, and it is quite possible for others to have a graceful and showy seat, but not a firm one.

Now there are seats that, be they good or bad of the sort, would lead one, conversant with such matters, to judge pretty accurately what sort of riding a man had been used to by that seat: just as we can detect the soldier, sailor, and dancer by their walk. I think I could make a good guess at a working tailor; he always shambles along as if he was afraid his shoes would come off before he could get housed, and parade his ten toes at opposite points of the compass; he *then* looks so perfectly at his ease, I always envy him. It is rather singular that no mode has been struck out to enable him to hatch eggs; they could, on an average, bring out seventeen broods every year.

We will now look to the different seats daily in use in our own country, the marked characteristics of which are shown by the following artists in their different capacities. The jockey, the exercise-riding lad, the huntsman, the whipper-in, the groom, the post-boy, the soldier, the dealer's lad, and the butcher. These have all different seats on horseback, each best adapted to their several occupations; for though a man may have a good general seat and style of riding altogether that will enable him to ride fairly, or even well in any way, excepting the

direct military cut, still the man who all his life is accustomed to one particular style of riding and to one particular kind of horse, will feel more at home in his own business than a man less used to it.

It cannot, of course, be supposed that though the different persons I have enumerated are all kept to their own particular mode of riding, that they all excel in it, or even ride well. They ride from the force of habit and daily practice better in their own way than in any other; but there are many men who ride all their lives and never can be made ride well in *any way*. This is almost sure to be the case where a man feels neither pride nor pleasure in becoming a horseman: such a man, from taking no pleasure in his horse or riding, never learns the very wide difference between being carried by a pleasant-going animal or a brute. Many a sturdy fellow with a strong brawny arm would prefer a beast that bores at him: it gives him a purchase, which is desirable to one who never liked riding well enough to get a neat independent seat. There are hundreds of men who really could not ride a nice light-mouthed horse.

To instance: who has not seen many different farmers' men sent on an errand on horseback, probably on "master's nag?" Those who have, have seen them, one and all, riding precisely in the same way, namely, their stirrups very short, with their toes only in them, the bridle-hand very far advanced, lugging at the horse's mouth, no matter where or how he carries his head, and in the fullest swing trot they can get him into, rising in their stirrups with undulations as great, and with a force nearly as great, but by no means as regular, as the pistons of a steam-engine. If the horse is a safe, careful goer, with feet of cast-iron, or a substance equal to it, they get safe to their journey's end; if, on the contrary,

from a rolling stone or any other cause, the horse makes a false step, of course down they go. If Giles comes upon his head he is all right; but the nag's knees being of softer stuff, he has to be taken to the village horse-doctor, "a mortal cute man, surely," who, of course, puts on plenty of his universal hot oils, compounded of euphorbium, with the addition of other equally mild little excoriating articles, to render the certainty of an extensive blemish complete. When healed, the liberal judgment of the neighbours infers that the larger the scar "in coorse" the larger must have been the original wound; and it is set down that no one but this *wonderful man* would, or rather could, have healed it at all; the more so, as all the "joint oil" had been let *out*—a favourite idea with country practitioners—to make amends for which, they let their own oils *in*. To be sure, the animal does go with a stiffened joint; this might be expected as another matter "in coorse," from there being no "joint-oil;" inflammation from strong stimulants, instead of fomentations, had nothing to do with it. It was a wonderful cure, sure-*ly*.

In justice to the simple country shoeing-smith, let us not confound him with the "wonderful men" who style themselves "horse-doctors;" the title of veterinary surgeon they do not assume, (that is, the veritable village horse-doctors no not), — not from any superabundant modesty on their part, quite the reverse; they are aware that the admitted veterinary surgeon must, more or less, be a man of some education, to gain which he must have read. Now, as this rustic Esculapius holds "book learning" in most sovereign contempt, it accounts for his retaining the original term doctor.

But among the shoeing-smiths are to be found many clever and neat workmen, for many of them have served

their time in good shops; some in London, where, having collected a trifle of money, they go and settle as masters in some obscure village, where a hunter may get as well and quite as safely shod as in forges of greater note. It is true, if we examine the foot of a farmer's horse coming from a village forge, we may see a somewhat uncouthly finished shoe on him; but it must be borne in mind that the ordinary charge for such is three shillings the set, which does not admit of high finish; but by allowing an extra sixpence to the master, and, as is requisite in most places, a stimulant to the workman, I have generally found I could get a shoe neat enough; and as we want a safe shoe, and not an exquisite piece of workmanship, we get all we require.

I must apologize for this digression, but I trust the hints may be useful to some; and as I am quite aware that my writings are no more exquisite pieces of workmanship than the country shoe, if, like that, they are useful, they accomplish all I ever intended they should do.

The two first persons mentioned in my category of horsemen are the jockey and the riding-lad. I am aware there is no very wide distinction between the seat of these two persons, with the exception that that of the jockey is more easy and handsome; but as the jockey has almost always been a riding-lad in his earliest days, I will allude to him first, though second on the list.

The riding-boy is generally selected from his appearance indicating his being likely to continue a light weight. It is true, a trainer might put a sturdy, chubby son of his own up to ride exercise till he could get something else for him to do, or till he got too heavy; but he would not take the "fine boy" of any other man for the same purpose, much less would he engage such a youth for a term of years, or take him as an apprentice.

Now probably the first horse this boy is put upon is a hack, merely to carry dry cloths and bring home sweaters occasionally; but the horse he is first put on to ride with care and attention is a race-horse; but as the last boy regularly put up to ride exercise has mostly been some time about the stables as extra boy, he, from watching the older ones, if he has acuteness and inclination to watch, and desires to learn, naturally imitates their seat and habits on horseback. This, to a certain degree, teaches him what is to be done to soothe a fidgetty, nervous colt, to get along a lazy, lurching one, and how to act when they begin any of their gambols, which, fidgetty or lazy, they will at all times certainly do, and sometimes go on with them to a considerable extent. It shows him that the experienced lads, whatever confidence they may have in their horse or their own seat on him, always sit (or should sit) so as to be prepared for an outbreak, for these young horses give very short notice of their intentions. He also sees that if one begins his pranks his companions will very generally follow his example, nor is he at all secure because the first culprit may be the last in the string: horses have quick ears as well as eyes; so if one begins, be he where he may, the lads on the others have something more to attend to than to sit carelessly and laugh at their neighbour; laugh they may, and probably will, for to some these little ebullitions of high spirits are fun, but they take care at the same time to sit fast; and unless they keep their laughter to themselves, it does sometimes happen that on returning to the stables the trainer makes them laugh to a rather unpleasant tune; for what may be fun to boys is not so to the trainer. If a boy has not observation enough to profit by constantly seeing all this, he will never be worth his breakfast; if he has, he will know how to sit, and in a

great measure what to do, even the first ride he gets at exercise, when being put upon the quietest and easiest horse to ride, a little practice brings him on; he has only to keep his horse straight, keep his proper place and distance, and sit fast: his seat he copies from the other lads, and as his reins are knotted, and his stirrups just the right length for him, he cannot get very much astray; for with the feet and hands in the right place the horseman is half made. If we look at the youngest and weakest of the number of lads out at exercise, we shall mostly see them with the feet very forward, that is, much more so than the stronger lads. This arises from two causes: first, from their sitting more on their guard than lads less apprehensive of any tricks their horse may play them; and secondly, to give them more power to hold him if he begins them. It is pretty generally known that if we place a man sitting on the ground with his legs perfectly straight before him, and his feet placed against a strong prop of any sort, and then pass a rope or band over his hips, passing round the back—if we put a horse to the end of that rope he would not draw the man out of his seat, that is, if he keeps the bones from the hips to the foot *perfectly* in a right line. Now, in a limited way, keeping the foot forward gives these small lads the power they unquestionably have more than any other boys of holding a free-going, strong-pulling horse; for in point of fact, nine out of ten race-horses pull strong when put in contact with the diminutive urchins we often see them on. This peculiar seat, practice, and the arms growing strong by this practice, in time enable boys of six stone to hold horses that would go away with *men* not accustomed to ride them.

We may next observe that the lads more forward in their riding bring their feet more in the position the

hunting rider has them, that is, not quite so forward; and the same will be observed as regards his hands: while the still more experienced and stronger lads, from being frequently put upon lazy lurching horses, that require getting along in their exercise, keep their legs very back, or, as it may be called, behind their stirrups, in order to have them handy to kick their horse along, for a donkey is not more idle than some race-horses until roused; it is true, they have their ash-plant in their hand, but this makes but little impression, as the horses know well enough they will not be hurt much by it, and the sound it makes on the clothes often alarms other colts much more than it does the one struck by it. This sort of seat and style of riding gives all men much accustomed to riding race-horses a peculiar manner, that when put on a free walker they cannot quite leave off; and on whatever horse we may see them, we might conclude him to be a lazy one, by their always appearing to be getting him along. A jockey may be remarked as doing the same thing when cantering along on his own hack. It is one of the peculiarities grown up with them from boyhood, which they ever continue, and by which we may always distinguish them from other horsemen.

While the lad continues merely riding exercise, little or no pains are taken with him as to teaching him a handsome seat. If he acquires a good firm one, gets to have good hands, and is found to have some head, he is put up to ride some colt or filly easy to manage where a light weight is wanted in a race. From this day, if the lad has any pride in himself, he begins to brush up a bit; he feels himself distinguished among the others; he has passed probably the proudest day of his life—he has ridden a race; and win or not, if the trainer is satisfied with the way in which he rode that, he hopes to ride

others. He begins to observe the seat and manner of Mr. Robinson, Templeman, Flatman, or any other that he considers the *beau ideal* of a jockey—an occupation that he of course holds to be the most distinguished in the world. Derbys, Legers, Oaks, Two Thousand Guinea Stakes flit before his eyes; why may he not some day win one of these? This is all as it should be—he is, in fact, an embryo jockey.

We will suppose him to have arrived at the next honour to winning a Derby, namely, riding in one as a jockey. We shall see him with a very improved seat to the stiff, guarded, and nervous one he exhibited in his first race. It is now firm and confident, but handsome, or perhaps elegant also; the having ridden all sorts of horses with all sorts of tempers and styles of going has taught him to accommodate himself and seat to every fresh one he is put on; and whether he soothes his horse or rattles him along in his preliminary gallop, he does it systematically, and without flurry or confusion.

The elegance of the jockey's seat still depends very considerably on the horse he is on; for though, generally speaking, race-horses are pleasant enough to ride when merely cantering up a course, some are quite the reverse, in short, the veriest brutes in existence. Let any man imagine an animal carrying his saddle very forward, thin where the knees press, and wide in the ribs, with a bad, intractable mouth, going low before, with a stumpy mode of galloping that gives an electric shock to the rider at every stroke, with the addition of being somewhat convex or arched in the loins. If any man can maintain an elegant seat on such an animal, he would if seated on the neck of a Brobdignagian stone jar: yet something like this feel a man has on some race-horses. If, added to this, (which is quite possible), he knows it is

an equal chance whether the brute may or may not bolt, stop, and kick, or come on his nose—if a man wants to know what heaven on earth is, it is getting off such a horse and getting on a pleasant one. Let us hope, for jockeys' sakes, there are few such complete brutes, but I have known many who come very near it.

It used to be a received opinion, that jockeys could not ride across country. I have no doubt but that in former days such was the case, and there were at least two sufficient reasons for its truth. Jockeys then rode so ridiculously short in their stirrups that they had not as good a seat as they have in our days, and were not then such great men as they now are, so they did not practise riding hunting, nor did people then see what I saw at Newmarket not many months since—a package of champagne directed to a jockey. So much the better. Why should they not rise in the scale of society as well as other men? They have deprivations enough many months in the year; therefore, so long as they are civil, well-conducted men, in God's name let them enjoy themselves when they can.

We have now many jockeys who are fond of hunting, and ride well; I can mention one, a provincial one he may be styled, who can ride in any sort of game—flat races, hurdle races, steeple chaces, or trotting matches—and ride all well too: George Bradley. I grant he is the only one I know, who goes at all four; and many may and can ride better in one of these, but I will back him at all combined.

Doubtless, different jockeys have somewhat different seats, but there is a mannerism among them *all*, that if I saw a jockey riding among ninety-nine men unaccustomed to race-riding, I think I should not mistake my man.

Huntsmen, though to do their horses justice they ought to be as good horsemen in their way as the jockey is, very seldom are so; not one in twenty has anything bordering on a handsome or neat, much less an elegant seat. Without wishing to be invidious towards others, I will except Mr. Charles Davis, huntsman to her Majesty; I consider his seat as a hunting rider nearly, if not quite, perfection.

I perfectly remember, as a boy, the then king's hounds, and have huntsmen, whip, and all the yeomen prickers now clearly before my eyes. Let us, in our mind's eye, recall the lot. Johnson, the huntsman, from age and infirmity, so long as he got along at all, cared little how it was; but as he was an old man, and a very respectable one, we will say nothing of his riding. Then came his whip, a *youth* of some seven or eight-and-twenty, a mere lump of animated substance, whose ingenuity, fortunately for him, was only taxed to keep the couples secure that he carried suspended by his belt. I remember one of the two horses he rode; he was the prototype of the rider. The one looked as if he ate bacon till he could not breathe; the other, as if he stuffed grains in like proportion. Then for the yeomen prickers.

Nottage, who afterwards hunted the hounds; he bundled along *somehow*, (as things are done now we should say *nohow*). This I must say for him, that when huntsman, he brayed with his horn as loud and as often as any huntsman in England, which is the only remarkable thing he did, except riding remarkably badly.

Starling rode just well enough, but certainly not bold enough to be always in his place.

Richardson was a very civil, respectable old woman, on or off his horse; it was cruel to bring him from his cottage, where he was doubtless of some use, (not that I

have his wife's word for that), for as to any use he was in the field, he might just as well have remained at home.

Tom Davis, brother to the present Mr. Charles Davis, rode fairly, and being the younker, the others took care his horses should have enough to do, to save their own; but though he rode well enough, it was Hyperion to a Satyr comparing him to his brother Charles at that time, and I dare say at any other.

Charles Sharpe: here was a man who *could* ride anything and any where; was always near his hounds, consequently often played second huntsman when the legitimate one was God knows where, but probably braying away on his horn to some couple of old crippled hounds out of sight or hearing. Charles loved hunting, loved a fast thing; and if ever, or I should say whenever, he could get the hounds to himself, rattled them along in prime style; nor was he nice as to country or fences, and over a rasping bit of country on his old cripple of a chestnut mare would show the way at a pace that made the tails of the two hundred guinea ones shake, and the nerves too of their riders, unless they were tip-top workmen, and he would give them plenty to do if they were.

George Gosden, take him all in all, we shall not often "look upon his like again." A better horseman might easily be found, a bolder one it would have been difficult to have pointed out. He was a character, with his short stumpy figure and good-humoured countenance, sitting down in his saddle, with his reins in one hand and his whip ready for use in the other; his heels, or spurs, as the case might require, always at work over any ground or anything; verily, he did cram them along in a way few, if any other, could have done. If safe and fast, he

kept them at it: ruts, stubs, holes, blind heather, open sward, were all one to George; if unsafe, blundering goers, he gave them no time to come down. He was always on the laugh. If his horse went well, he laughed with satisfaction; if he blundered, he laid the whip over his ears and laughed at the escape; if he came down, he laughed twice as loud, and only shoved him along, if possible, twice as fast as before; so he must be quick, indeed, if he found time to come down again. Friend George did not, however, ride forward as Charles Sharpe did—from loving hunting, but from loving fun, and still more, to sell his horse; he was a kind of Dick Christian dealer in hunters, and as well known. Christian, however, could make a hunter for a gentleman, George could not: he was a kind of bull-rider, who got hold of horses few men could ride, and he bullied them into carrying *him;* people then fancied they would carry *them,* bought them at a good figure, were sure to sell them back to George at anything he would give for them, gave a long price to some other dealer for another, and then the first time they rode him, as certain as the day came, would George beat them and pound them on the very horse they could do nothing with. Here, again, would friend George laugh in earnest; if they got angry, he only laughed again till he got them into good humour. At his cottage, or rather house, by the side of the Thames, any sportsman might freely claim a breakfast or lunch, to which the smiles of his handsome daughters gave additional zest.

Peace to thy manes, George! few hunts could boast so comical, none a better fellow.

From my having said that huntsmen as well as others of a particular class or calling have mostly a peculiar seat and manner on horseback, the question may be perhaps

asked, or the thought arise, of how came it that there was such a wide difference in the riding of the different yeomen prickers, as they all had the same duties to perform and the same practice in doing so? The answer, when made, will be considered, I trust, a satisfactory and explicit one. Yeomen prickers were not huntsmen, nor were their duties the same as the huntsman's, neither were they those of a whip; in fact, except occasionally helping to stop the hounds, they had little more to do with them than the rest of the field: their business originally lay chiefly with the hunted deer, and when the change of the style of hunting him rendered them no longer necessary or useful, they were done away with.

When the stag was hunted in former days, he was singled from the herd, and the hunting chiefly confined to forests or chases; then it was necessary to have men to ride forward, keep him in sight if possible, prevent his rejoining the herd, and if he got out of sight, to *prick* him along his track by his slot till they again got sight of him. This was then not difficult to do, for hounds were so slow that the deer was not put to his speed, got out of hearing of the hounds, and, when disposed so to do, quietly laid himself down and took a rest till he again heard the chase behind him. These duties of the yeomen prickers gradually diminished as hounds got faster, deer kept apart for hunting, and the chase across ordinary fair hunting country. They were necessarily continued so long as our last hunting monarch hunted, because it was necessary to have some of them up to stop the hounds. But this is no longer wanted; and give the present royal huntsman his wish, it would be that his hounds should make but one stop, viz. at the taking of the deer. The duties I have mentioned as appertaining to the yeoman pricker, it is quite evident, can have

no more to do with forming any peculiar seat than the ordinary riding across country of the sportsman.

A huntsman gets into a certain seat and manner, from his whole and sole attention being devoted to his hounds, with the exception of a due portion to his horse. Him he should consider as a machine necessary to enable him to be with his hounds; and as the driver of a locomotive ought to perfectly understand his engine, so as to make the most of its powers, so ought a huntsman to be a good horseman, to enable him to husband the powers of a horse, and to cause him as little distress as under circumstances may be possible. If he be a neat horseman, so much the better, so far as appearance goes; but we want a huntsman to watch the working of his hounds, not the position of his own legs and feet. It is this constant watching of the hounds that gives huntsmen the careless and slovenly seat they mostly have; nor is this to be wondered at, when we consider that they have to ride long distances in all weathers, both before and after hunting, must be with their hounds, no matter what the country may be, when trying for a fox or in chase; and in large covers, where foxes require much badgering before they can be got to break, a huntsman has often to begin a chase on a half-tired horse. Under such circumstances both horse and man are glad to get along as they can. Gentlemen—that is, such of them as know what they ought to do, and do not do what they have no business to do—begin with a perfectly fresh horse, and perhaps know they have another in reserve: they can thus well afford the time and attention to the style of their seat and that of their horses going, the hounds being as a matter of course quite a secondary consideration with the generality of those out. When such is the case—let us hope, for the sake of hounds, masters of hounds, and

huntsmen, that such "fields" are few in number—many very excellent fellows hunt who do not give a thought to the hounds or the hunting; this is a matter which concerns no one but themselves, *unless* their not caring for either, which is often the case, makes them positive nuisances to those who care for both.

Huntsmen usually sit more down in their seat than gentlemen do. This arises from their keeping a constant eye on their hounds, which they can have with that seat more than they could standing in their stirrups as a jockey does. Huntsmen are apt to sit a little oblique on their horse; this is caused by their riding much with the rein in one hand, which hand is usually held rather more forward than other men hold it, so as to enable them to have more command over the horse, which is quite necessary for a man to have who has to get through thick covers at the risk of having his own and his horse's eyes cut or knocked out by brambles, thorns, or hanging boughs: the way in which both learn to avoid these is quite extraordinary; the more so, when the man's whole attention is devoted to every turn his hounds make, and to every hound he hears throw a tongue. We will suppose a huntsman in the middle of a thick cover of perhaps a hundred acres; he hears a view halloo on which he can depend, and also hears his hounds making to the point from whence the halloo comes. Get to them he must: that over newly-cut stubs like harrows reversed, or through underwood where half his time he is forced to keep his arm before his face to save it: all he can do is to trust to his horse; and the way in which those accustomed to it do gallop through and over such obstacles, no man but a huntsman, and no horse but a huntsman's, can imitate. He gets to the cover's skirt; no matter how awkward the fence to get out, he has no time to

pick a safer place. "Come up!" and with a haul at his horse's mouth, and a whack with his whip on the shoulders, over they come *somehow*. He has then to rattle along over any ground, not merely at a chase but a *catching* pace. He comes up with the crowd in a narrow lane, with half a hundred gentlemen trotting up the centre; these he cannot command to get out of his way, though every good sportsman would voluntarily do so. "By your leave, gentlemen," is the utmost he dare say; and with a "hark forward, hark! or hoick together, hoick!" and the occasional use of "by your leave," he rattles by them with a waggon-rut for his horse's path. He gets to the hounds, and with a half-blown horse has to face a country that others begin with one quite fresh. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that a half-tired man and horse in such a case get along as *they can*. It is under these circumstances that huntsmen and their horses both contract a somewhat slovenly way of going; and perfect as the latter are as hunters, they are seldom *gentlemen's* horses.

It may be said that, in seeming contradiction to this, I have specified Mr. Charles Davis as being near or quite perfection as a hunting-rider; and it may further be asked, was Osbaldeston, who hunted hounds so many years, a slovenly rider? Certainly not. But first, as to Davis, let it be remembered he can pick and choose his horses, he has no thick covers to draw, no skulking old stager of a fox to pursue, who requires mobbing and driving every inch to get him to break; and from the nature of the game, stag-hounds do not require that minute attention in chase that fox-hounds do. With stag-hounds, it is a very rare occurrence that scent is bad enough to render it likely hounds should be beat by their game; while, on the contrary, a huntsman to a

pack of fox-hounds is, or ought to be, always in a state of anxiety lest his game should beat him. Should stag-hounds get off their noses, in other words be at fault, the stag is a large animal, is sure to be viewed by somebody, he can be tracked by his slot, while it is rare that a fox can be padded, except, perhaps, into or out of cover, across a road, or through a gateway: he takes care he will not be viewed if he can help it. The deer does not take like precaution. All this gives a huntsman of stag-hounds opportunity to attend to himself and his horse; they both start fresh like the rest of the field, and the horse does little or no more work than any other who is ridden fairly and forward.

Then as to Mr. Osbaldeston. He hunted one of the best scenting countries in the world, by no means an intricate one; but one that with nerve in horse and rider, it is all straight-forward work. Mr. Osbaldeston was a gentleman huntsman, and rode horses fit for a gentleman: and the fine pastures and gorse covers of Leicestershire are very different from the clay half up to the horse's hocks in the large covers, lanes, and arable land of many others. These will take the showy, elastic, racer-like going very shortly out of any horse; in short, devoted as I am to full blood, and good as I know it to be, a racing way of going will not do in such countries; absolute physical, or perhaps bodily strength must be had. If from any circumstance a horse cannot go neatly, a man will very shortly cease to ride neatly. In Leicestershire a man flies a fence, lands his horse; he may then stand upon his stirrups, get his horse's nose nicely in, and fancy himself riding across the flat at Newmarket, before he comes to another; but in countries where fields are only a few acres, men get to sit on their seats with the reins in one hand and the whip in the

other; for by the time a man could get in usual galloping position, gather up his horse, and get him into a handsome collected stroke, he has to prepare for the next fence. Oh, the delight, the earthly heaven of getting out of such "Slough of Despond" into a bit of country where you find your horse going above ground; if then he could only have a fresh thorough-bred one to get upon, he might say he has tasted the *ne plus ultra* of luxury on earth.

Generally speaking, the most thoroughly careless, swaggering riders amongst huntsmen are those accustomed to hunt beagles or harriers in enclosed countries. These have rarely occasion to rise in their stirrups perhaps during the day, for in such countries hares dodge so much, that a man is constantly prepared for a "hold hard!" and though "letting hounds do their own work," and "letting hounds alone" *as long as possible*, is quite desirable with hare hounds while they are at work, they require a huntsman's eye *constantly* on them. The attention of a huntsman to harriers must be absolutely absorbed in his hounds, for he is never safe for a moment; hounds may be going so as to lead any one to the pleasing anticipation of a burst of three or four miles across country, the next moment it is found Madam Puss has come to the right or left about, and is flying away five hundred yards in the rear of the pack. All this is perhaps the beauty of hare hunting, trying the nose and sagacity of the hound and the patience of the huntsman. I know it would very shortly not only try, but exhaust mine. It has its beauties, no doubt. If I never participated in them where other hunting was to be had, it was not from disliking hare-hunting, but from liking other hunting better. I have rarely joined harriers, from the same feeling that has made me rarely

go to a juvenile ball. I am willing to allow that to see the little dears exhibit is uncommonly interesting—beautiful—all that their mammas could wish others to think it; *but* I prefer a ball where the juveniles range from eighteen to forty.

The country a huntsman hunts in, the kind of horses he rides, and the pace hounds go, makes all the difference in the seat and manner of a huntsman, and this much among other things may be said in favour of fast hunting. Hounds to go fast must have a fast country to go in; a huntsman to go with them must have fast blood-like horses to ride, and I believe it will be found that the faster all can go, the neater will be the seat of the huntsman, and the better horseman will he be also.

THE WHIP.

Although there is no marked difference between the seat of the whip and the huntsman, I have generally remarked the former being the neatest horseman. This arises from his attention not being necessarily as constantly devoted to the hounds as that of the huntsman; in fact, his ear more than his eye directs his conduct. His ear tells him what the hounds are about, and the voice of the huntsman tells him where his attention is most required: added to which, his duty often makes it necessary for him to keep watch for and on the fox instead of on the hounds. In corroboration of which comes the anecdote in Beckford, that not merely prince but emperor of writers on hunting, where the huntsman asks his whip what business he had in the place where he was, adding, "Don't you know the great earth at ——— is open, and be d—d to you?" or words to that effect, though I have forgotten the correct anecdote, and so only give the spirit of it. For though a whip certainly does not

intend to hunt or ride down the fox, as we might by their conduct at times suppose some gentlemen did; still, a race often takes place between the whip and fox, in which case, with a favourite point to make, it is mostly two to one in favour of pug, who I have seen struck by a whip-thong rather than be turned from his course. I once saw a fox, after breaking cover, on the whip getting between it and him to prevent his dodging back, actually bolt under the horse's belly and make good his retreat. "Come like shadows so depart" may fairly be applied to a whip and his horse, both of whom must be quick ones to be good for anything; for a whip who merely keeps behind the pack, with the never ceasing monotonous "loo on! loo on!" in his mouth, and an occasional long smack of his whip as an accompaniment, makes slow work of it indeed. O, for the soul-cheering, heart-inspiring "hark forward, hoick!" which is only to be allowed when sanctioned by the voice of the huntsman, or the *certainty* of pug having broke. Then how reins are tightened, cigars thrown away, and horses put into a trot or gallop, as the case may be. But hold hard, gentlemen; for God's sake get up to your point and place, but do it without hurry or noise; let the hounds settle on the line of their fox; they will in such a case be wild enough themselves, without being rendered mad by a hundred horses and half as many voices chattering and hallooing in all directions. A halloo from the huntsman and his horn if wanted, a view halloo proffered from some one viewing the fox, and the "hark forward" and the "hark together" from the two whips are quite enough, for they are not deaf, though some fields would lead one to suppose they thought it was the case. What a luxury a dumb field would be to a huntsman! for not one man in fifty knows enough of what he is about or what the

hounds are about for his voice to be of any use. This many are candid enough to allow, and boast they know or care nothing about the d—d hounds; just as some young military men d— the parade. All fair, gentlemen; but if you think it fine to *affect* to despise, or really to despise a knowledge of the pursuit you follow in *anything*, tell us so "*sotto voce*," but do not show your ignorance in it by your conduct, or proclaim it in yells to be heard from Dan to Beersheba.

Tally-ho! there he goes; don't you see him along the hedgerow, this side the cover? Who is riding at him? it looks like the first whip, but he was here three minutes ago. It is him, however; depend on it he tallyed him before we did, and made a short cut to get to him. He is on old Moonlight: what a pace he is going! Now, pug! now George, capital! he has got between him and the cover, and turned him. Bravo! now we shall get a burst to —— Gorse as straight as gunshot. If I were to omit something extra for this to George in my yearly present, I should be ashamed ever afterwards to look a fox-hound in the face, would lie in bed all day, and patronise the Coal Hole, the Garrick's Head, and Cyder Cellar every night.

These sort of occasional little steeple-chases, and sundry other occasions where not having hounds to attend to, give a whip opportunities of riding when he has only himself and horse to attend to. A huntsman, like an old hen, has always his brood about him—happy dog, to have them: I love such "olive branches" round about a horse: "happy is the man who has his (kennel) full of them."

THE GROOM.

The seat of this man is not so absolutely determined

and defined as to enable a man to say that is a groom: but if as a groom he is worthy the name, we should at once say he is a riding-man. It has none of the characteristics of that of the jockey, huntsman, dealer's man, or dragoon; it is, in short, like that of a private individual, with these exceptions, being accustomed to ride behind his master, and being well mounted, which grooms in such situations mostly are, he is constantly keeping his horse back, and holding himself always ready to attend to any motion of his master; he is, or ought to be, always on the alert, and never has that lounge and air of idleness in his seat that other horsemen are apt to have when merely walking their horse along. Grooms' horses, or most horses grooms may be riding, usually step short, from a wish to get up to their companion, and being held back this gives a shortness, for I can hit on no other word, to the seat and manner of a groom on horseback that other men have not. The other general pace the groom rides is a trot of about seven or eight miles an hour; and this they generally do neatly, from the same cause, the impatience of their horse makes him step neatly; for if impatience to get forward and being held back will not cause a horse to make the most of his action, nothing will.

I would wish it to be distinctly understood that when I say grooms ride neatly I do not mean such as merely look after a Brougham and horse, or two horses; such men, comparatively speaking, cannot ride at all; for if upon any emergency they get mounted on the Brougham horse to ride behind their master—in that case they mostly sport a bad made pair of top boots, put on a non-descript pair of spurs, have their toes in the stirrups—the horse bores at them, they at him, and they sit as if they were prepared to take wing and leave the horse to go his own way.

I have alluded to grooms accustomed to constant riding after noblemen and men of fortune, and they horsemen and judges of horses. Others are frequently seen following a gentleman towards the city to bring back his horse, and frequently following (if they can) a couple of ladies in forage caps or bad shaped hats, galloping through the streets or parks on bad horses and worse saddles and appointments, one one side the road the other on the other, one always fifty yards in advance. This follower of the fair sex is called, I know not why, a providence: confound him not with a groom or any other respectable man, for I hold his employment one of the lowest in the scale of servile employ.

THE POST-BOY AND POSTILION.

Here is a seat it is quite impossible to mistake, for the post-boy sits like no other man on earth. He sits with his body quite on the twist, his hands and arms higher than any other horseman's, his elbows more squared, and a peculiar drop in his wrist that no one attempts to imitate. From always being confined to a trot, his rise in his saddle is also peculiar to himself.

These were, for there are few left, a race of men who alone set the fashion of times at defiance. The post-boy of 1747 or he of 1847 were precisely the same; no matter whether others were long or short waisted, the post-boy's jacket was still in length the same jerkin; the small plaited shirt front the same, the large brooch, usually in the shape of a heart ever placed in it; and notwithstanding all the nostrums and inventions for cleaning white tops the post-boy eschewed them all, and still stuck to the dark mahoganies; nor did he alter the shape of the boot or the character of the spur; his whip ever the same. Notwithstanding all this, his *tout ensemble* never

gave you the idea of being old-fashioned, though our great grandfathers had seen it. This adherence to the same style did not arise from any inattention to dress or carelessness of personal appearance, for he was a regular swell in his way, and usually scrupulously clean in his person.

The regular up and down of the post-boy in a trot is scarcely to be imitated; and as in hack posters the hand horse is several holes in his traces shorter than the riding one, what between looking back at him and the carriage, the post-boy learns a facility of turning round in his saddle that no other man has. He has seldom anything like a hand; he rides on the curb bridle; the horse leans on him by his mouth, and on the collar by his shoulders; these support him, which accounts for the cripples we sometimes see post-boys ride with impunity.

THE PRIVATE POSTILION

Has quite a different seat: he rises very little in his saddle, has his stirrups very long, his toes in them, with his left leg quite straight and very forward: yet singular as this seat is, there is a considerable degree of elegance in its appearance, and some postilions are really very graceful in the position of their hands and arms, and that position is peculiar to the postilion only.

THE DEALER'S NAGSMAN OR LAD.

This is another seat that no horseman attempts to imitate, and is contracted from being so much accustomed to riding horses bare backed. The knees are elevated to get a purchase the whole length of the thigh, and when turned in as close as these men hold them, they implant themselves as it were in the muscle behind the horse's shoulder blades, thus forming a stay that keeps the man

in his place; they do not attempt to rise as the horse trots, but his action throws the man up in his seat at each step, while the knees hold him firm and fixed. If we put these men on a saddle, though they then ride a good deal like other horsemen, still the in-turned knee shows the nagsman at once; and, in truth, I have known some who rode far better bare backed than in any other way.

These men have usually admirable hands; and their position, the way they divide their reins, and carry their whip or ground-ash, is such as to be ready for any emergency, be it an attempt to start, stumble, bolt, or run away; a horse can give no indication of an intent to do anything, that they are not ready for him. If they know what he means to be at, and can prevent him, they do; if, on the contrary, they know they cannot, they pretend to make him do it on purpose. To instance, if they find he *will* bolt up his own yard or gateway, they turn him up it purposely, as it were, and then bring him out again; the dealer sees the dodge, the buyer does not so. On coming back, Jack is at once asked why he went into the yard; "His curb chain got loose, that was all, so he went to get it put on." Catch Jack at a loss.

The nagsman will mostly be found a clean, well-made fellow, off his horse as well as on; upright and well-made about the loins, with a well-turned leg and small knee, to which the peculiar make of his breeches greatly contributes in appearance. A good deal of this arises from his being selected as a quick, active fellow; for if he is not, he is not worth his breakfast; and further, he is rendered more so by constant running in showing horses, which causes all the muscles necessary to activity to swell from practice, and all superfluous fat to be reduced. This is, in fact, condition; without it, a nagsman could not do his business either off or on his horse; and the differ-

ence between a sharp, clever fellow of this sort, and a thick-headed, dummy lout would be just this—if the two were kept long enough, the master of one would grow rich, while that of the other would be ruined. A dealer's horse well shown, is half sold.

THE BUTCHER.

There is not much to be said in a general way in praise of these fellows as horsemen; but as butchers, to horses as well as other cattle, they certainly do get such animals along as perhaps no other men could do. Now, though we do sometimes express surprise at seeing a slight galloway going along at the rate of fourteen miles an hour, with a lad or man, and a basket of meat on him, we do not give him all the credit he deserves, merely from never having bestowed a thought on the matter; but what these animals do, and indeed suffer, is wonderful. A good basket of sirloins, fillets, ribs, buttocks of beef, and legs of mutton will weigh from a hundred to a hundred and thirty or forty pounds; say, as the medium, nine stone: to this is added a pack-saddle and a person, we will average these at nine stone more; so the weed we see going as they do, are going under eighteen or nineteen stone. They go like hacks, stepping short and quick; nor can they do otherwise, the load is too heavy to allow them to dwell long on either leg, and the spur, whip, and the punishing their mouths makes them get to considerable speed; in short, a heavy weight, short distances at a time, and holding them and forcing them, is sure to make hacks of them. Whether in harness or out of it, "hit 'em and hold 'em" is a sure mode of producing action. The butcher, like the post-boy, rises quick in his stirrups in the trot, and like him rides a good deal on the twist. They are neither of them good horsemen,

but both get very queer animals along; both do it by making them suffer a great deal, though their customers do not know that they do so. Horses suffer an immensity that people are not at all aware of. Nor is this a matter of surprise, for in truth half the world know little of what the other half of their fellow-men undergo; if they did, let us in charity suppose many of those sufferings would be alleviated.

CHARACTERISTIC SKETCH OF LIEUT.-COL. COPLAND.

On reading any notice of the following sketch there are many who will chuckle in the anticipation of finding the little meannesses of their minds gratified by a sketch written in accordance with their wishes, or in other and more common phrase, one intended to "show up" the object of their malevolence. Such persons will find the writer of this article has no such object in contemplation; his object is to place in a fair point of view a character that has been misconceived by the majority of those to whom the name and ostensible acts of its owner were known.

There are three classes of persons who would rejoice at any exposition of the foibles of the character in question. First, Jews and money-lenders, who may with truth state they have lost, say, a thousand by him: we will say it is a fact that they have so; but, in the majority of cases, what does this amount to? They have lost the last thousand they expected to get, but losing that, they are still gainers by their transactions with him. It is, in fact, they have gained three thousand by him; but had they got the last thousand they would have netted three thousand five hundred; whereas, losing the thousand, they have only made two thousand five hundred; and this is about, without reference to sums, an average of what such persons have lost by Colonel Copland. In justice, however, to all, I believe in a case

or two, persons who had advanced him money did lose, but on the average I am quite correct.

The next are the few, and very few tradesmen who have lost by him; I say fearlessly few, for comparatively with other men incurring the expense he did, few men living caused so little loss to trade-persons; in fact, no man paid such persons better; for when, under particular circumstances, his affairs came necessarily under my notice, out of about fifty thousand pounds' worth of liabilities, there were not more than about three due to the vendors of useful commodity. That tradespeople had therefore been victims of Colonel Copland's in a general way, was an accusation he in no way deserved. Where one suffered, ten had benefitted by his misdirected expenditure.

The next are those who, without the slightest pretensions to fashion, talent, or pleasantry, sedulously sought intimacy with our votary of fashion; to such (though done with that fascinating manner in which he did everything) no man knew better how to give the "cut direct" than did Colonel Copland. This, of course, never was forgiven where it took place, and hence arose a host of hydra-heads to bark at him. They would have given all but a limb to have seen him ranked among their intimates; but Copland had a soul not only "above buttons," but above *planes*, *saws*, and *gimlets*, and an intuitive good taste that made him shrink from ignorance or futile attempts at mere gentility. In fact, his fine discrimination taught him that even the parties given at his paternal house, though abounding with all that money could procure, wanted in their display and in the *accueil* of the donors and family that talismanic air of aristocracy only to be found among those accustomed to move within its vortex; where, till the young dragoon

sprung up a bright star in his horizon, his family were unthought of.

In this article I confine myself to a personal sketch of Colonel Copland, without touching on the rise of his family, biographic or incidental events and circumstances connected with it or him. Of the origin of the family but little is known to the world: its progress was as extraordinary as are many circumstances relating to it. The being made conversant with the character of any man, if it is in any way a singular one, is certain to increase in a vast degree the eagerness to learn his history, and that of all connected with him; it is, however, his character alone I now introduce.

Perhaps few men ever lived whose character it would be more difficult to truly delineate than that of him the subject of these pages. In fact, to sum it up in general terms would be impossible; it is like a picture in which we see the bright tints of Claude Loraine in one part, and the obscura of Poussin in the other. Who could determine the character of such a picture? And the picture of the Colonel's life was no one of middle tint; the ground-work was bright and luminous in its highest character, but its harmony was destroyed in the finishing.

"*De mortuis nil nisi bonum*" is a very cherished adage, and doubtless emanated from a philanthropic and well-regulated mind; still, if we followed up the precept *auprès de la lettre*, we should often lead to false conclusions, and produce erroneous impressions. In writing the character of any one, we are imperiously called upon to give the *pour* and the *contre*, by the doing of which alone can the character of the individual become fairly and properly estimated.

Few men of the same standing as to position in life have made themselves more notorious, or have been more

talked of, than Colonel Copland; few men have had so much credit given them for innate virtues they never possessed, and still fewer have been so much censured for conduct far more the result of circumstances than of any natural vicious inclination or censurable feelings.

Colonel Copland was endued with considerable natural ability and talent, and possessed a heart that, with its share of faults, was far better than that of most of those loudest in his condemnation. With these natural attributes and advantages, to which was added a fortune made to his hand, he had all the requisites to challenge the admiration of his fellow-men—to live beloved, and die regretted and esteemed. Sadly different, however, was his career; but let not the whole blame of that fall upon his head, though his life holds out a warning to the thoughtless, the vain, and the extravagant. If in early life, instead of that vanity being humbled, and that extravagance checked, a plebeian ostentation and vanity on the part of those who brought him up induced them to supply means to encourage such failings, it was no more than might have been anticipated, if they "grew with his growth and strengthened with his strength." If a young man of extravagant habits, as Copland was, found a two years' bill at Long's of five hundred pounds for luncheons paid without hesitation, could it be a matter of surprise if the next two years it was found to be eight hundred? If such misplaced indulgence arose solely from affection to its object, it might be termed an amiable weakness, and pity at least would be awarded to its exhibitor; but if a still less commendable cause produced the means to enable, and in fact encourage, a man of humble birth to vie in expense with the sons of noble or high families, if ruin eventually was the result, pity would indeed be properly called forth for the ruined

man, but we must entertain a far less enviable feeling towards those whose folly, to use no harsher term, led to such result.

A desire to rise in the world, and to elevate his position in society, is inherent in the mind of man; it is, moreover, not only a justifiable but laudable ambition; but the very wide barrier between plebeianism and aristocracy is not to be surmounted in one generation; and where it is attempted, it very seldom succeeds. The wife of a late very wholesale speculator might have Persian carpeting from her street door to that of her carriage, while Her Grace of Sutherland might be content with matting for the same purpose; but Persian carpets will not teach the mode of entering the carriage, or how to sit in it when it is reached.

Those who have seen the Colonel in his paternal home, where all was to be found that wealth could purchase, might not see that a commission in the Dragoons could be any very great source of pride or gratulation to his family; why it was so, (for so it was), will be seen when the origin, rise, and progress of that family come before the public.

Those who remember the Colonel in his palmy days, recall him to their mind as the favourite of his regiment, the cherished of all his acquaintance, a man of most fascinating manners, of the best taste in the pursuits of a gentleman, the ever-welcome and most pleasant of companions; from such, a sigh of regret will escape, that a contrast to his former self should ever have been exhibited by one so gifted.

It is singular, but no more so than true, that the prominent attributes of a man's mind are often the most falsely estimated, and consequently as falsely represented, even by those whose long and intimate knowledge of, or

rather acquaintance with the individual, would lead us to conclude they must have arrived at a more just estimation of his leading characteristics. The truth of this was perhaps never more strongly manifested than in the general opinion of men as regarded Colonel Copland: whatever faults, real or imaginary, were laid to his charge—and few men have had more brought against them that they certainly did not deserve—he was almost universally held up as a pattern of generosity, of warm and friendly feeling; in these particulars he was as much overrated as he was done injustice to on other points of character, by those whose want of knowledge of that character, envy, or vituperative malevolence, attributed to him vices he never dreamed of. Copland was anything but a truly generous man; he was, in fact, diametrically the reverse. Profuse he was in expenditure to a culpable degree, but that profuseness was all for self-gratification, in the shapes of personal luxury, personal vanity, or personal *éclât;* in short, Colonel Copland was one of the most thoroughly selfish beings in existence. His friend, the late Major Mills, constantly warned him that his extravagance would make him a beggar, and his selfishness would leave him, if in such condition, comparatively without a friend. How far so direful a presage was verified, time too plainly showed.

Nothing is easier than to gain the voice of the low or the unreflecting, on the score of generosity; a few extra pence or shillings will challenge it on the part of the one —profuseness, high-sounding sentiment, a seeming carelessness and hilarity of manners will ensure it from the other. Colonel Copland was all his life playing a part—an actor who played for effect; and no man knew better how to entrap the applause of his audience, be they composed of who they might, that is, of such persons as

he mixed and associated with; his liberality was like clap-traps in the stage, brought forward to gain a favourable reception. When he appeared, he sacrificed to this end everything, aye, even friends, when and where the sacrifice could contribute to the effect.

This most true piece of criticism may appear harsh, and many might turn from the idea of such a character with sentiments bordering on disgust and contempt: be it so; let them entertain such feelings towards the failing, but let Christian charity induce them to excuse and spare the man. The failings, faults, (or views, if the term seems more appropriate), that I have alluded to, prevailed from no natural badness or obduracy of heart, but from a perverted mind, caused by want of proper discipline before he entered on the world, and by bad example afterwards. It is not for me to say whether he was or was not the most beloved of his family; but he was the selected pet. He, it was determined, was to shine as a votary of fashion; he was fixed on as the finger-post of his predecessors to the envied goal of aristocracy. Most dangerous is the holding such a goal in view to those who have not the advantage of connection with others accustomed to such elevation, and well versed in the different pathways that lead to it; and supposing such elevation to be reached in safety, it is a pinnacle, most tottering and precarious to those unused to poise themselves on its summit.

It is not that a man in humble life may not rise very high in the world's estimation and consideration. With some nations it is very difficult to do this, with some impossible; with us it is far easier; but even with us, though his wealth may challenge and gain the suffrages of what is termed the world, the parvenu will find that among the aristocracy his sudden appearance in their

world will only be tolerated from his wealth, and that he is not more held as one among them, than he was, when, from his origin and position in life, he wisely considered such elevation as unattainable.

To such elevation, however, Copland never arrived, though irretrievable ruin was the consequence of the attempt; but that attempt was made in the wrong way to effect its end. But it is not any matter calling for surprise, if his family considered that vying in expense with the high or noble would raise a man holding a commission in a dragoon regiment to a par with them; but unfortunately the young aspirant thought so too; but though he became to a certain degree conversant with the habits, sentiments, and predilections of aristocracy, the spurious seed that gave birth to such hallucination was not eradicated in him, and the germ of true high tone of feeling never having been planted, of course it could not arrive at maturity.

That Colonel Copland rose to be a *fashionable* man is certain, but it is equally true he never arrived at the distinction of being *a man of fashion*—two characters widely opposite in reality, though sometimes used synonymously. His commission occasionally threw him into high society, but his inclination merely led him into that of fashionable associates, men of pleasure and expense; the knowledge that such was the fact prevented, in numberless cases, his *entrée* where acquaintance would have been to his honour, and precept and example to his advantage.

That he was no servile adulant of title, the above-mentioned predilection will show; still he liked to see title at his table; but unfortunately the worth of that title influenced him but little in his selection of a guest, for whether it was Lord A. B. or Lord C. D., though one might be the pride of his family from his conduct,

and the other a constant source of bitter regret to it, both would have been equally welcome, if both were equally pleasant men; if not, the most pleasant would have been the most welcome. But it was not so much title as fashion that the Colonel courted; and any notoriously fashionable man, without one attribute of mind that was commendable, would have been as, or even more, welcome than would Lord Dudley Stuart, with his fine mind and feelings, supposing the Colonel could have gained the advantage of his acquaintance. The Colonel's leading error was what cannot but be considered a low one, and one I can only characterize by a recently sprung-up and low designation; his ambition was to have it said what a "stunning fellow" Copland is—a distinction by no means introductory to good society. When there, he had too much good sense, good taste, and good tact to let such inferior emulation appear, but in his general conduct and acts his good sense was no match for this unfortunate desire of notoriety; in him it almost amounted to monomania. "Dead or alive let me but be renowned," was the aspiration of Douglas; it was the leading star of the Colonel's thoughts also; but, alas! the renown sighed for was of a far different discription.

This leading principle, baneful as it was to its possessor, often, however, led to the benefit of others, but without gaining him any credit with the reflecting or right-thinking, for the benefit as often fell on the undeserving as the meritorious. To bring a case in point, he would give a scamp a couple of shillings for holding his horse at a door, when sixpence would have been ample remuneration, and when seeing such a sum given would cause a heart-riven sigh from some poor passing creature, with her starving children. I do not mean to say he would not, if asked, have relieved her also, if he

happened to have the change in his pocket; if not, she would have gone without; for though in point of sum it would have been the same had he given the fellow sixpence and the remainder to relieve the misery of the other, for that day at least, yet the two shillings the scamp would get, and for this reason—the servant at the door would see it, the two men would probably speak, and to be designated a "stunning fellow" by them was of greater import to him than the silent blessing that might be prayed for on him while three hungry wretches were satisfying the common cravings of nature, had his gift been judiciously divided.

It was not that he was insensible to kindly feelings or feelings of charity, quite the reverse; he would do a kind and liberal act for the pleasure of the act itself—that is, if the act did not deprive him of, or interfere with anything he wanted, or fancied he wanted for any gratification of self. In example: we will suppose one even dear to him had been medically ordered a pint of plain sherry to sustain sinking nature, and Copland fancied a couple of bottles of sparkling Moselle for himself; nothing could have persuaded him that the hardship would not have been greater that he, in rude health, should do without the Moselle, than that the other should do without the pint of sherry. Under certain circumstances, not only would the pint of sherry have been cheerfully sent, but three bottles a day if wanted; but those circumstances must have been that he was quite certain he had a stock by him that would preclude the chance of his wanting a dozen if he pleased to drink them himself. Does not this show the truth of what I have asserted, that though profuse he was not generous? for real generosity is shewn when we deprive ourselves of that we wish, if called on to do so for the comfort of

others. Such a fiend we can hardly suppose to exist as he who would not do a kindness where it costs no trouble, expenditure, inconvenience, or the chance of inconvenience in the granting it: but such men do exist in a great majority of the community who would not subject themselves to the bare *risk* of any of such contingencies occurring to themselves, if it were to save an angel from perdition. This may appear a sweeping accusation, but to nine-tenths of those who think it so I would "*de te*," aye, "*de te fabula narratur;*" and in the same proportion would I say to those who would exclaim against, and very properly condemn the selfishness I have most truly attributed to Colonel Copland, "The fault was bad enough, Heaven knows; but *with it*, take him all in all, he was far better than yourself; for he would give, and liberally, if he could do so without deprivation to himself, and you would not."

With Colonel Copland it seemed a constant contention between the amiable qualities of the heart and the censurable ones of the head. Better he, than the man in whom, if from mere carefulness of the world's opinion we cannot positively detect any glaring fault of the mind or conduct, we cannot discover one bright attribute of the heart.

An accusation has been frequently brought against the Colonel that he was a gambler. This had but slender foundation; play he did at times, but not as a constant practice, or to any serious extent. Bet he did on the race-course, but this arose partly from a love of sport, and in a greater part from his wish to be in all things and in all places popular. It might be supposed that a man so lavish of money as he was, and still more appeared to be, would not be very careful in any bets he might make or any transactions at play.

Such a conclusion, natural as it might appear, would still be a very erroneous one: he was rather a difficult one to get the best of in a bet or at play; for though he was prodigal of money in certain ways when he had it, his thirst for money was insatiate; not for the sake of money, but for the gratification and luxuries it produced, which to him were irresistible. To lose, therefore, that which would procure them, without their possession being the result, he would regret as keenly as the miser, unless it was done where *éclât* made up for the loss; but then to him *éclât was* a luxury.

Another very material error as to his character was his being held as open, candid, and confiding. Never was a man so falsely estimated in these points. A certain frankness of manner and joyousness of temperament gave rise to such estimation of him, and induced others to confide their thoughts, and often secrets to him; but if a similar confidence was expected or wished in return, Copland was the last man on earth to afford it, even to his closest intimates. He listened to what others said, and sent them away satisfied they were the depository of *his* inward thoughts; while, in fact, they knew no more of them than the person unknown to him: what he wished promulgated he told, but any intimations of his intentions that he might communicate carried with them (among those who knew him) no conviction whatever of their being his determination: he had so happy a knack of doing this, that it would have been difficult to bring artful deception as a charge against him; for the circumstances would be treated and laughed at by him as a mere joke. He had always, however, a latent meaning in what he said; in short, he talked as he did most things, for effect; that which he held as likely to produce the best effect he said, and that in so ingenuous a

manner, that those he had misled a hundred times went away the hundred and first, quite satisfied he was *this* time in earnest: perhaps he was more in earnest than before in his assurances from finding it necessary to be so, but as to the earnestness of his intentions that was no farther to be depended on than heretofore. Tell any one this, and even put him on his guard, he would leave the Colonel with full reliance on *his* sincerity, and a very unfavourable impression of your judgment and justice.

I do not mean that this censurable practice was put in force for the purpose of injuring others, but most certainly with a view to further his own ends, and these were so complicated towards his latter life, that no one but himself could surmise the motives of what he either said or did.

The gradation between strict virtue and absolute vice is of course as wide as can be the extremes of any attributes of the mind; and even supposing a man to have arrived at the climax of the latter, it would be to the full as difficult, nay, more so, to convince him of its odiousness than it would have been to convince him of his error on his first deviation from high honour. Whatever, therefore, there may be found to censure in the Colonel's conduct for some years past, must not be set down as a determination to set all justifiable feeling and morality at defiance, but from having at first been forced into such conduct by what he at least held as necessity, and then being upheld in such by the opinions of some who acted far more culpably, and with far less necessity for so doing.

Of this I feel perfectly satisfied, that Colonel Copland, taking it on the broad scale, never did that which he thought would be of absolute *eventual* injury to any one, though few who had any transaction with him lat-

terly came off scatheless. He would have borrowed the last ten pound note of a man with a large family without any certainty of being able to restore it, though on its restoration the salvation of that family depended. This he would do on the chance of something, in his usual phrase, "turning up." If he got a hundred the ten would be restored, and possibly another added as a gift; if he did not get the ten, of course he *could* not repay it; if he got the ten, and that *only*, I fear I must say he *would* not, while he wanted it himself; no, he would depend on something again turning up, and then the result would be in accordance with what the event might be.

Such conduct we must allow showed sad prostration of mind and dereliction from moral principle; and it may be asked, could a man in 1847 have arrived at such a climax whose character stood so high in 1825? Yes, it is not only possible, but so it was with the subject of these pages; and it may be all traced to that feeling he was so little suspected of, but which so thoroughly possessed him—utter selfishness.

We are all aware with what different degrees of firmness different men bear corporeal suffering. If under operation one man cries out, and another does not utter a moan, we must not at once set down the one as a coward and the other a hero, for sensitiveness to pain is not the same in all men; and the same operation that would be acute agony to one is only ordinary pain to another: so the constant habit of self-indulgence had rendered the deprivation of luxuries positive suffering to Colonel Copland, where to another it would only have been felt as a simple privation. This influenced many of his acts, and made him appear more selfish than he really was; for supposing such an occurrence to have taken place as that of the ten pound note, the transac-

tion would not have been as heartless in him as it would have been in most men, for he would not have estimated the suffering which occasioned the want of it as equal between him and the other, but would have felt and fully persuaded himself that the amount of suffering would be in figurative terms seventy-five per cent. to him and only twenty-five to the other; and, in fact, in a modified sense, it would be so. I do not, of course, bring this forward in justification, but in some palliation of similar unjustifiable acts.

If some persons may think or say that no well-organized mind could bring itself to even contemplate the acting in such a manner as Colonel Copland did, instead of thus further crushing the broken and now withered reed by such observation, let them thank their better stars if they have had strength of mind to act otherwise, and instead of, like "the publican," boasting they are not the sinner, let them be assured that no man knows what circumstances, time, and example may do, as to affecting or totally perverting the wonted tenor of his heart and mind. Every one has read that "*facile decensus averni*," and let them bear in mind that "*revocare gradus*" is not only difficult, but often impossible. It was so to Colonel Copland, situated as he latterly was, and till death closed the scene.

Never was a man of the world more truly characterized than in the Colonel; no man better disguised his own foibles; no one more quickly penetrated those of others, and certainly no man availed himself more of that discovery: with an acute tact peculiarly his own, he never allowed to the person that he perceived the foible, unless when, calling it by another name, he praised it as a virtue. It is no difficult task to persuade the habitual drunkard that he is a convivial fellow. The mean man

is easily led to believe you merely think him prudent; and the scamp, without one particle of principle in his composition, you may call a man of a liberal turn of mind, and he will believe you think him so. This was the Colonel's plan of making himself a favourite, and making use of others. "Never," he would say, "tell a man of any fault he has; never say one word in disparagement of such faults in his presence; you can't persuade or shame him out of it: he will only hate you for detecting him. If a man is mean, and you tell him you think him so, it would cost him more than he would give to induce you to alter your opinion of him; but persuade him you think him liberal, you will get a *something* out of him to sustain your good opinion." If such is not worldly sentiment, I know not what is. His very fine temper, and perfect command of it, assisted him wonderfully in all this: he could sit at table and hear a scoundrel promulgate sentiments disgraceful to humanity, without permitting the slightest sign of indignation to move a muscle. Let it not be supposed that I mean he approved of such sentiments, or would have been guilty of such acts as they vindicated. He tolerated them, and the promulgator of them, where there was a hope of making use of him. For this purpose and with this hope he latterly associated with many that he must have inwardly despised, and those who knew him in his best days could but feel regret in hearing he was even known to: I say hearing, because he had good sense and good tact enough not to bring parties of opposite habits in contact. In fact, he could be anything, and would be anything to any one where his interest was concerned: we must allow this was even more than worldly: but it must be borne in mind that the drowning man will catch

at a friend or foe, and a similar impulse influenced many of the Colonel's latter actions.

I will now show the reader a brighter side of the picture, sketched from a view taken from recollection twenty years ago. The Colonel was then about twenty-nine, and had been about four years in the army; had it then pleased the chances of war that his regiment had been ordered on foreign service, there is every reason to suppose that he would have rendered himself a distinguished officer: he liked his profession, knew his duty, was a capital horseman, looked every inch a soldier; and with a robust frame, strong nerves, an intrepid spirit, and genuine courage, we must deplore that such a man should have been prevented the opportunity of distinguishing himself by his regiment being on home duty all the years he was a member of it. But so it was: in fact, the Colonel never saw a shot fired in anger in his life, except by a mob; but even here, on the only occasion where he could show coolness, forbearance, and courage, he did so. No bad promise of what he would have been in a field of battle.

It may be said he might have exchanged, and thus got on service; probably he might have done this, but, unfortunately for him, he had an allowance that enabled him, or rather induced him, to aim at being the star of his regiment. In many respects he was so; and knowing money would be found him to "purchase on," the wish of distinguishing himself as a soldier, daily weakened, while that of being distinguished as a young officer of fortune daily gained strength; nor am I at all certain that a desire to get on service abroad would have been encouraged; the golden idol was too much a source of pride at home. Brothers he had, highly respectable men, both as to their vocation and conduct; but the dragoon

jacket pronounced beyond dispute that one of the family ranked as a gentleman by right. How then could he be spared?

Had those who could have guided his destiny, by withholding funds devoted to useless purposes, sent the young dragoon with liberal, but moderate means at command, to rough it for a few years on foreign service, he was quite likely to have gratified a better pride by the seeing his name made honourable mention of by his commanders, instead of being merely celebrated for his expenditure in different country towns at home.

The Colonel was by many considered handsome: this he certainly was not, for his features were not good. He had a florid, healthful look, that contrasted with hair of a gipsy's blackness, which, worn in a peculiar style, with very large black whiskers and moustache, looked altogether well and soldier-like: the general countenance was, in short, such as a painter would select for a Spanish hero bandit of high caste: there was a peculiar expression of the eye that at times was anything but pleasing, still his smile was most captivating and engaging, and prepared those on whom it lit for manners as captivating as the smile; yet I should say that, speaking in general terms, his style of look was not so much calculated to excite admiration in the perfect gentlewoman as it was that of those of a less high tone of mind and taste. A Gulnare would have adored him; the highly educated and refined daughter of a woman of distinction would have looked for a countenance indicative of more lofty feelings and amiability.

His figure was usually considered a good one; and he was supposed to be of rather a commanding height. All this he looked in regimentals; and such as have only seen him so circumstanced, will be at first inclined to doubt

the fact that he was in truth a mere thick-set, short man. That he never appeared so to the public is easily accounted for: the heels of his boots were fully two inches high, and there was a raising of cork of two more inside the boot; so that when we come to add four good inches to about five feet seven and a-half, we get within half an inch of six feet: this, with a chaco or helmet on, gives a commanding figure, and such a one the Colonel was usually held to be.

In point of manners, whether with his regiment, at a review, on his hunter in the field, at a mess-table, or private one in his own house or that of another, he was equally at home and equally gentlemanly in either situation; evening parties called for rather more attention and exertion than he liked as a thing of very frequent recurrence, for *distingué* he would be if there, and so he always was. His bow, or rather inclination, was perfection, and few men living could thread their way up a crowded room as gracefully as he could, while some short but appropriate gallant observation came spontaneous to his lip as he met or passed any fair one he had the advantage of knowing. He had a fine ear; so when music was introduced, his criticism on its merits was always judiciously made. Those who have seen him walk a quadrille will allow that the thing was at least *unique;* if it appeared the result of affectation, which it certainly did, it was done with so much ease and grace that it became him; and his gentlemanly attention to and badinage with his *vis-à-vis* made him ever a welcome partner where timidity did not make the lady object to be the observed of the observed; but, ladies, his *petits pas* did not arise from affectation alone, but from his boots; he could no more, had he wished it, have perpetrated a *balancez* step than another man could have *balancéed* him-

self on the Colonel's elevated heels. If on entering the supper-room his partner and himself were strangers, his case of manner made the lady forget they were not old acquaintances ere she quitted it; and incredulous must the fair one be if he did not raise more than a suspicion in her mind that he considered her the most "superior creature" he had seen or could see again.

Let us now look at him in his more robust pursuits. That he was a sporting man is true, but he was not a keen sportsman; at least, not a man who would be held such by those who are. He hunted, shot, and sometimes ran a horse on the flat or in a steeple-chase; few men better knew the qualities, qualifications, and capabilities of horses than the Colonel, as race-horses, hunters, or trotters. Few men's chargers were more highly broken, and few men rode them better. In the hunting field he was a bold and judicious rider, and with strong nerve, fine hand, and fine horses, he was a difficult man to beat, and if he saw any one making the attempt to do it he would have ridden at a precipice. This did not make him a sportsman; and when I say that a flower-show at Chiswick would have more attraction than a fixture in the best Leicestershire country, it will show that he was not so. The reason he would prefer the former to the latter was simply that with an equipage to his taste, money in his pocket, and consequently high spirits at command, he knew that he was certain to be a prominent person on such an occasion.

Though much and many things the Colonel did and said created a suspicion of great affectation, they were really more the result of habit and peculiarity than arising from so paltry a cause as common affectation. He had a peculiar but most winning description of voice and articulation, almost at times amounting to a lisp, that

gave a great piquancy to what he said, but also gave some foundation for the charge to which I have alluded. Some little share of affectation no doubt he had, but I daily see others with a great deal more, without one half the excuse for it; and if affected he was, it was affectation of a much higher grade than that of a fop or dandy, both of whom he despised as much as any man. His peculiar manner no man can describe; it seemed a child of his own creating; a style he had formed for himself—and had any other man attempted the same, it would not have been a copy, but a bad caricature.

He adopted also a somewhat peculiar style of dress. It was of the D'Orsay school, but modified and less apparently studied; it suited his peculiar walk, I should say step and carriage; but had a man been seen bustling along the street so attired, he would have been taken for a foreign charlatan or croupier. Standing by the side of, or in a fashionable equipage, it looked well on the particular man, but it certainly was not the costume of an English gentleman. His very worst taste was a little addiction to finery in the shape of a profusion of velvet, and gold ornaments; this was little short of vulgar, still on him it passed muster. He was *known;* but woe to the man who was not, had he adopted the same style.

Never, I believe, were contrasts exhibited to the same extent in mortal as in Copland. He would, and often did, wear a lady's veil over his face, to keep off the inconvenience of the sun and dust when driving; but he would doff that, hat and all, the next minute, to give a carter a drubbing if he deserved it. He would wrap his legs and person in the most expensive furs if the wind was keen, yet would face the most biting cold, if he fancied a turn at duck shooting. I firmly believe he would have given a hundred guineas if it would or

could save him the unpleasantry of having a deep-seated thorn extracted from his finger, but the next minute would risk his limbs and neck on some exploit that few men but himself would dare encounter, if a bet or pitting himself against another induced him to it. He shrank from pain, disliked exertion, and ten times more detested personal inconvenience of any sort; but he would brave either or all for display and popularity, and I doubt not would have equally done so where honour called for the sacrifice.

It is no uncommon practice with persons writing the characters of others to give their opinion of the individual as a whole, namely, as one to be decried as vicious, or lauded as its reverse. This I hold to be, in the first place, overstepping the limits of the writer's prerogative, and is at the same time both arrogant and futile—it is arrogant, as supposing the writer's individual opinion should fix the fiat of any man's character; and it is futile, for fortunately in a general way it would not.

In what I have said of the subject of these pages I have been guided, to the best of my judgment, strictly by truth; have "nothing extenuated or aught set down in malice." Let the reader pronounce such sentence as a knowledge of the fallibility of human nature may induce him to think a just one. And as he must be a man of virtue far beyond his fellow-man, if he does not feel the necessity of invoking a lenient criticism of his own acts, so let him not assume the hypercritic in his judgment of those of others.

Whatever may have been Colonel Copland's failings —and many I allow they were—whoever may have more or less suffered from knowing him, still many have benefited by it. If one in particular has from acquaintance with him been so placed as to bring about an event

that rescued him from difficulties and put him in possession of luxury and fortune—if that one, when the world deserted their once-worshipped idol, held out the hand of assistance and attuned the voice of consolation to the origin of his happy destiny, his conscience must be a lasting source of pleasing retrospection to him; if, on the other hand, he acted a diametrically opposite part, then to him I dedicate the forthgoing pages.

THE COURSE OF THE COURSE.

I HAD just concluded the heading of this article, when an old friend—pretty much accustomed to, and indeed pretty deeply versed in, racing affairs—came in, and after asking me what would be the leading features of the article, said—"I think, if in your heading you omitted in the second word the letter *o*, it would be more descriptive, and indeed appropriate."

"Possibly," replied I, "you are right; but I always conceive it to be but a proper deference to the public to let it decide as to what is good or bad, as the case may be, while I only venture an opinion on the subject. In minor cases, where practice and experience warrant me in the confidence that I am right, I take upon myself to say so; but on general effects produced on any specified subject as a whole, I do not presume thus far. I merely give my impressions, and when I can, I usually state their origin."

While entertaining every proper respect for my country, its constitution and laws, and as much respect as I can muster for the way in which both are carried out, and further holding my countrymen as denizens of the world to be about a fair average of vice and virtue, I cannot but think there is no nation known where love of money reigns so paramount in all the incentives to action: it almost amounts to a monomania. I have no doubt—though I never tried (and, at all events, have not succeeded)—that accumulating a large mass of wealth is a

most exhilarating pursuit. I possibly might have tried my hand at it, dearly as I love a little exhilaration, or rather a good deal of it; but, unfortunately, fox-hunting and most other field sports struck my attention first, took me "at the flood," but did not "lead on to fortune;" and, strange to say, I did not find driving four horses got me along the road to it a bit quicker than if I had always stuck to one. Yet I set out earlier on my road with them than most people, and certainly never spent more money on that road than my means at the time warranted. I can only, therefore, infer that the drag and its four larkers would have brought me to the golden consummation, but that extraneous circumstances obliged me to stop so very pleasant a mode of being conveyed to the good town of "Wealth."

When we want to reach a destined goal, sometimes taking across the country is a short cut to it; so it might be supposed that being driven *off the road* might eventually hasten my arrival at the above-named golden town. Slow-going with hounds had gone out before I first saw them, and I always took care my nags should be at least fast ones; but, singular enough, I did not find them get me where I wanted to be, a bit faster (though the pace was so) than did the drag. So I thought, if the rate of twenty miles an hour won't do it, I'll try fifty; if a race-horse can't take me to a town that the slowest of the slow often arrive at, the deuce is in it. If I have to make even a circle, I shall get into "straight running" when between the cords, and I shall have no obstacles to get through or over. I found, however, that there were not only obstacles I could neither get through or over, but that the back of a race-horse at speed is by no means the best place from which to distinguish very distant objects. I have have no doubt but *Wealth* was straight before me, but

somehow race-horses can keep up the pace but for a given distance, and I found that any of those I have ridden were pumped out before they got me near enough to catch a glimpse of the town I wanted to arrive at.

"Confound you!" said I (alluding to the town, not the horse); "if neither trotters, gallopers, nor even racers can reach you, I'll now try quite a different dodge. The pen—aye, the pen—one stroke of that can sometimes give a man a passport to title, honour, and distinction; this can procure me a free ticket to the fair town of Wealth: and, 'fore George! having tried all other fast conveyances, the ticket obtained, I'll go there by rail: no second or even first class of an ordinary sort for me; the ticket got, I go by express train."

I have had conversation with several, indeed many, who, like myself, have fortunately hit upon this mode of fast progression to the wealthy town: they have none, as yet, seen it—nor have I; they all, however, tell me where it lies: so do my friends, who *regret exceedingly* they cannot accelerate my journey (which, it strikes me, is somewhat of a bold assertion for them to make before they *try*); they, however, wish me all possible success. Most luckily for me, there is no protectional duty on the importation of good wishes, so they are one of the luxuries in which I positively revel. It is, however, a great pleasure to know we are in the right road to the goal we wish to reach. In the course of a day or two after my arrival at the golden town, I shall feel much pleasure in making a description of it the subject of an article, for the edification of those who may not, like me, have hit on so certain a mode of getting there. I fancied, a day or two since, I got a distant glimpse of it. This induced me to put myself to the expense of purchasing one of Dollond's longest range telescopes; but, even with that,

I could not even make out the environs; but I have seen the country that leads to it, so in a few days I shall look again.

They tell me I shall distinguish the town of Wealth by an allegorical and emblematical group of two figures, the one erect (I do not say *upright*), the other kneeling. The first is a prime minister (it matters little who, for in some respects they are all mostly alike); the other is a cringing figure, holding two documents, one in each hand: these are votes, either of which he is supposed to be offering for the minister's acceptance. 'Cute fellows they must be in the town of Wealth: I shall get a wrinkle or two when I get there. Some croakers might say I have a chance of getting a good many before I do: they know nothing about the matter.

Some persons may feel indignant at my designating my countrymen as composing a money-loving nation. I deprecate the anger of such by a quotation—"Let the galled jade wince." There are many who ought to feel themselves above suspicion, so they need not be offended; there are others who would say such devotion to accumulating wealth shows the good sense of those who do it, so they *cannot* be offended; and as to such as covertly have this itch of Mammon, while wishing to pass themselves off as men of liberality, it matters little whether they are offended or not.

Now, let us see how far this accusation is deserved; and, to do this, we must for a brief space turn to things and matters not of a sporting nature.

In what other nation are there so many fortunes lost and gained as in England? This arises from the inordinate love of gain in its inhabitants; and in the case of nine men in ten, when fortunes are lost or gained, that love of gain that leads to immense speculation was the

primum mobile of the result. To a merchant, speculation of a certain sort is his business—it becomes habitual to him; but bring forward any new chimera that promises large returns, the eyes and ears of *all* are opened; and let a few fortunate hits be made, it is not the habitual speculator alone presses forward, but the naval and military man, the public office man, the clergy, farmers, shopkeepers, the man of large private fortune and the man of small means, all simultaneously rush to the head and front of the vaunted golden opportunity. A few swim, the rest sink, but one and all are acted on by the same impulse—a seemingly indigenous thirst for gain.

The vigilance that sets all classes on the *qui vive* when they see one or more individuals making a good thing, or form a chimerical idea that they are doing so, is not confined to South Sea bubbles, railroad speculations, or Californian diggings: a tape and twist man cannot be let alone; if it is seen, or thought, he is supporting himself and family, another twist and tape gentleman sets up a shop of greater pretensions as to look, but probably less so as to stability, next door, half or quite ruins a respectable man by underselling him, gets made a bankrupt, and then we find the scoundrel shortly afterwards with a villa in St. John's Wood and a shop in Regent Street, with men dressed as gentlemen's (or rather ladies') servants, hired to sit at the door as baits for that kind of small fry who, in the extreme of bad taste, exhibit their silks and themselves in diurnal promenades in this most questionable locality.

All this, I grant, has little to do with sporting; nor would it matter to the sportsman how all such matters were arranged, if they were "the be-all and the end-all here:" but they are not; for the same *animus* in the present generation has for some time been striking

at the root of one of his favourite pursuits, and that is racing.

I cannot but think that some persons (with whom in point of attributes of mind and talent I do not pretend to vie) take a partial, and I would almost venture to assert superficial, view of turf prospects; they look at things as they *are*, not as they *will be*.

The present flourishing state of racing affairs is trumpeted to the world by persons chiefly interested in a continuance of the present systems: these I consider to consist first of the betting men, and secondly the trainers. The first live by the large stakes now existing, and the number of horses running for them; for in most cases the greater the number the safer the book. Trainers of course live with more or less gain, according to the number of horses in their stables, bad or good; in the ordinary way, the horse worth a thousand and the one worth fifty pay the same: that is, the trainer is paid the same for them, which is all he cares about.

I in no shape mean to speak, or even insinuate anything against public trainers. Taking them as a whole, I firmly believe them to be as honest and honourable in their acts and intentions as any other class of men of their standing, the business of whose life is to *make money*. I am quite aware the butcher, baker, cheesemonger, tailor, and others of such ilk, in a general way would hold a trainer or a jockey as men not to be in any way trusted. Now, with all proper respect for the first-mentioned gentry, I only beg to say, if I sent a horse to a trainer of repute, I should feel quite satisfied he would get his fair allowance of hay and oats (the articles the trainer supplies) without my being there to watch the proceeding. I should not feel the same confidence in the other lot; as, however, the business of both is to make

money, both in their respective ways would get a little where they could, yet both, as money-making men, might be a fair sample of their genus.

The term "strictly honest" is by far more definite than the interest of most men inclines them to allow it to be. I consider the true definition of honesty in our intercourse with mankind to be, the giving a fair equivalent for that which we receive. This being my conception of the term, I may somewhat astonish some people if I say I do not hold a *mean* man an *honest* one. For instance, if I saw a poor fellow out of work and in a state of destitution, it would no doubt be better for him to work for six shillings a week than starve, though the usual pay of such a man might be nine; but I should not hold myself an honest man if I availed myself of his distress to get his labour under its value. I do not rob him, it is true—and many men think if they do not rob they are honest, indeed many think themselves so that do rob when it is only in petty pillages in trade; but whether you take a man's money without giving him money's worth in *something*, or whether you take his labour without giving him labour's worth in *money* or something else, you morally rob him. His consent is nothing: a man consents to be robbed of his money if a pistol is at his head or a knife at his throat; the other consents to be partially robbed of his labour, because poverty or starvation is at his heels. In the first instance the man is wholly robbed of his money; the other is, to a certain degree, robbed of his labour. In the one case possibly the rich only is robbed; in the other the poor is, or, to say the least, defrauded—yet "Brutus is an honourable man"—so perhaps would he be thought to be by many: I should hold him as a contemptible kind of petty-larceny culprit.

For such a man there is no excuse. Now, the trainer is often compelled to do that which he knows is not conscientiously honest, from the folly or obstinacy of his employers. A trainer to be honest should, if he finds a colt to be one that never will make a racehorse, at once give his opinion or conviction to the owner; and I have no doubt that the generality of them would do so, if they found the owner to be a man of sense—I mean sense in racing matters. But speaking of men generally, if they are the breeders as well as owners of colts, sacrilege would be a venial sin in their estimation, when compared with the heinous one of thinking or rather discovering their "promise of the Derby" to be only fit to run for a saddle. If the dam had happened to have been able to run a bit, "one risen from the dead" would never convince most owners but that her progeny *must run* also. It is true, breeders see scores of colts bred, and also see that not one in twenty turns out worth a hat as a racehorse, and not one in fifty proves a good one; still such is the infatuation of breeders, that they will consider their colt to be this one. Of course I do not allude to men who breed extensively; they know well enough the chances against them, and this is why they do breed so extensively. Why did Lord George Bentinck breed the host he did? He well knew he should not want half a tenth part of the number he bred; but being a thorough judge of such matters, he well knew that with the best running blood on both sides, and with the most judicious crosses, it was only from numbers he could expect to keep up a string of any pretensions as racehorses.

Yet with such examples, in fact proofs, before their eyes, we see men with a moderate mare or two, and perhaps not selecting the most proper sires, fancying they can breed runners; and this often in situations quite

unfit for rearing a racing colt. Such breeders hear that it is proper the colt should be well and liberally fed; thinking, therefore, that if a given quantity of oats will force the young one up into a fine horse, extra feed will make him finer still. They cram him with them for a year and a-half, probably keep him in one and the same small paddock like a pig in a sty; by which he becomes constitutionally fat, and necessarily inactive and habitually inert: he is then sent to a trainer. Such owners are mostly anxious to have their pet tried. What is a trainer to do? Trying a colt before it *is fit* is no trial at all; and the trainer well knows before such a colt is fit for a decisive trial he must all but give him a new nature. If he wisely and properly puts off such trial, it is set down to a motive of interest, on the score of swelling out the bill for keep. If he tries him in an improper state, some injury most probably is the result; and, if not, the colt not being *fit* to go, of course *cannot*, and the owner takes him away in despair, or very likely in anger. If the owner sells him, and he is found good for nothing, the trainer is lucky if the breeder does not say "that the colt went into . . . 's hands as promising and as fine a one as ever stepped; but" (shrugging up his shoulders) "somehow or other they completely spoiled him." If, on the other hand, he is sold to some one who manages him judiciously, and he does turn out a fair or moderate horse, the incompetency of his first trainer is by the late owner considered as incontestably proved; and he is fortunate if he is not pronounced to be a rogue as well as a fool.

I hope from what I have said that the inexperienced, who may commence breeding racehorses, will not do so under the impression that good racehorses can be bred to anything bordering on certainty. Fine pigs or aspa-

ragus may; but even in the most judicious mode of breeding racing stock they usually fall far short of the breeder's hopes, and very often of his deserts also.

But we will look to brighter results, or at least to such as for a time look so, and suppose a man to have bred a good one. He rubs his hands, all but feeling something about three thousand in them as his Derby or Leger winnings: he may as well put his hands in his pockets, for they will often have to go there. In the abstract sense of the word, he has got a good horse, or rather colt—no bad thing to get, and one that, if properly managed, is to be made a source of considerable gain; but unfortunately, as turf matters have for some years been carried on, a good horse becomes an *article*, and neither more nor less than an article of speculation and business; for if the owner does not make him so, there are thousands who will; and this, in the term suggested by my friend, is one of the "curses" of the course.

Taking a short-sighted view of the matter, the idea is a natural one that, if we wish to encourage racing, we must produce something worth racing for. This certainly seems sound sense—in short, a poser to attempt to refute. I make no such attempt, but beg to bring forward a supposed case.

We will say that government finds occasion to establish a new department, no matter for what purpose. We will suppose—though a most unusual, extreme, improbable, and all but impossible case—that influence with the Prime Minister shall have in this solitary department no influence. Still, it is determined that those filling it shall be scions of the aristocracy—in short, it is to be a department of gentlemen of family.

The man of business, and the man who holds money to be the only good in life, would say: "Depend on it,

the salaries will be very high." "Not so, Mr. Grip-atall," says the intended head of the department; "for if they were, we should have you or some of your tribe trying to get in. No; we will make the salaries of such minor consideration as not to challenge the cupidity of persons of your habits and ideas: and further, its duties, and those who perform them, shall be so aristocratic, that persons of your grade in society would feel so truly uncomfortable, if from any chance they got *in*, that they would be most happy to get *out* again as soon as possible. A nobleman would put his relation in such a department, and make up the deficiency of pay; but he would not make him an excise officer at any pay."

That getting together large sums of money, so as to make large stakes, may increase racing as a business, is probable enough; but are the persons moving in that business of a class likely either to benefit racing, as encouragers of breeding fine horses, or refining society either, as sportsmen or citizens of the world? No one, I think, will suppose that it has the latter effect; and I feel satisfied it has not the former. The facility and safety of book-making, which large stakes and numerous starters afford the legs, certainly keep numbers on the turf who ought to be hooted off it; and the numerous handicaps, as they are now conducted, take numbers of owners of race-horses to York, Goodwood, Newmarket, and elsewhere, who, with their horses, ought to be shut out from any place beyond the little goes round London. I in no shape consider the gentleman, the farmer, or the sporting tradesman, who may keep a third-rate horse or two running, to be, in point of respectability, one whit behind the man who has a string of first-class horses, if the former run their horses from a love of sport. I do not object to the man of small means who

with his racing pony, Galloway, or veteran, earns his living by keeping, training, and himself or sons riding them. Possibly and probably he has the wish to own better, and would run them as a sportsman if he had. He may be a Sir Gilbert Heathcote in honour, as a sporting man, though glad to pick up his twenty in a race. Such a man is a respectable one: as Paddy says, "More strength to his elbow!" I wish the turf was composed of all such, with better means. The absolute curse of the turf, looking at it as a sport, is the man who loves money, but cares nothing about sport.

This brings us to the point of what the leg is. I give my version of the case as this:

A man may frequent all the race-courses in England, bet at them all and on every race there, and yet be no leg. He is a betting man no doubt, but still no leg. He has a standing in the world as a gentleman, yeoman, or what not. It matters little what he is, if his leading position among his fellow-men is a respectable one, and he does not make betting a trade. So soon as he does, his respectability ceases. Win he must, somehow, or starve, to avoid which, and in fact to live well, he will do *anything*.

While in the midst of this article, I had occasion to leave off to call on a friend who is a professional man. I found him most irate against an owner who had sold a horse my friend had backed. The horse was scratched, and my friend got a scratch to a small amount in consequence.

Did not I think such a fellow ought to be whipped off a race-course? "I do not quite know that," (said I); "but if you had been, you would have saved your ten-pound note. Pray, did you subscribe towards the race?" No, he had not—not he. Why should he subscribe

money to races for other people's horses to run for? "Quite right," (replied I). "Pray, did you pay any portion of the horse's training expenses?" Of course he had not. "Yet," (said I), "without being of the slightest use to the races, the horse, or his master, you expect he should run him because you fancy he would have won, and if he had, you would have won your money. I daresay the owner neither invited nor advised you to back his horse. If he had, it would have been another thing. If you had betted the other way, it seems you would have won, no doubt have pocketed your winnings, and laughed if any had been 'put in the hole.' What business have you betting at all, being in no way a racing man? If you will bet, you must put up with these little funny things. They constantly occur where very large stakes render it worth while to practise them; so, you see, there is a 'glorious uncertainty' in racing, as well as in your profession. These are to some, as the case may be, the blessings of the turf, while to others they are one of the 'curses of the course.'" "Pray," (asked my friend), "what right had he (the owner) to advertise his horse for the race, if he did not mean to run him?" "Pray," (said I), "how was he to run him for that race without? Most probably he did fully mean his horse to go when he named him, and fully meant him to win if he could. You choose to be satisfied he could have done this; his master might have private reasons that convinced him he could not. If he could have won, the owners of the other horses are obliged, instead of hurt; if he could not, it is a matter of no importance to them whether he ran or not. It is only the bettors that squeak, for they only are hurt; and, with them, what is death to some is life to others. Now, as I have said, the owner might have reason to know his colt could not

win. If he *had* run, and if he 'cut up badly,' it would have probably brought his supposed value from twelve hundred to four or five. The owner might have suspicions that, if he ran, 'a leg would go:' this would still further reduce his value. Or the owner might consider the twelve hundred to be just four times his colt's real value. Supposing any of these causes to have induced his sale, you would modestly expect the owner to put seven or eight hundred out of his own pocket, to give you a chance of putting a few pounds in yours. The owner did not preclude the colt's running by selling him. If others chose to put their friends in the pot, it was nothing to him."

Show me an owner who, with every cause to believe his colt or horse can win, lays or gets laid long odds against him, and then sells him, with a perfect understanding that he is not to be started. I should, under such circumstances, quite subscribe to my friend's opinion that such a man should be whipped off a race-course—indeed, every race-course—not because he, by selling his horse, happened to give the wrong end of the stick to parties of whom he knew nothing, but because, having betted himself, or by his agents, with certain known persons, he makes his bet no *bet at all*, but a *certainty*. This is a take-in, a do—in fact, an unmitigated robbery. If, however, before naming, he has good reasons for selling his horse, tells this to those he has betted with, and lets them off their bets—as all bets, if fair, are casualties, he cannot be said to have taken in his friends; and what the effect might be on general and professed bettors would, I allow, not trouble my conscience.

No one can dispute that large stakes bring out a great number of fine horses—that is, if they are not handicaps—and thus far heavy stakes do good; but the moment

handicapping comes on, however large the stakes may be, this beneficial effect ceases, encouragement to keep good horses gets a check, and the keeping bad ones an encouragement.

There can be no possible objection to a sweepstakes of 5 sovs. each, with £20 added, for a class of horses like those that went for a similar one at the Warwick and Leamington November Meeting: here about fifteen started, entered at prices that brought them to about six hundred per dozen, and close racing it was; but, talking of valuable animals, this was really a very *handsome* price, for in the next meeting out came a small lot, noticed at the modest rate of £240 per dozen. This is all right enough: the small fry were in their proper depth; and so long as they are kept there, they produce as well-contested racing, and often far better, than a Derby, Leger, or other great race, and sometimes (as far as the eye can detect) go pretty nearly as fast as two-thousand-guinea ones.

Such races, in fact, do a great deal of good, and did a great deal more than they do—that is, before railroads ran everywhere. It is true these iron conveyances bring a vast influx of persons to races; but then they take them all away again so soon as the day's racing is over. So the towns derive now comparatively no benefit from the meeting, and instead of scores of gentlemen and respectable men of other grades coming their ten, fifteen, twenty, or more miles to the races, which induced, indeed obliged, them to spend some time in the town, and many to sleep there, these railroads bring blacklegs and blackguards (I beg the blackguards' pardon for putting them after the blacklegs) from London, who come to see what they can get, and, succeed or not, hurry back to London to lay plans for the next day.

I am very far from wishing to see racing generally of this mediocre order. Let us have Newmarket, Doncaster, Epsom, Ascot, Goodwood, York, &c.; so let there be Barnet, Enfield, and even the Rosemary Branch at Peckham—why not? Let all classes be amused and profited; but do not let us have, figuratively speaking, Rosemary Branch horses at our aristocratic meetings, which we now have, by letting them run under weight, that is tantamount to turning them loose to contend with such horses as the immortal Collingwood, the flying Crucifix, that best of creatures Beeswing, or that once perpetual motion, old Catherina.

I know little of trade, but I suspect if any custom was mooted calculated to make the chance of the large capitalist little better than that of a man who could only open an apple stall, our City millionaires would be pretty loud in their vociferations against such regulations; yet it is something bordering on this in many of our races now; for instance, we will say such animals as Pamela, Patrick, Rochester (and there are plenty of such going) run with Collingwood—the former at perhaps 5st. 10lbs., the latter and others of his class at 9st. 4lbs. or 9st. 7lbs. —the weights may be fair enough, but Collingwood or one of his compeers breaks down: where is the fairness then?—a horse that was certainly worth fifteen of such others as I have mentioned has his racing career put an end to by struggling against, for the same prize, and put upon an equal footing with as to his chance of winning, as horses that ought to be sold like stale mackarel—so much the lot, and one given in, if bought by the dozen.

Some say large stakes and handicaps produce large betting. I do not dispute *that;* but I do not think it is *incontestably* PROVED, though many assert it is, that this extensive betting is *quite the vitality* of racing, though

in some instances it has been the *mortality*, and in most instances the ruin, of any who bet at all honestly or honourably. I hope—and it would take a great deal to convince me to the contrary—that the love of sport inherent in Englishmen is the *vitality* of racing; and only let men who love racing have a fair chance with their horses, racing will go on in England as long as trees grow in it, or men exist to use them.

We will say betting *is* encouraged by our present system: let us see the advantages gained. We will say a sporting baker bets with a sporting cheesemonger; if they are equally good judges, baker loses his hundred, and the man of mites wins it. They bet on another event: in rouge-et-noir phrase, Baker wins, Cheese loses. No harm in this; they get their money back. They then bet with a minor leg: both lose, and neither get their money back: but, worse than this, they lose character as tradesmen by the company they are seen in, nor do I see that the turf has gained by such transactions; if it has, "there is that within which passes show."

There is a way in which betting *is* conducive to the welfare of the turf, or rather *was* so. There are noblemen and gentlemen who like the stimulant of betting, and, as one means of enjoying it, kept a string of first-class horses in training. If our present system conduced to bring or keep such men on the turf, it is rather extraordinary that they have left it, which, looking at the standing of the majority of owners of race-horses now, we cannot shut our eyes to the fact that they have. Such individuals backed their horses heavily, and betted among themselves. This kept the game going; and had such horses been allowed fair play, houses in Newmarket now deserted would be a scene of hospitality and festivity during the meetings, and noblemen and

men of family would form a very large proportion of those witnessing the running; but now their comparative number is so small, that we almost hear the inquiry—"Which is Bolingbroke?"

No doubt that a very increased number of the slang-termed "fivers" change hands from the increased number of horses starting: these are exchanged among men, ninety-nine out of a hundred of whom never gave a shilling towards a race in their lives, but when they come to a race merely "encumber the soil;" they have not "the soul to fertilize" without the extraneous aid of scores of fifty-pound horses running. I believe the Duke of York, Earl Grosvenor, Sir Charles Bunbury, Captain Mellish, and hundreds of others of their day, found inducement, appliances, and opportunities enough to bet to no small amounts, and kept horses by the dozen, but not such as could conveniently be purchased in a certain way. Meteoras, Violantes, Eleanors, Sanchos, &c., were not run over and over again in order to get well in for handicaps. There is, however, one thing I must allow, as a comfort in owning horses kept for such purposes, the masters of such, figuratively, and indeed many in reality, "sit on velvet:" if he ever wins twelve or thirteen hundred, it is a nice little morning's work; if he does not, most probably his book on the lot, starters and non-starters, pays his entry. If "Miserabile-dictu," "There-she-goes-with-her-eye-out," "Jemmy-go-gently," or whatever new-fangled sort of cognomen the creature runs under, breaks down, or breaks his or her neck, it is only a *might-be* gain that is *lost*, for the three or four prior gains have, in all probability, been made as many winnings to the owner; so as "Jemmy-go-gently" was claimed at £40: had him six weeks, say £14 training expenses; travelling, £5; three entries at £3, makes

£9; three jocks, £9; say £77 Dr. Per contra Cr.: At * * * * *, £37; * * * * *, £42; * * * * *, £25: making £104. Not so bad; but better luck next time. If "There-she-goes" does not win with 5st. 10lbs. on her, I'm no prophet; under such circumstances as attended the breaking down of "Jemmy-go-gently," the owner is comparatively to be envied. How different the feelings of the owner and his friends when Sancho broke down when winning!

But be of good cheer, O Turf! be of good cheer, thou bleak Heath of Newmarket! though, by the bye, I think if a dozen brooms were made from it no heath would remain. Better and more cheerful scenes await the dull monotony of the flat—the railroad; blessings on it for visiting a spot that erst was different from all other race-courses, its only semblance being the Curragh. Crowds from St. George's and eke from St. Giles's shall now "make running to the bushes." Police will soon be wanted to control the harmless gaiety of such a throng. The throng will want to feed. The public must be accommodated (so says that fat owner of a ham and beef shop; so says his spouse, who some short time since would no more have thought of a visit to Newmarket than to Baffin's Bay). The public must also be amused, and amused in their own way. It will all be easy enough; the rail can bring round-abouts, materials for booths; and if a lot of biped beasts *loose*, why not a lot of quadruped beasts *in cages?* Omnibuses can be made to suit the arches: how handy to bring down a pleasant party from Houndsditch slap to the Heath, and No. 6780 rumbles along its blessed contents to the T.M.M. or T.Y.C. This is all in course: it's the march of intellect, but if it occurs, I shall call it the Curse of the Course.

BURIED ALIVE; AND CHARACTERISTIC ANECDOTES OF A SPORTING CHARACTER.

"A fellow of most infinite variety—"

"I could have better spared a better man."

Among the variety of characters that constitute the population of this "breathing world" of ours, in no living or defunct mortal was ever, perhaps, found a more extraordinary amalgamation of virtues and errors than in the subject of this shortened sketch of characteristic anecdotes of the man. His name, or the biography of his family, would only gratify curiosity to mention here, without in any way conducing to the amusement of the reader: it might, farther, be unpleasing to some of his amiable surviving relatives; and I hope and trust that in all I have written on different subjects, I have never been found to say what I conceived could be hurtful to the feelings of any amiable individual.

Fred's parents, who had always moved in good society, justly proud and fond of their only son, complied with his wish of being allowed to enter the army, and, in further compliance with his wish, a cavalry regiment was selected.

Fred, who was critically handsome, had one of those peculiar casts of countenance that once seen was not easily forgotten; it was perfectly that of a gentleman, but one that a romantic and enthusiastic fancy would select as that of some distinguished and handsome chieftain. *En grand tenue,* he was the *beau ideal* of a soldier—a

most refined taste in every thing that regarded elegance or *vertû*, quick natural and acquired talent, and a manner the most winning, where he wished to win. He was, on making his *debût* in the world, in that situation that enabled him to start, not only fair, but under advantageous circumstances, on the road to fame—fortune he had already, and a larger in *prospectu*.

In our onset in life we are most of us placed on a path from which (at the most acute of all possible angles) diverge two roads, the one leading to fortune, the other to ruin. The first deviation is so little apparent, that we often take whichever way adventitious circumstances lead us into; and for a time the divergement is so slight, that those who take either road feel themselves within hail of each other; so there is nothing for some time perceived to alarm the most wary, or to induce him to alter his course. But the commonest schoolboy knows that if two lines have already diverged the hundredth part of an inch at ten paces distant from our persons, give but sufficient length of line, two persons having each selected his side, will in the end find themselves so far apart, that he who took the wrong side will find life will be too short to allow him to retrace his steps, or even to cross over to his wiser wayfarer. Unfortunately the two lines are not always placed in fair array before us, the wrong one often showing as the most easy and most agreeable. I need scarcely say that my friend Fred, who always through life seized on that which presented present comfort or present amusement, chose the wrong turn, and pursued it to its extreme end.

I have always considered the difference between Fred and the generality of mankind to be this: he never acted on principle, but had a great deal of heart; mankind, often from worldly motives (only), act on principle, but have no heart at all. The majority of men are too wary

to often do much actual wrong, and are too selfish to do any thing strikingly generous. Fred, from want of a leading principle, would err in nine cases in ten; but in the tenth his heart would lead him to one act that would throw all his other errors into oblivion. He was one who, if I may be allowed the expression, took your admiration of, and attachment to, him by storm. He was one "whose spirit seemed to dare you to forget." Such was friend Fred in his early life.

On first joining a mess every new comer, like a freshman at college, becomes an object of speculation as to his propensities, the general bias of his pursuits, and turn of mind. The first evening often, nay, generally decides whether he is to be one of the *élite*, the butt of the regiment, or one of those nondescript characters that no one much likes, much dislikes, or, in fact, cares about. Of course Fred, on his initiation, had to undergo this ordeal, which being all done in that courteous way that characterises a military mess, Fred bore with perfect good humour. Had it been otherwise, he was quite one to show and prove that "ill brooked high Lara scrutiny like this." Some one among the youngsters, having probably heard, and heard with truth, that Fred was one of the most liberal and good-natured fellows in the world, thought perhaps that good nature was the antithesis to good sense. Now, according to the Irish saying, any one who took up Fred for a fool would drop him like a hot potato. The youngster, with bad taste and bad tact, told Fred he had heard he was a good-natured fellow, and at once asked him to lend him a hundred. "Pray, young sir," said Fred rising, drawing himself to his full height, and looking full at the youngster, "do you see 'Fool' written or reflected in my face?" "No," said the other,

somewhat abashed. "I thought it very probable you might," said Fred, quietly sitting down.

All looked unutterable things at this palpable hit; but from that moment he was the all-admired of the regiment. His horses, equipages, dress, servants, all and every thing he had, was in better taste and of a higher caste than those of any other man, his expenses manifold more profuse. He was one of the leading stars in all private society, where *ton* held its sway, and to which his perfectly gentlemanly winning and fascinating address gave him ever the *entrée*. On change of quarters, his character preceded him; and on arriving at other barracks, or other outposts, cards of invitation awaited him even from those to whom he had not brought notes of introduction.

It would be invidious, and perhaps improper, to say he was the best officer in the regiment; but on duty he was all a soldier should be, and all a soldier should look. He was not one of those adopting the miserable affectation of despising or d——g parade as a bore. He had chosen his profession, and, with his usual good taste, was resolved to excel in it. His horses were more perfect and more highly dressed as chargers than those of others; and to see him, as I have done, talking to a lady, his horse, without moving from the spot an inch, slowly marking time with each leg in succession, true as the tick of a chronometer, would induce us, as a voice of warning to the fair shrine of his adoration, to sing—

> "O lady, beware of a fair young knight,
> Who loves and who rides away."

And, in truth, among his other accomplishments, I have heard him in his peculiar way give that song, and many such, with a piquancy that few other men could throw into them.

His barrack-room was the lounge of all who could appreciate one of the pleasantest fellows living, or who liked all the good things in life that were always to be found there. As most liked both, his *levée* was always well attended; and, so long as Fred was in his room, so long were his brother officers and others there also; in fact, he kept a gratuitous refreshment-room for all comers. If he did not lay in his stock of cigars quite to the extent of Messrs. Fribourg or Pontet, they were regularly forwarded to him from those individuals in tolerably wholesale quantities. A large box was always open for the use of his friends, who were ready customers enough, though neither ready nor tardy moneyed ones. From habit they filled their pocket-cases from his store with as much nonchalance as one is sometimes induced to accept one with from the case of a friend. His wines, Maraschino, Curaçoa, and their several adjuncts, arrived and departed in equal profusion; nor was his purse held back with a more niggard hand, where any one after his own heart needed a portion of its contents. The very confectioners of any town where he was quartered felt, when he left it, as if their "occupation" was gone also.

This was all pleasant enough to Fred, and most particularly so to his friends and acquaintances. He was courted, feasted, *féted*, quoted, admired; he was sought by the high and rich for his refined taste and judgments in all articles of *vertú;* and, indeed, in all that appertained to the elegancies of life. He was followed by the lowly and poor, as one to whom the shivering wretch never turned an imploring eye in vain; but here his charities were often as misplaced and profusely unnecessary as many of his other acts. I have often known him, from the doorway of a pastry-cook's, where he was taking two or three melted jellies, qualified by as many

glasses of cherry brandy, call in a mendicant: "Here," he would say, "give this woman a double allowance of mock turtle." "Well, old Duchess," he would say (laughing, and enjoying the joke), "how do you find that suit your constitution?"

But, in racing phrase, poor Fred "made the pace too good to last." He "made such strong running" that he began to "get into difficulties." True, his liberal parent, proud of his only son, "shelled out," as Fred termed it, like a trump; and, to carry on the phraseology, had Fred now "taken a pull" not "at his horse," but at his career, he "had still sufficient running in it" to have "brought him in a winner at the finish." But no; "*Aut Cæsar aut nullus*" was his motto. As I am not writing his life, but a few characteristics of him, I am not here called upon to even touch on the finale.

It will be seen, from the way in which Fred was running his race, that to get "into difficulty" was no very difficult matter; but to get our nag out of it requires both "hand and head" of no ordinary kind; and game must he be to "go on in distress." In this qualification Fred "showed in the front rank." Nothing could ruffle his good temper, damp his humour, or subdue his spirit and resolution. He was "game as a pebble" in and under circumstances that would have frightened the senses of most men from "their propriety," he was calm, collected, and brought himself out with an adroitness that was peculiarly his own.

To be angry with him (do what he might) was quite out of the question; no man ever was or could be so long together. If friends or relatives came to chide him for his imprudence, they were sure to leave him all but convinced they were wrong, and had judged too hardly of him. I do not exactly say, as Goldsmith says of his

brother, that "those who came to scoff remained to pray;" for Fred's room was not precisely the place for a devotee; but those who entered it with a frown were certain to leave it with a smile, and, if convinced that he was incorrigible, one and all agreed he was the pleasantest incorrigible in the world.

Woe to the friend who with money in his pocket, or at his command, was hardy enough to come to Fred, determined to censure his conduct! Woe to the creditor who in similar circumstances came, resolved to "say his say!" Fred, as sure as they came, would, with imperturbable good temper, hear all they had to say, and, after easing them of that, would, in nineteen cases in twenty, ease them of as much of their cash as suited his immediate urgency. The being a creditor already made not the shadow of a difference; they became so "deeper and deeper still," so long and so often as they braved the persuasive powers and manners of him they came prepared to bend to their wishes or convince by their arguments. But an anecdote, bringing forward a specimen of his abilities in this way, will do more in a few minutes than my feeble powers of description could in as many hours.

I was sitting one morning, or noon rather, just beginning breakfast with him—all things in the edible (and, indeed, drinkable) way, as well as the breakfast appurtenances, were first class. Fred was attired in an ordinary morning-gown, some common-place waistcoat, and trousers, cotton stockings, and a rather worn pair of slippers. "Mr. Pomposi, sir," said the servant. "O show him up," said Fred, rising. "Do, my good fellow," said he to me, "keep him in chat till I come back. I shall not be ten minutes. I am going to change my dress. I know my man."

In that time he did return; and Asmodeus himself could not have wrought a greater change in so brief a period. His robe de chambre was now of dove-coloured silk, quilted, and lined with straw colour, of the same material; a white toilenette waistcoat, thrown back at the breast; a splendid short scarf, with golden-embroidered ends, round his neck; his full dress regimental trousers, silk stockings, and a magnificent pair of gold-embroidered Turkish slippers; his hair and whiskers arranged to the set of a hair.

"How are you, my dear Pomposi?" said Fred, extending his hand. "Devilish glad to see you. I have some capital news to tell you. I touched Sillylord for three thousand at Goodwood; but he begs for a month to square his book; then I 'touch the siller.' Besides this, my good mamma, as in duty bound, is to let me have five thousand in about a fortnight. All right now, old fellow. But come, sit down. Tea, or coffee? Or would you like chocolate? That galantine de gibier is not bad. Or try this turkey farcé aux truffles. You see we try to keep body and soul together here. Now for a glass of Cognac. Come, no affectation; off with it. Those glasses look large; but they hold nothing. Bring some liqueur," said he to the servant. "There," filling a bumper of L'huite doré; "take that; it stops all rebellion, and keeps the brandy from affecting the head." Whether it effected that purpose was shown by the visitor leaving off his Pomposi demeanour, and getting affable. Fred saw the witching moment; and getting a splendid writing-desk, "Here, Pomposi, you must just give me a check for a couple of hundred, to carry on the war for the next long fourteen days. I have owed you five, God knows how long; so call on

me, or I'll call on you, about the twentieth, and give you a check for all."

"Really," said Pomposi, evading for the moment a reply, "this is a magnificent thing, this desk."

"Not bad," said Fred; "it cost me a hundred at Phillips's. Do you know I intended it for you when I paid you the five hundred? so you shall now get it when I pay you the seven."

"I must not do it," said Pomposi.

"Then, by gad," said Fred, "I'll not give the desk at all."

"Then," said Pomposi, "you do promise it before this gentleman, if I lend you the money."

"*Solemnly*," said Fred. "You shall get the one the day you get the other."

The check was given: *when* he got either is unnecessary to the anecdote; but my life on Fred's honour Pomposi got both.

"Mr. Stringent, sir," said his valet, coming in.

"O show *him* into the library, and beg him to wait. Well, Pomposi," said he, "I must say 'Good morning;' business, my dear fellow, must be attended to." Exit Pomposi.

"Now," said he, "old fellow, I must manage this 'cane-furioso' in a different way. I must go down to him: he must not see this breakfast. The fact is, I was to have paid him five hundred on Monday last; and that is what he is come about. He would grumble like a hungry wolf if I did not soften him down. You must go to him with me."

"I?"

"Yes, you. I'll be back directly."

In a few minutes he returned in a large flannel gown, with a worsted comforter round his neck, white lamb's-

wool stockings, and a pair of easy slippers, his hair all about his ears, and his large whiskers hanging down each side of his cheek, like the fins of a turtle, and, however he had managed it, looking pallid enough.

"Do I look ill?" said he; "d——d ill?"

"Why, yes, pretty well," said I, laughing.

"Give me," said he, "that large cane in the corner; and let me take your arm. Now come along."

"Upon my life, Fred," said I, "I don't quite like this."

"Hold your tongue," said he; "I only want to put a muzzle on Cerberus till I can throw him his sop."

On nearing the library-door, "Gently," said Fred, in a weak voice, but loud enough to be heard; "you go too fast for me." On entering the room Fred threw himself into a chair: "O my breath!" said he.

"I am sorry to see you look ill, sir," said Stringent, softened at once. "Have you been long so? I rather wondered I had not seen you."

"No doubt you did, my good fellow," said Fred; "and if I could have gone *any where*, it should have been to you. I am just getting some money on some houses that have fallen in to me; this sudden attack has prevented my concluding it; but I am much better, and in a few days will get the money for myself, and I need scarcely say for you also. I am afraid to apply at home; for it would make my dear good mother alarmed beyond measure if she knew I was ill. They think me out of town; and if I applied to my man of business he would be sure to say how I am. Will you let me have a hundred till I can get out? Come now, you see the state I am in; I cannot talk."

"You *are* getting some money, you say?" said Stringent.

"Yes; I want to get three thousand. I don't know that I shall get that; but *some* money I shall get at once when I get out—of that I give you my honour."

"Well, then," said Stringent, "give me a pen, and I will give you an order." So ended this affair.

"This won't do, Fred," said I, after Stringent was gone. "You are only adding fuel to fire."

"What won't do?" said he. "Why I only 'stoop to conquer.' They are both as rich as Crœsus. I always get means to pay poor people; the rich must wait my convenience; they shall be paid in their turn, too."

A circumstance, however, shortly after this occurred that had well nigh put poor Fred *hors de combat*, and buried all his errors, generosity, contrivances, enjoyments, and difficulties, in one tomb with him, by his being buried alive.

Fred, being quartered in a town in Ireland, was, as a matter of course, head and front among the members of the hunt established in that neighbourhood. The fixture being one day rather a distant one, he was a little more alert as to time than usual; and his hack being a fast one, he came up with the hounds some two miles short of the appointed meet, which enabled him to see the following unlooked-for "kill," and somewhat ludicrous hunting incident. A very young sportsman who was with them, under the tutelage of the huntsman, seeing a red animal sitting by the side of a ditch, gave a "tallyho" (taking it for a fox), the hounds were on the *qui vive* instanter. "Hould your noise," cried the huntsman. "Sure it's only a big cat. Faith, and she takes it mighty cool, and a pack of hounds anent her." But coolness here, useful as it is generally in cases of danger, was misplaced. Old Ravager got "a run," and rushed at her. Puss made for a hole in the hedge; but even the proverbial

quickness of a cat here failed her—she missed her mark. One of Ravager's grips settled her; and, in less than two minutes, all that remained of pussy was a piece of her skin in the hound's mouth. "Well," said the huntsman, "they've had blood arly in the day any how."

The hounds, on arriving at the fixture, were soon thrown into a gorse cover. "Pug was at home," and, like Macbeth's guests, stood not on the order of his going, both went at once; and a bursting bat he took them along, Fred sailing away in his usual style. Coming to a wall, the huntsman and field made a cast to a lower part. Fred thought this was to avoid the higher part: "Now for a topper," cried he, clapping spurs to Three Hundred; and at it he went straight as a shot. "'Ware, bog!" cried the whip; but it was too late. Fred's horse sunk in fetlock deep, half rose at the wall, and both rolled over it, in hunting phrase, "a regular burster." The fox took a short turn out of his line, and the field were soon out of sight. This happened close to a cabin. Fred was drawn senseless from under his horse, and conveyed in-doors. What then occurred to him was within an ace of being perhaps for ever unknown to him or any one else.

It is but justice to the cotters to say that, according to their version of the story, they did all they knew to restore life to their senseless guest; but these proving useless, and believing him quite dead, a splendid gold watch, chain, and appurtenances, a large ring, a well-stored purse, and good clothes, determined them on the following rather novel procedure. It happened that at the time of the accident, a corpse was lying in the cabin in its shell, prior to being, according to Irish custom, "waked." From this they ejected the right occupant, and, dressing Fred in such habiliments as the corpse had worn, they placed the new comer in the shell "quite dacent;" and,

considering Fred, under the circumstances, a kind of godsend, as wreckers do the wrecked vessel, they were probably consulting as to the disposal of their booty; for Fred, it was resolved, should be buried in lieu of their relative. The noise of horses and voices was heard close to the door: these were a couple of his brother officers, his own servant, and a dragoon, come in search of him, guessing, as he had not been seen after the fall, that the inmates of the cottage could give some information about him. That they at once found they could do, from seeing Fred's hunter shivering under a peat-hovel. On entering the door they demanded the how and whereabout of their friend. A stalwart, gaunt specimen of an Irish peasant rose up from a turf seat by the fire, and, taking his "dudeen from his jaw," doffed his hat, but said nothing.

"Ah, sure, your honour, it's dead he is entirely, worse luck," cried a squalid-looking crone, wringing her hands in a manner peculiarly Irish. "But," continued she, "it's dacent and comfortable we've made him, any way; rest to the sowl of him!"

Without waiting more, one of the officers shoved open a door, and in a half hovel, half room, there was Fred, sure enough, but not dead, as they supposed; for, on rushing into the small mausoleum in which the shell and its contents were placed, they knocked one end of the shell off its resting-place: the fall produced instant effect; and up sat Fred in his shell, staring with an amazement that could only have been equalled had he been cognizant of the favour intended him. The old crone went down on her knees, doubtless invoking every saint in the calendar. The tall peasant, standing in the doorway, looked in with a scowl of disappointed avarice, but suddenly, with Irish quickness, crossed himself, saying,

"The Lord be betune us and harm." Fred's friends each put an arm under his to support him, who, giving a long inspiration, and unconscious of his precise situation, ejaculated, "*Brandy!*"

The scene here became ludicrous. Fortunately his man *had* brought a pocket-flask with him; this he handed to his master, who exemplified the last line of the song, "To the bottom, to the bottom, down she goes." The brandy finished what the fall of the shell had begun. He was now sensible.

"Why, where the devil am I?" said he, looking over each side of the shell he sat in. "A coffin, by gad!" said he. "Pray, gentlemen, am I a corpse or not?" "No, my dear fellow," said they, "you are all right now." "Gad, it's confounded cold," said Fred. "If you will just help me out of this cursed box, I should like to change my dress. This is rather a cool one for January."

His man being despatched in search of his master's clothes, they helped him out, and wrapping him in a dragoon cloak, they had time to look round the apartment.

"Why, what is this?" said one of his friends. "A corpse, by all that's horrible."

And so it was. There lay the ejected tenant of the shell. The friends shuddered as they thought what would shortly have been the fate of one so liked as Fred was.

"Rather an awkward *contretemps* this, gentlemen," said Fred. "I will dress by the fire in the other room, if you please; for really I feel rather unpleasant in the farther society of my friend there," pointing at the corpse.

On Fred's gear and valuables being demanded by his

servant, the crone pulled from under the rude bedstead a large iron pot, such as is found in most Irish cabins for boiling potatoes, and from this produced the clothes and etceteras.

"It's safe I put 'em," said the hag, "ready for the gentleman's friends, when they came, God bless 'em."

"Yes," said the man, "and you'd have put my master safe too, if we had been much later. He would have gone to pot as well as these things."

Fred was soon attired, mounted his horse, and, though ill from cold and the fall, rode home.

Poor Fred! since these occurrences took place, many summers and winters have smiled and frowned on thy tomb. If thy eccentricities, imprudences, errors, and exploits, still live in the memory of thy friends, thy many virtues, liberality, and shining attainments are still deeper enshrined in the breasts of all who knew thee. The world might with truth say, "it could have better spared a better man."

"ALTERATION, WONDERFUL ALTERATION."

OLD SONG.

WE are all aware that alteration of any sort, or in any thing, is very apt to be regarded not only with a jealous, but a prejudiced eye, by those accustomed to long and fixed habits either of agency or observation; and it would be a somewhat Herculean task to persuade those who had derived comfort or amusement from certain things as they *have been*, that a new organization of such matters amounted to improvement, if it caused their stepping aside from the beaten path they had trodden so long. Perhaps in no period in history has so great a change taken place in England, and in Englishmen, as during the last half-century. England is no more what England was, than is Rome what Rome was in the days of imperial Cæsar. Not that, like it, England has fallen from its wonted greatness, but it is as much changed.

It is, I believe, bordering on a century since one of our pastoral poets thus apostrophized his countrymen—

> "Heavens! how unlike our Belgic sires of old—
> Rough, poor, content, ungovernably bold:"

The roughness being exchanged for more courtesy of manner is, no doubt, an advantage gained; for though sincerity may necessarily often occasion observation or answer by no means flattering, coarseness of manner is no proof of sincerity of disposition. Then we come to the term *poor*. This is not very easily defined; for a

country may be in itself, as a whole, enormously rich, and yet exhibit in some of its features a vast amount of squalid misery: while, on the other hand, if things could be brought to so desirable a state, though another country might be poorer, it might be quite possible that actual penniless poverty might be unknown in it. Perhaps at the period our poet alludes to, the community at large were all comparatively poor; that is, there were few or no millionaires, a greater proportion of persons with all the necessary comforts of life, and fewer in a starving state.

With respect to the boldness he seems to hold as fading from our land, I trust and believe that in his day, and at the present one, there is quite as great an amount of courage in our country as there was before, at the time of, or for centuries after The Conquest. We have shown (at no distant period) that from the peer to the peasant, when opposed to an enemy, we are still "ungovernably bold:" our temper and passions are not so ungovernable as they were when we were a ruder nation; but our courage is as ungovernable as ever to those by whom we do not choose to be governed: the change among us, as regards boldness, is only that we now, when called on, exhibit the determined and high courage of the hero, instead of the blind ferocity of the gladiator or bandit.

Still a wonderful change has certainly come over our habits: how far the change may lead to effeminacy, and how far that may lead eventually to pusillanimity, is not for me to decide.

Most of the changes that have taken place in our manners have arisen in a great measure from circumstances, and quite as many from the folly of the English nation, in suffering their habits to be guided by those that it is the height of folly in the generality of persons to attempt to imitate.

Our gracious Sovereign, it appears, has a most refined taste in, and an exquisite ear for, music. Her illustrious consort is similarly gifted; and both daily gratify such taste by hearing the finest compositions played by the best performers. This is a gratification, of course, beyond the reach of most persons: so, as a substitute, we have M. Jullien's concerts; and the Miss who can scarcely spell half-a-dozen consecutive words correctly, promenades there a self-constituted critic, and all but fancies herself within the halo of sovereignty, because her ears are *stunned* by sounds of the same nature as those that, when exquisitely performed, gratify the chaste ear of royalty. But being gratified, or pretending to be gratified herself, is not sufficient for the young lady who condescends to patronize M. Jullien to the extent of a shilling: unless the equally gifted young gentleman who accompanies her is equally entranced, she sets him down as a half-savage—to avoid which, the chances are he makes himself an entire fool.

Prince Albert is not so partial to fox-hunting as to other field sports. If he were, no doubt we should see that most ridiculous and unsportsmanlike exhibition, namely, a scarlet hunting-coat in London streets, as common in winter as scarlet geraniums in summer. Print-shops would teem with hunting plates and hunting pictures. Young gentlemen, even if frightened to death, would be obliged to hunt, to please their mistresses. "Prince Albert is a fox-hunter," would then be said; so Peter Allspice would hire a horse three times a year, sport the pink, and call himself a fox-hunter; also, maybe, would have a remote idea that this would be, to a certain degree, an approximation. It would, about as much as breathing air, which the Prince does also. Now, among other sporting pursuits, Prince Albert patronizes

deer-stalking; consequently, prints of deer-stalking, and deer in all situations and attitudes, fill every shop-window. Deer-stalking is a sport that can be achieved but by very few persons: if it could, no doubt the very persons who now exhibit the Golden Fleece suspended over their shop doors would, after eulogizing the fabric and texture of the stockings we might purchase of them, favour us with a description of their deer-stalking lodge near Loch or Glen something in Scotland, and favour us by a sight of a pair of antlers in proof of their prowess in such noble sport, causing something like a roguish idea to enter our minds, that if they got another pair of horns for their own particular wear, while neglecting their business and home, it would serve them right. Imitating the great, where they show greatness of mind, is laudable in any one; but imitating their private habits, taste, or appearance, borders very closely on impertinence *in the multitude*.

Our great-grandfathers, though a jolly, jovial, set of fellows, and no bad supporters or defenders of their country, would not only have disliked, but despised, a man if he had even a smattering of the French language; would have (something'd) him as a French (something), while the man who could drink his four bottles of wine after dinner, eat a pound of rump-steak, and take his quart of ale for breakfast, would have been held as one of the right sort; and if he knew every fox-earth in the country, and could make his stentorian lungs heard half through a county, he would have been held as a glory to England, which is one proof, if any were wanting, that one of the glories of the English is to do every thing in the extreme. I like the man who despises a fop; but this need in no way make him admire an ignorant half-savage.

Fox-hunters are now men of enlightened minds, high education, and refined manners; as elegant in their

deportment and attributes in the drawing-room, as the man whose only pleasures are found there. This is as it should be, and is well if it is allowed to remain so. The mind of woman—that I hold to be naturally as strong, and certainly more fertile, than that of man—is now drawn out by education, that the bigotry and short-sightedness of our forefathers thought quite unnecessary. This present state of such matters is quite right also, if also it would stop there; but it will not. In proof of this, I know a lady whose natural talents have been cultivated by an attention to every branch of education and accomplishment necessary to a gentlewoman. Reduced circumstances have induced her to give daily instruction. She answered an advertisement for a governess. Somewhat to her dismay, she found the advertiser was the wife of a shopkeeper: my friend, being a woman of strong mind, was not at once deterred by this somewhat mortifying prospect, so was ushered up to the lady, who, as far as dress went, was of course a very fine lady indeed. My friend stated her attainments, doubtless thinking them rather more than necessary for the scions of such a stem. Her astonishment may be conceived when told that German was indispensable! "All *genteel ladies* spoke German now." Heaven and earth upholsterers—"*genteel ladies* and German!"

That at the present moment the German language may be highly desirable and proper for those whose position in life may warrant an expectation of approaching a court, no one doubts; but for *genteel ladies*, who have about as much chance of getting there as of seeing Heaven in their lifetime, the absurdity of making a knowledge of German indispensable is truly English.

No one—at least, few now in England—seems to follow the dictates of their own mind or inclinations; but are

all guided by what others do, and those others are the great, whom they endeavour to copy, but cannot imitate. This is brought about in something like the following way:—We will say a sovereign or a prince patronizes any particular place or amusement, or adopts any peculiar dress or habit; the peer may, for or from some good reason, to a certain extent do the same thing; and this may be all proper enough, for then such habits remained in their proper sphere: but what was done by the prince and peer, in a few months is attempted to be imitated by the publican, though to the unmitigated inconvenience, and probably actual annoyance, of himself and family.

Her Majesty is an accomplished horsewoman, and enjoys such exercise in her own park, in the country, or if in the neighbourhood of London, in the most retired and rural districts that can be found, in company with her illustrious consort, and attended by a portion of her court. No sooner was this seen and known, than young and old, courageous or timid, high or low-born, every sort of female was popped upon her horse, and now Rotten Row pours forth its thousands at half-past six—a living inundation of every sort from Hyde Park.

No man has advocated ladies taking horse exercise more than I have. I hold it to be conducive to health, it strengthens the nerves of the timid, affords us the advantage and gratification of their society at a time we should be deprived of it if they were in their carriages, and moreover, a really elegant figure shows itself to great advantage in a riding-habit; but at the same time, the feeling of respect I ever entertain towards the high-born of my country would induce me, if I could, to inflict some little penalty on them, in return for the distinction they enjoy. I trust my association is with gentlemen: and at one time was often with those ranking very far

indeed above me; but as I never wish to foist myself unbidden among those with whom I have no pretensions to vie, so would I wish to see the great hold themselves in situations into which low-bred presumption could not intrude itself. A two hours' ride on horseback can be achieved before late in the day; and then from five till half-past six to see a string of the most splendid equipages filled with the loveliest women in the world, is an imposing sight, and one in which they cannot be jostled by the elbow of the plebeian. It is quite true that the Marchioness or Countess ——, or Lady Theodora ——, is known in Rotten Row by the initiated in fashion's circles: so she would be in an omnibus, probably, by some one. The others would not know her from Mrs. Gruyere or Mrs. Halibut, the cheesemonger or fishmonger's wife. To the crowd she is not more distinguishable in Rotten Row, in its dense mass of equestrians. It is true, our sovereign rides on horseback; but we should be somewhat surprised to see Her Majesty in the crowd of Hyde Park. So it is the bare act of sitting on a horse only that is imitated; for riding in the same place, and nearly under the same circumstances, as does the woman of equivocal character and position in life, is no more doing what the Sovereign does, than it would be if the woman of fashion walked up and down Regent Street because Her Majesty walks up and down the Slopes at Windsor. One would wonder this does not strike women of high standing: it does not; and no doubt the same thing will go on till at last the inundation of doubtful persons on horseback in Rotten Row will eventually, like the railroad to Brighton, drive the aristocracy from it; nor will they suffer if it does. The ride can be taken where the daughter or wife of the noble is not subject to the impudent stare of the shop boy, or the

knowing wink of grooms as they pass each other; the coronetted carriage proclaims its fair and high-born inmate to be in her proper place, and in her proper sphere.

The one-horsed Brougham is a very convenient carriage: so is the one-horsed hearse; and both in their place are proper; but the convenient Brougham now so much in vogue, with equally convenient inside passengers, is a very poor substitute for the *vis-à-vis*, its body coachman and two footmen. Were I a man of fortune and fashion, I would as soon see my wife in the upper boxes in the theatre as in a Brougham in Hyde Park.

But alteration and imitation are not confined to aping the great, or imitating others in great matters, but descends to those of the smallest import: aye, even to our horses' tails and manes.

"Sic parvos componere magna solebam."

When I first saw Leicestershire, a longish shaving-brush (the handle included) was about the length of some of the hunters' tails: at all events, six inches of dock was a liberal allowance. A perverted taste it was, no doubt; but habit taught us to think it looked at least "knowing;" so it did. They looked like game-cocks cut out for fighting. And many years this fashion prevailed: I conclude that our late general intercourse with foreign nations showed us the absurdity of so totally altering the natural appearance of our horses. So far we were right in taking a sensible hint—"*Fas est et ab hoste doceri;*" but here, in the true monomania of Englishmen, we could take no middle course, and leave a handsome blood-like tail of moderate length. No! our horses have now literally *long* tails. True, the Arabs and Barbs have usually tails untouched: such in a dry sandy country are useful to the animal, and no inconvenience to the rider;

but in dirty roads, or through a wet country, they become a great nuisance. It may be said that our nearer continental neighbours leave their horses with long tails, and that in such countries are to be found dirt and mud, as well as in ours. This is true: but be it remembered, few of the inhabitants of such countries ride their horses as we do across country; and when riding on roads (if they are dirty) our neighbours have sense enough to buckle up their horses' tails. It is done even to the post or diligence-horses. This, to an eye unaccustomed to it, gives them a somewhat odd appearance, I grant; but it shows more sense than (as we do) riding a horse through mud till his tail is like a soaked and dirty swab; of which our boots and trousers derive the full benefit, particularly when, as is often the case, we see a gentleman mounted on a wretch who flourishes his long tail about as the only action he is capable of exhibiting towards progression, strict orders having doubtless been given, that to preserve the amplitude of this waving banner of absurdity, a soft brush only is to approach it. I can suppose some one to retort on me by saying—"Allow me, Mr. Harry Hieover, to stop you in the midst of the fancied wisdom of your remarks, and ask, Would you like to ride a horse with his tail clubbed up?" Certainly, gentle reader, I should not: to obviate the necessity of which, I never allow a horse's tail to be long enough to be a nuisance without it: in some proof of which, two days ago, I took off a good eighteen inches of hair from the "*fine flowing tail*" of a hack (that her late owner had devoutly cherished) before I got on her back, still leaving a handsome drooping blood-like tail, but certainly not a Life-guard's one.

The time I alluded to as making such *short work* of tails, made as much havoc with manes as does the

plucking season with the feathers of the unfortunate geese in some counties. We now often meet persons in the streets with as much hair on their chins as would have served as manes for a whole stud of Leicestershire hunters. This, like the tails, gave them a game-cocky appearance; but certainly was contrary to true taste as to look, and contrary to sense, as it often was a really painful operation. I have seen horses' crests bleeding from it, and sore for some days afterwards. To get the hair so completely away from the neck of a horse, when in hard condition, was very painful to him. We now go to the other extreme; and if a horse has a mane so long and thick as to really heat the side of the neck on which it lies, it is only to be brushed. Mane-combs are now things formerly heard of. Verily, brother Johnny Bull, you are the best workman in the world across country: equally good over the flat; a first-rate judge of hounds and hunting; and *formerly* eclipsed the world as a coachman: but, in truth, you do not, whatever you may think to the contrary, usurp all the sense of that world as to rendering horses useful, or in keeping them so; and if railroads and omnibuses go on and prosper, such a thing as a hunting man will not be found among the rising generation, unless where born to large fortunes. Where are they to come from? where is the nursery for them? Formerly, thousands of young men kept their hacks as a convenience, and many their hunter—this indulgence being a return for general close application to business. The keeping horses more or less was considered a matter of course with the man of moderate means; so one hunter was not held as certain ruin to a man of business. But now the good father would as soon think of his son keeping a yacht in the garden as a horse in the stable; and the young ones of the present

day hold it as "an honour that" they dream "not of." Yet country villas are far more numerous than they were twenty years since—villas, as they are called *par excellence*, albeit they stand in a row. Some like a company in "close," others like one in "open order," the latter sort of course "possessing all the advantages of the country." What the advantages are of persons living in such situations, I know not; but probably the omnibus conductors do. Nay, the persons living in such way may, for aught I know, feel most comfortable there: that is, if they have never known or have never enjoyed the pleasures of the country. No man likes a country life better than I do, with all the *agrémens* of the country about me. Without them I would rather pass the day in Shoe Lane, with the opportunity of going to the theatre, or some other London amusement at night—bad taste perhaps, but I should like it better than living at Tulse Hill, as Tulse Hill has now become, and being jolted to and fro twice a day in an omnibus. By the bye, I was riding round that locality a day or two back, and my astonishment, but certainly not admiration, was great on seeing hundreds of these blessed little retreats risen in all directions since I was last there. They rise like mushrooms, and remind one of so many tea-caddies—the keyhole represented by the door, and the compartment to right and left for green and black tea, by two compartments, called, I believe, dining and drawing room. A similar caddy on the top of the other represents the next story, with also its compartment right and left, the keyhole no doubt styled *a boudoir*.

I saw, however, two cottages in which a man in circumstances of comparative deprivation might be cosey enough: small, but with the air of the gentleman about them—that is, the poor gentleman. They had each

a good-looking three-stalled stable, coach-house, a really good garden, and as a rare treasure in such a locality, a paddock of perhaps an acre and a half. They were both TO LET. My life on it, the stable was held as useless; the garden an incumbrance; and the field a regular bugbear. Now if, instead of this, they had been two flaring villas, with two rooms, opening on each side with folding doors, so that, when they were open, there being windows back and front, the inmates might have the same luxury of being stared at as they would have in inhabiting a lantern, they would have been let; that is provided and be it enacted that they were not too far from the road; no field attached to them; the garden diminished; and a small place in lieu of the stable, in which one pony and a phaeton, both under duty, could live lovingly in the smallest possible compass; this would make it "something like." Like what? Why very like the persons who would take such a place. In this house that, in point of size, would call for something like an establishment, the daily dinner hour is one or two o'clock, except on Sundays: then from this house at half-past five one of the two female servants ushers forth to the (something) Tavern, to order the "dinner beer," comprising sundry pots of Meux's Entire and amber ale: a little before six the omnibuses bring a lot of gentlemen and a lady or two from town—a nice little amalgamation of the representatives of different trades of the metropolis. The dinner no doubt is good, and sure to be an expensive one, as part comes from London, and the other is dressed by a cook come from town, also for the occasion. Here, in a fine room, very *finely* furnished, where, from its size, and that only, one would expect at least *one* properly-appointed man-servant would wait, the best of the two maids who was engaged as qualified to

"tend at table" does the office; but this is all in keeping with the gaudy villa, and the pony and phaeton living cheek-by-jowl so conveniently together, like a double kernel in a nutshell.

Such dinners are not given for nothing or little; and speaking generally, the lower bred a man is, provided he is rich, the more expensive will be the dinners he gives. Such a man has nothing to be proud of but his wealth: and of that of which a man is most proud, he will usually make the greatest display. The keep of two or three horses would fall very short of the expense of often giving such dinners; and such are much oftener given by persons in trade than by people in higher life.

Reverting to the diminished number of horses now kept for private use, and which number will most certainly still further decrease, the number of riding men decreasing in the same ratio, I am not anticipating this as likely to be a blow to field sports, for such are supported chiefly by the rich, or those comparatively so: and if the noble, who keeps his foxhounds, finds he collects a field of persons of a certain standing in life, he will not give them up because he may seldom see men of small means with his hounds. But I look at the thing in a national point of view: man will have some pursuit and some amusement: if he has not such as tend to render him robust and bold, he will take to those that have an opposite tendency. Athletic pursuits have ever been characteristic of Englishmen. That Englishmen have some reason to be proud of the rank they hold among other nations, will, I doubt not, be allowed by the world. How far doing away with their general characteristic in the rising generation may act detrimentally, or the reverse, I am not prepared to say: but this I hold as quite certain—the race of English of 1900 will

be as widely different from those of a century ago, as if they were denizens of a different country.

The idea may suggest itself, as to how far the decreased demand for horses for private use may affect the breeder or the sort bred. The first is a difficult point to venture an opinion upon; and a far more difficult one to decide on with anything like certainty. To do this, we must first ascertain whether the actual numerical quantum of horses in use in different ways has on the whole decreased or not, and how far, supposing we find them as numerous as formerly, this would prove that as many are bred as formerly: for now we import largely; and I believe it is found, as I said years ago, that the French, Norman, or Belgic horses are by no means to be thought so lightly of as they once were; but, on the contrary, are both useful and enduring for such work as they are calculated to perform. There is one class of breeders who, I should say, will find a sad diminution in the demand for the sort of horses they breed, namely, horses intended for hunters, or even a good sort of riding-horse; and this I should fear will, in a most woful degree, diminish our general show of fine horses throughout the kingdom; for if the love of hunting, the habit of riding on horseback, and consequently the desire to own good sorts of horses, is done away with in the man of small or moderate income, a comparatively very small number will be found sufficient to keep up the studs of the wealthy; for probably where one man of ten thousand a year kept twelve or fourteen horses for different purposes, a hundred men of a few hundreds kept a couple; and where there is one man who, like Lord Plymouth, at one time had nearly thirty hunters at Melton, five hundred men kept a couple in other places—provincial snobs we allow: but such snobs helped to keep up the revenue, and keep

out our enemies. Whether patronizing shilling musical promenades will do the same thing, I am not versed enough in such matters to determine. Let it not be supposed I am insensible to sweet sounds: quite the reverse: like a Jack-of-all trades, I played, or attempted to play, three different instruments, consequently was master of neither. No man remembers with more pleasure the delightful evenings I have spent in Dublin with my old and intimate friend, Sir John Stevenson, and his friends; but if I there listened delighted at Moore's Melodies one day—or rather evening—I had probably taken a few Galway walls the day preceding.

To return to the kind of horses likely to be bred now with a fair chance of their selling, I fear the sort will be a very mediocre lot, namely, Brougham horses, omnibus horses, and under-duty ponies: the latter animals, as they say of mackarel, have been more abundant lately than ever was before known. No doubt such is the case: and so they will not only continue, but increase, so long as they are exempt from any duty. That the poor man should be allowed a conveyance for himself and family, exempt from the duty the rich pay for their equipage, is a just and benevolent exemption in his favour. This he was allowed by his taxed cart, provided his name and occupation were written on it. It would be kind to allow him to use four wheels, if more convenient, free also under the same proviso. If a man or his family are ashamed of their name or calling, they are at liberty to walk, or go by an omnibus. I should not object to my name on a good well-made taxed-cart, with a well-made horse in it: why should the man be, who supplies me with soap and candles? The man of large fortune would and should pay duty: a hundred guineas may be given for a pair of choice ponies; seventy or

eighty or more for a phaeton; eighteen or twenty for a double set of harness—making something like two hundred for an equipage similar to one used by the sovereign: and this, forsooth, is to be free of duty because the wheels are within a certain diameter, and the ponies only twelve hands, or about £2 10s. clears them if they are thirteen. If it is in contemplation to encourage a breed of ponies instead of horses, this exemption will fully carry out the plan. The making the size of the animal or the wheel the exemption defeats the benevolence of the intention, which was no doubt to favour the poorer part of the community; for not hundreds, but thousands of these immature equipages are in daily use by those who could pay duty for a dozen such if they wanted them: these most certainly place the marchioness and the market-woman often side by side, if that is desirable; and in some proof that they give the latter the idea of aping the former, I will mention a circumstance that occurred last week:—

I had occasion to purchase a new horse brush, and entering a shop a besilked and beringletted lady came forward, informing me, as a prelude to our dealing, that one of her shopmen was ill, the other just stepped out, and Mr. —— was in the country—affording me this important information as to her family affairs no doubt to account for her condescending to attend to her business. She was really a handsome woman, so I could do no less than assure her that I felt myself fortunate that the state of her household at that moment procured the advantage of being served by her.

A day or two afterwards, walking up the Bayswater-road, I saw a mazarine blue pony-phaeton, with morocco lounging-cushions to match, coming towards me: in it reclining, or I should rather say, lying on her back, was

a lady. She condescended to patronize me by an inclination of her head. It was my lady of the brush-and-bristle establishment. I took off my hat, and held it aloof, as if royalty was passing; but I did more—in theatric style I brought it to my left breast with a low bend of the body.

A nondescript sort of old gentleman passing, addressed me with—

"Beg pardon, sir! may I ask who that is?"

"That, sir," said I, "is the Duchess of Berchtolsgaden, with her nephew, Prince of the Mauritius and Duke of Albenga."

My inquirer respectfully moved his hat on thanking me for my information, no doubt appreciating the condescension of one known to persons of such distinction. Now I think it probable that "John Bristle, Brush-maker," in white letters on a black ground, or *vice versâ*, an inch in height, on the phaeton, might have been a check to what was no doubt thought to be elegantly reclining, and reclining elegantly, in an open carriage.

In making ponies free, it might have been thought that many a man might be able to purchase a pony, though without the means of buying a horse. No doubt a better looking and a better going pony can be got for £10 or £12, than a horse of fifteen hands, possessing equal advantages. But a useful, plain, blemished horse is to be had as cheap as a pony, without such drawbacks. Nor do I think I am far astray in saying, that taking the collective number of ponies now in daily use among persons in good circumstances, they would be found to equal in amount, as to value, an equal number of the general horses working omnibuses, and very greatly exceed those in daily use in cabs for hire, even Hansom's included.

The substituting the name on the carriage for the diameter of the wheels would have this good effect: it would permit those who need it to use a more useful-sized horse for their business in harness: for why a £15 horse should pay duty more than a £15 pony, I do not exactly see. The man who can give a large price for a fine horse would not use him in a vehicle proclaiming itself duty free. It would encourage the breed of horses instead of ponies; for the horse when unblemished would be used by the wealthier, the same horse blemished by the poorer man: it might check in some cases the pride of a certain class of persons, no doubt—no great harm in that; and it would prevent thousands in good circumstances availing themselves of an advantage only intended for those who need it.

Their doing so is about on a par with a miser of five hundred a-year claiming a share of the soup charitably given to the poor in Leicester Square.

THE MIDDLE OF AUGUST.

As men in common life enter on boyhood, arrive at manhood, pass over that brief athletic period, descend into the vale of years, and enter on decrepitude, without allowing either period to call forth such notice of fleeting time as its reality might well do, so we see the year progress as a matter of course, without having the interest, or even curiosity, to enquire how each season influences the thoughts, hopes, fears, pains, or pleasures of our fellow-men; for that each season has its influence in such matters is, of course, well known, though usually very little thought of.

August, though it may seem a quiet, uninteresting month to some, is, verily, a very busy month, as it affects the present or anticipated acts of society at large.

To the very high and aristocratic, it is a month of luxurious ease and absence of the mixing with, or exhibiting the gorgeous display, that their position demands from them during a London season; for though fashion may demand a *fête* or *déjeuner champêtre* to the world of *ton*, they, as an unusual thing, enjoy the society of their chosen friends with all the elegance that refined taste, as a matter of course, exhibits at all seasons, without the heated atmosphere of crowded rooms, or the annoyance of giving feigned welcome reception to hundreds to whom they are indifferent, and to many whose presence is repulsive, while the smile of urbanity would persuade the uninitiated that all were esteemed, because each seemed

to be courted. The lady of the mansion positively revels in the freedom of the unpretending muslin dress, light and white as the driven snow of winter, and floating from her person as the gossamer of the summer month; the close plain straw bonnet for a pony carriage excursion calls forth a pleasurable smile, as she adjusts it at her toilet, while the gorgeous tiara has often been placed on the same fair brow, amid anticipations of feelings of chagrin, envy, and disappointment, amid the profuse expenditure of a London rout.

Now the same fair being steps into the well-trimmed yacht, with spirits far more buoyant than when stepping into the London carriage, though the destination of the latter might be a royal residence.

> "O'er the glad surface of the dark blue sea,"
> Her "thoughts are boundless," for her "mind is free."

Such are her feelings, as lover, husband, or friend hands her to a seat, safe, commodious, and luxurious as may ever be the seat of worth and beauty; the Mediterranean the destined goal, the fair shores of Italy to be visited when and where convenience, whim, or pleasure dictate. Bright land of song and softened atmosphere!—in such a place, and in such society, if the greater joys of heaven for the moment lose their influence on our minds, the angel who records our thoughts would pass over the omission if he saw the smile that caused it.

We will now leave scenes of such fascination, and turn to those whose pleasures are of humbler grade. The man of business contrives by this month so to have wound up his affairs as to allow him his rest from toil, and his trip of pleasure. Probably, to gratify the fairer inmates of his house, a trip to Paris is proposed; and the justness of his and their estimation of French man-

ners, society, and habits, will depend on the minds of those who make them, and the position in society they hold in their own country. If these are of a higher caste, they will come back pleased with what they have seen, and will admit the indisputable fact, that the art of pleasing in society is indigenous to France. If they are of a lower grade, their trip will induce them to ever afterwards hold that to be fact that with them before was only surmise, namely, that there is nothing to be got in France "fit to eat," that "the French are a very dirty nation," and that "no Frenchman is to be relied on;" in fact, I have heard as much asserted by persons from whom I should have expected better taste, better judgment, and more discrimination.

Why is it that such persons as I last allude to so universally make the same remarks? Simply because, first, such persons hold a beef-steak, mutton-chop, roast beef, veal, and mutton, to be the only things that are "fit to eat." Secondly, they have never entered the house of a Frenchman of fortune and fashion, and judge by houses inhabited by different families, where the passage is considered the street. And why they think a Frenchman is not to be depended on is, he has probably said so polite a thing as to be beyond the conception of an Englishman (if not a well-bred one), and has said or done that which, in point of politeness, an Englishman of the same grade would not, indeed could not, either have said or done.

But we will suppose the "second-class passengers," to whom I have alluded, not to intend to perpetrate a foreign trip, and we will suppose the family to be of the higher second-rate class. A trip—I do not say to the country—but out of town—must take place, because people of fashion do it; and as people (not of fashion)

still desire to appear (what they hold to be the same thing) fashionable, go they must; not that they care one whit for sea scenery, or the country, but merely because there is at this season nothing for them to do in London. Nothing would move the great mass from it; they would go to the abomination of a tenth-rate London party in August, with as much *goût* as in the proper season; but even such unfortunately not being to be had, London is voted a bore. The shutters are scrupulously closed (as they are in many houses at this season, whose inmates are comfortably ensconced in its back part, consequently "out of town"), and away our emigrants go somewhere, and the locality that most resembles London is chosen.

Now the where is a matter of some importance, for by it I think a man may judge a good deal of the *animus* of the family. If sea-bathing is wanted, where the water was strongest, purest, and freshest, would or should be the consideration. If yachting, boating-parties, or fishing was an inducement, the locality should be where these could be most conveniently enjoyed. If merely the sight of the ocean and its invigorating breezes were the desideratum, where those could be enjoyed in blouse or dressing-gown and slippers would be the place to enjoy them most at one's ease. But we will suppose a man to have no predilection for either sea, yachting, boating, bathing, or breezes, yet wishes to get out of town. I should say such a man (if he had a mind whose calibre exceeded that of a wheaten straw) would select some place where he might find food for that mind, that ten-months-in-the-year's residence in London could not afford: to such a man I should say, Go and revel in some of the sublime scenery of the most romantic part of Wales. If he selected such a spot, depend on it such a man has some mind. But he thinks there is "more to be seen" in

some fashionable watering-place: he is quite right—there would be more of what has been already seen, namely, people of fashion, with whom he cannot mix; pretenders to fashion, with whom he had better *not* mix; tailors and tinkers that he has seen in London; cabs, flys, and omnibuses, that he may now see anywhere: if such amuse him, thrice happy he over those not amused so easily.

But August carries others from the precincts of the great metropolis, of still humbler grade. Mrs. Mileham, of Tower Hill, after making her good husband happy for ten years, determines on the not unreasonable procedure of "taking a little pleasure" during this somewhat idle month. For this, and the new rigging out a somewhat ungainly young gentleman of eight years of age, her hopeful heir, Sammy, and also a fat staring lump of humanity, the last scion of the Mileham stock, Tommy, the good woman had for months been guilty of little depredations on the till. The subject of the trip, not till, is mentioned to her liege lord, who grunts out a good-natured assent. The leave of absence is intended to be from Saturday morning till the Monday evening; and Margate their destination, to which they determine to go "by sea." The eventful morning comes; Mrs. Mileham arrayed in sufficient finery to show she is really something uncommon; her lord glorying in a bran-new waistcoat of his lady's selection; and Master Sammy straddling about the deck, from the excoriation of his person by the new trousers, which, however, his pride in them induces him to avow fit him "quite comfortable;" but the pride of the good woman's heart is the new purchase of a lanky, sky-blue feather in Tommy's dust-coloured beaver. "Does not brother Tommy look like a gentleman?" says the good creature to the child,

shaking her head in his face in a manner that would have alarmed any animal unused to such mode of indicating adoration.

All went on well till passing Sheerness, when an absence of all hilarity, and a certain paleness of countenance, gave strong indication that certain avalanches might take place from other sources than a mountain's side. The good woman, though in little better state, bore up like a heroine, supporting her darling, who now, with the memorable hat and plume laid aside, looked very little "like a gentleman," but with most gentlemanly coolness transferred the good things he had partaken of during the voyage to his mother's lap. The straddling young gentleman now stood Colossus-like, leaning over the vessel's side. Steamers, however, fortunately go fast; and the welcome landing-place at Margate ended the woes of our sea-worn party. Happily the land dissipates all feelings of sea-sickness as quickly as the sea brings it on; and after perambulating the town, the party were in such good humour, that Mrs. Milcham's proposal of having "a comfortable bit of supper" was agreed to, and her lord, as caterer for the family, returned bearing an enormous crab, the largest exhibited, which he got at the same price as the smaller ones, for a certain reason that neither his judgment nor olfactory sense indicated to him. Hapless purchase! still more hapless family! we will not describe the horrors of the succeeding night; but on the morrow, more dead than alive, they again boarded the dreaded steamer, home holding out its joys in seductive array against the "taking a little pleasure," so long the object of the good woman's wishes. One advantage they gained, however, by this trip; they did not require physic for some time afterwards.

About the eighth of this same month of August, a well-appointed dog-cart phaeton, half covered by top-coats innumerable, and a pair of Newman's posters attached to it, was standing waiting at a door in —— Square. This led to the inquiry of who was its owner. "Oh, it is Lord ——'s; no doubt he is off for the moors!" It was so: Lord —— and three friends mounted the phaeton; the closed shutters of the mansion showed the noble owner had only come to town *en route* for Scotland. A gamekeeper and the dogs had gone on two or three days preceding, that all might be in readiness on his lordship's arrival. Euston Square is soon reached; servants are there in readiness for their masters; the phaeton is placed on its truck; and a carriage to hold the four friends having been secured, the trouble of a journey to Scotland, when gold as well as iron paves the way, is little more than the adjourn from the dining to the drawing-room.

The last station is reached: no need to inquire for beds—all has been bespoke; and on rising in the morning, the contents of the silver-mounted dressing-case are spread on the toilet, and every appliance to dressing with comfort is at hand, just the same as if its master had risen from his bed in one of his own mansions.

The day when grouse shooting is allowed comes on, the moor is reached: two brace of high-ranging setters soon show their silken sides in bold relief against the brown heather; or the more busy working pointer, fine in his coat as a race-horse, and all his strong muscle developed, shows he has been under hands that know more of their business than merely killing vermin or watching poachers. A wave of the hand sets the dogs going: being morning, and the cooler part of the day, the setters are selected, and away they stride. Here no keeper's

rate is heard or called for; no error is likely to be committed; no fault perpetrated; and, so far as scent will allow, not a wing will escape the keen search of dogs so highly trained to their work. "Soho! Sam!" inwardly ejaculates the master. No need of the caution to the dog—how majestically he stands! his finely-feathered stern now motionless; his companions catch sight of him in turn, till all stand like statues on the dark moor. Bang! bang!—bang! bang!—go the four muzzles of the master and his friend; two brace of grouse commence the filling the capacious bag or pannier. Down are the dogs, till "hie on!" sets them all going again. This *is* shooting!

Lunch time comes: no trusting to the contents of the pocket here: the cold fowl and tongue, peregord pie, or pot of galantine-de-Gibier, are ready for palates that healthful exercise would have made relish a slice of plain roast beef; the champagne or punch is cool as a refrigerator can make it; and a cigar from Fribourg or Pontet forms the climax of a shooter's luncheon, while the seat of heather is felt as luxurious to the frame as the highly ornamented morocco, or satin-covered chair.

The setters having so well performed their morning's work, as a relief to them, and as likely to suffer less from the mid-day sun in August, the pointers now take their turn. They seem to fly over the brown heath; their quick and busy working offering little hope of escape to the "pack," if once within the keen scenting range of their detecting enemies.

Whether the setter or pointer is to be most admired, is a matter of taste: they have each their advocates. Though no regular or enthusiastic disciple of the gun myself, I highly admire either animal: the setter I should call the most imposing in his appearance, going or stand-

ing; but the elegance of attitude of some pointers is a model for a sculptor. Sincerely do I wish good sport this and every season to all "good men and true," as gunners. Ever and always be it remembered, I tack to the wish this proviso, *that they do not disturb foxes in covers* before hounds have drawn them.

Even that most unpretending of all amusements, that by stretch of imagination can be called sport, bottom-river fishing, sends many a line into the water this month; and under the arches of some bridge, or in some well-known deep, the patient fisher feels his hopes and fears as much excited by the nibble of a two-ounce roach, and his anxiety for a catch as great, as the fox-hunters for a kill after as good a run as hounds ever went. And let not the richer man or the sneering critic set down him as puerile in all his ideas because he derives amusement from that which, to those who have means to enjoy more expensive sports, may appear as a puerile pursuit. If the angler has known no higher amusement, and is amused with his rod and line, the man with a dozen hunters is no more. If he has known better—but this is the best he can now enjoy—he shows his sense in deriving amusement from what he can do without injurious effects to himself or others. But if he really *preferred* angling to fox-hunting, or shoving a punt about to a four-in-hand, he might still be a very sociable and very clever man, though I must allow I should call him a mighty "*slow coach.*"

August is one of the months dear to the cricketer's heart, and those interested in so fine and manly a game now are gratified to their heart's content, by seeing, participating in, or reading of matches and return matches innumerable. As a boy, of course, I played at cricket, and among the muffs I played with, was held to be quite

first-rate as a bowler; but the reader will judge of what my pretensions to a cricketer must have been, from what occurred a few weeks since.

Passing Lord's cricket-ground, I felt inclined for a sandwich, and turned in there; but, to my surprise, I found the way to the coffee-room barred up.

"I want a sandwich," said I, "but I cannot get into the coffee-room."

"Of course not till four o'clock," said the presiding deity at the bar.

"May I ask why not?" said I.

"Because the match will not be over before."

"Match!" said I, "what match?"

She mentioned some great match between the somethings and somebodies.

"D—n the match!" thought I, but merely said, "Am I to go without my sandwich on that account?"

"Oh no," said the deity; "by paying sixpence you can go in, and can see the match from the window."

"If," said I, "I must pay sixpence extra for my lunch, so be it; but I would not give sixpence for a free entrance to all the matches that ever will be played while I have eyes to see. Now," said I, "if you can give me 'Bell's Life,' a sandwich, and glass of ale, in some room where I can by no possibility see the match, it will just suit me; for there I conclude I can read my paper, and eat my lunch without interruption."

I suppose she thought me too tasteless a savage to be worth accommodating; for, giving me a look that if I had been made of penetrable stuff would have annihilated me, she turned to a gentleman in a flannel shirt and wide-awake hat, and gave him a smile that would have melted a cricket-bat. I walked off.

August calls many a youthful but sinewy arm to the

scull; and manly youths—scions of a noble stock—now send the frail-looking wager-boat flying through its limpid element, bringing health and strength to the participators in manly contest. A beautiful sight it is! and many a statesman remembers with pleasurable feelings the days when he was stroke-oar among his brother Etonians. I scarcely know a more gratifying sight than a set of these fine youths at this their favourite diversion—the more so, when with it we associate the idea that in a few short years these youths will, as men, be perhaps leading the armies of their country; propounding, and carrying out her laws; or by their counsel, as statesmen, keeping her —where may she ever be—a distinguished star in the horoscope of nations!

A busy month, despite the five preceding ones, is August with the silk-attired jockey; for in it we have a goodly array of some dozen-and-a-half meetings. True, it is a month of respite to the turf of Newmarket; but the jockey of that place may possibly be seen even some three hundred and fifty miles from home, riding at Stirling. But Great Britain is far too circumscribed an area to satisfy our racing propensities: and as the good Boulognese brought forward in this month foreign cracks to gratify our expatriated countrymen by a little racing, so we sent English nags to gratify our foreign neighbours by giving their crack a thrashing: and however sceptical they might have been as to this being achieved by John Bull, they found it could be, and was done by Sam Hood—his countrywoman playing an equally distinguished part.

That our hills and vales may not languish, during this month of heat and dust, for the welcome notes of the opening hound, the otter, so insidiously sliding through the stream, affords occasion for our valleys to echo again

the music of the hardy and game otter-pack; and (setting the riding part of hunting aside) there is no more exhilarating chase; and coming at a season when our ears are tired of being stunned with Jullien's monster bands, the natural music of the pack comes on our senses with redoubled relish, still more softened by surrounding echoes.

This is a month, too, when the experienced stud groom eyes his horses with most searching ken; they are all well through their physic, early morning-exercise is going on, and each leg is scrupulously watched prior to his horses getting something like work. The young four-year-old horse, whose form prognosticates his becoming the pride of the stable, is being made handy in his fencing, and being got somewhat fit to go prior to his being introduced to hounds cub-hunting. How he bears the light work given him, or, in racing phrase, whether he "trains on," is each day carefully examined; and if the stud-groom is worthy the name of one, his pride is on the alert to show his stud in six weeks from this time fresh, blooming, and "fit to go."

Huntsmen and whips are again mounted—not on their hunters, but on the kennel hacks. The young hounds, so soon to be entered to their game, now call forth every attention; they and the pack are walked on the roads to harden their feet, and to teach the young ones not puppy-like to run dismayed from the objects they may encounter. The park or forest is traversed, where the timid hare starts from her form, and the startled hind and her fawn rise from the covering fern, and bound across the green swarth. Woe to the young hound, and deeper woe to the old one, should he disregard the "Ware haunch!" of the whip! But we will not anticipate in a crack pack such an atrocity as likely to occur among the hunting hounds; and if a young one

has encountered an enraged whipper-in once, he rarely forgets his lesson in this particular. Earth-stoppers who have watched, and know each different earth that held its litter, gladden the huntsman by the news that cubs are strong, healthy, and in plenty. Treacherous is man in all his ways; while the huntsman rejoices in hearing of the well-doing of each litter, he calculates at the same time on the number of noses he hopes to see grace his boarded list.

Keepers, whose midnight winter rambles have kept the poacher from the preserve, now watch the increasing strength on wing of the young partridge. More than keeper must he be, if he does not also personally test whether their flavour is as good as last season: if he does, but does not trade in game, hard would be the master that would severely visit such occasional offence. The frequent turning from a warm bed to face a winter's night in a solitary and often dangerous walk, may with great reason claim some little indulgence. He is now busy with his dogs, finishing the breaking young ones, and bringing those of last season into their accustomed condition; and though the condition of the pointer is not of the serious importance as is that of the hunter, and still far less so than the form of the race-horse, still on it depends much of the sport, and all the pride and pleasure of the shooter. We have only a fortnight before dawn of day will find the keen partridge-shot in the field: he looks over his shooting paraphernalia, and any havoc in it—the effects of the preceding season—is thoroughly put to-rights. Caps, wadding, powder, and shot are laid in; the accustomed accuracy of the Mantons, and the steadiness of the arms, hands, and eye of their master, are proved as the swallow turns in her circling round; and now the only drawback on the shooter's

joys is the necessary patience till the last toll of the midnight clock on the 31st of August proclaims the hour arrived that sanctions the approaching onslaught.

Messrs. Tattersalls have now a goodly display of second-rate ponies, Galloways, park hacks, and all such horses as were purchased for the season; and "He *is* to be sold!" is heard from the rostrum with veracious emphasis. Job-masters send their most objectionable, but good-looking horses to the same place. Better ones, but of less appearance, are turned over to do duty in omnibuses. Messrs. So-and-So send their stock that have been working in jobs, as brougham horses, or in pairs, during the season, to Aldridge's or Robinson's. "Among them will be found some clever," &c. &c.

Riding-masters betake themselves to watering-places, and accommodate third-rate young ladies with fifth-rate nags: and quite good enough too for being scorched by the sun and smothered by the dust, where the scanty mockery of shade by a stunted thorn is hailed as umbrageous luxury.

Dealers have thinned their stables, and would as readily look at a giraffe as a horse—glad to get out of such as have been unlucky, at a low price, to some needy buyers for the foreign market.

Men who keep hunting stables for the accommodation of customers who reside in town, now find their stalls filling, the London season being over when the hunter did duty in Hyde Park; but now being in the way, he is sent out of it to these hunting stables: and far better to do so than to take the London-kept hunter fifty miles by rail, to meet hounds, and then to be worried by being shook fifty miles back, to enjoy the blessings of a close London stable, and London smoke and fog, for the benefit of his lungs when taken out to exercise.

Trainers begin to prepare their loose boxes for race-horses to return to, after a summer's campaign. Jockeys, tired of their long abstinence, wish all they expect to get between now and the closing Houghton was in their pocket, and that last meeting over.

Vans now, with their curtains of red stripe—so red that it makes one as hot, to look at them, as the unfortunate horses who draw them—compounding for a Sunday's rest by a journey of some two or three and twenty miles, to and from Hampton Court, with more than as many passengers to drag after them. Poor wretches! they call for some relaxation after a week's labour, with somewhat greater justice than a pack of country post-masters, to save whom an hour or two's occupation, tens of thousands of persons were destined to sustain serious inconvenience, and often disappointment or privation, of a heart-rending nature.

August sends boat after boat, loaded with hundreds upon hundreds of "pious souls," down the canal on the Uxbridge side of London, who, if they have availed themselves of the regulations their outcry of opportunity "to attend to their religious duties" have produced, must, in sooth, have performed them early, as at nine o'clock the aquatic conveyance moves off. True, it returns at the sober hour of nine or ten—that is, the hour is sober, and so is the horse who draws the million; but as there are houses quite convenient to the landing-place, not a few choice parties may be heard somewhat later serenading the neighbourhood with—

"We won't go home till morning!"

the ladies joining the chorus in *alt*. Well! if the gentlemen will be so gallant as to force the "cold without," and the yielding few take it *within*, who shall dare

impugn the yielding softness of woman's nature? and if they forgot to pray, why we will pray for them—only let such hilarious souls have the candour to allow, that if they did not break the strict rules promulgated by the saints in power, of not touching any useful occupation on the seventh day, from not doing that, they got jolly-well drunk the day after the sixth.

But we have not done yet: for the accommodation of some of these choice spirits, whose nobler souls disdain to do things by halves, these same capacious barks start again on the Monday, to keep the thing alive. Now this is quite right and proper, in an economical point of view; for as numbers, from the effect of the Sunday excursion, are still only half sober when they start on the Monday, they get right royal at a trifling further outlay; and if, thinking that by Tuesday after breakfast it will be time to set about their usual occupation, they do return at a reasonable hour, such a favourite is the habitual refrain, that they again, *en passant*, assure us—

"They won't go home till morning."

But have the rich and great no little rural feasts and excursions in this month, when all that can be had of out-door amusement is hailed with earnest desire? Yes, they have, though somewhat of a different taste. *Déjeuners*, pic-nics, archery, dancing, excursions in all sorts of vehicles, and on all-sized animals, where ease and safety are combined, are resorted to. Verily, these amusements "*al fresco*," and consequent rambles on foot, are wickedly mischievous to young and ardent hearts; for, somehow, on such occasions there is an absence of that restraint so rigidly kept up in the town mansion. The shortest stroll, though in sight of hundreds, has often

brought about a declaration long before its expected time. A young and lovely girl, in all the absence of affectation (sure accompaniment to high birth), laughs at the difficulties of some unbeaten path; her footstep fails; the supporting arm of her companion saves her. Can we blame him, if he contrives to encircle so fair a form in his arms more closely than the case requires? Can we blame him if, in the inspiration of the moment, he cries—"Would I could hold thee here for ever!" The fair one starts as if electrified, from the supporting arm; and with a real or feigned cool and high look of astonishment, draws herself up to more than her usual height. Yes, my fine fellow, be you who you may, you are in for it. It was insult, unless, be you a duke, your coronet be offered in explanation of the act and speech. Happy he who, by possession of such a comparative bauble, is authorised to seek, and destined to gain, the bright and beautiful of nature's beings!

But varied as are the joys and amusements of this month to many, does it bring a proportion of them *to all?* No, thousands in this great metropolis only feel the change it brings to them in increased deprivation, from diminished means of obtaining the necessaries of existence. See that attenuated female form, mechanically watching a sickly plant at her window—a mockery on vegetation, and sad emblem of her sinking health. For her August brings neither joy nor hope. She has ceased to sigh for the fresh breezes of the country, knowing such sighs are vain; but in hopeless despondency bears, as best she may, the weary months that, bringing health and joy to others, bring no joy to her.

Reader, there are thousands that, if not in precisely such situation, are in others equally sickening to heart. I have mentioned many to whom this is a stirring month

of amusing scenes. If from the few lines in the latter part of this article, descriptive of scenes of sad reverse, I may be the means of causing the fostering hand of only one of those I have mentioned as enjoying the smiles of fortune, to be tendered to one suffering being, I shall regard this article with more satisfaction than any among the number I have written; and I think approving reflection will cause that favourite of fortune to remember the article on "The Middle of August" with satisfaction also.

SPORTING PROPENSITIES.

I THINK it will be admitted that whatever may be the nature of a man's amusement, however enthusiastically he may carry it on, or in whatever manner he may choose to do this, he in no way lays himself open to censure, in the broad meaning of the word, provided his amusement is harmless in its nature, and his mode of prosecuting it injures neither himself nor others: and again, supposing, on the other hand, he has no taste for any one or more particular amusements or pursuits, he in no shape lays himself open to sneer or ridicule from those who have.

I am quite willing to allow that if a man is insensible to that which is meritorious in act, or beautiful in appearance, he is to be pitied, as losing much that is to others a source of high gratification; and this holds good whether the pursuit be useful as well as amusing, or amusing only. If it is the first, his obtuseness of sensibility is to be the more deplored, as inducing him to abstain from that, the prosecution of or participation in which is nationally or individually beneficial to others; if it be the latter, he only suffers loss of gratification in this individual particular.

There are very few men, who are themselves arduous in any pursuit, who do not feel a something very closely bordering on contempt for others having no such predilection. Such feeling, if expressed, would only lay them open to a charge of want of liberality, and want of

sense, or, to put it in the mildest term, want of consideration.

These ideas have suggested themselves, resulting from a conversation with a gentleman to whom I have been lately introduced. He had occasion to mention fox-hunting. He is a man of considerable talent, of enlarged mind, and liberal way of thinking on all subjects; so he did not attempt to ridicule a pursuit in which he knew I have ever been enthusiastic; but he jokingly made an observation, or rather ventured an opinion, that I have heard attributed nearly *verbatim* to more than one of our continental neighbours—

"I can easily," said he, "understand a man's riding a day's hunting for exercise, and I dare say there is some *fun* in it."

Oh! ye spirits of Meynell, Lambton, Ward, and others, even of old Dick Knight, what would ye say on hearing the glories of "the noble science" scandalized as a petty pastime, and "damned by faint praise" as having some *fun* in it?

"I can," continued the gentleman, "enter into the pleasures of fishing, shooting, and other sports, where a man by his own act shows his dexterity; but to follow a pack of dogs three or four days a week, over hedges and ditches, pursuing a stinking animal of no use when caught, is a matter I cannot understand."

"My good sir," said I, "there is no reason why you should understand it; and, what is more," continued I, laughing, "I think I may venture to say, you never will. But let me ask you, can you understand more why a man can, not only three or four days a week, but for weeks together, sail about in his yacht; or, to come nearer home, every day in the year walk up and down a garden or conservatory, looking at flowers in pots?"

I suspect my last hit took the right nail on the head, for he good-naturedly laughed heartily, saying, "I'm beat."

There are thousands, not only in the world, but in England—the very world of sporting—who are doubtless of the same way of thinking as the gentleman I have mentioned; in fact, there are very many who are sportsmen in other ways, who coincide in much the same opinion. I know a capital shot, a friend of mine, who can no more see or understand the pleasure of fox-hunting than the other, and vows that he would not ride near a gate, if he thought his horse would take it, for a thousand pounds. Notwithstanding this, he is a man of undoubted courage.

We are all aware that nearly every nation has its chase of something; but it is only in England where sporting propensities are as indigenous, as feelings, as are the objects of them as animals. It is quite true that, with some nations, warfare and hunting are all but the sole occupations of the men; even the little agriculture they prosecute is left to their women, their old men, and children. Still we are not to suppose they engage in war as an amusement: a love of power, fear of invasion, or hope of gain, is the usual incentive to their combats or predatory excursions. It is pretty much the same in their hunting expeditions; their incentive here is either the flesh of the animal as food, other parts of his body for use, or his skin for clothing or sale or barter, or perhaps all these combined. Render his flesh distasteful to them, his horns, sinews, or skin valueless, these ostensibly eager and daring hunters would no more follow the chase, than would a Leicestershire man run by himself on foot a couple of miles across country, or along the road from Kirby gate. They would be found to entertain

about the same idea of the pleasures of hunting as the gentleman who designates Pug as a "stinking beast."

In some proof of the innate propensity of Englishmen towards sporting, only let a party of them be located within any place, with a prospect of remaining in it for any length of time, if their means allow it, and the country borders in its nature on one that hounds can run over, one of their first impulses is to get a pack together of some sort. In corroboration of this statement, it will be recollected that during our memorable campaigns in Portugal, Spain, and France, hounds were kept to fill up the vacant hours of our army during this epoch. Even our Iron Duke, though not made of yielding or melting metal, under such circumstances became the *pro tempore* promoter of, and participator in, a pursuit calculated to procure gratification to those under his command. No small proof this of the known influence that sporting is known to have on the minds of Englishmen, and its tendency towards keeping them in spirits and good humour, where both attributes were called for to their utmost extent.

But we will put aside positions and situations in which anything like hunting in the English mode could be practised, and will place an Englishman

> "Where beasts with man divided empire claim,
> And the brown Indian marks with murd'rous aim."

Even here we see the sporting propensities of the Englishman shine out in all their wonted force; for whether it be on the pampas of America, the sandy deserts of Africa, the tangled jungles of Asiatic growth, or the frozen regions of the pole, if there is anything to pursue that promises sport, the Englishman sets out in the pursuit with tenfold energy to that evinced by the natives of the

soil or country. He looks to no skins of the smaller animal, or tusks of the gigantic elephant, as objects of lucrative possession; sufficient for him the pleasures, the excitement of the chase; and whether it be a fox found in Ashley Gorse, a wild hog in a sugar plantation, or a tiger in the jungle, his venatic blood rises at the find, and his ardour is only to be satisfied with the finish.

The trapper of the beaver, we know, spends weeks and months of arduous toil, danger, and deprivation in his solitary employ. Support for himself or family, or both, induces to this. Provide him with other means for this purpose, and in the case of nineteen beaver-hunters in twenty, beavers might multiply till they overran the earth before a trap would be set by the most celebrated professional beaver-hunter in America.

The inhabitant of a Nubian clay-built village hears with dismay that the lion—the dreaded denizen of his arid soil—has left his footmarks in the vicinity, or has heard his roar in dread proximity. The native of the fertile but treacherous plains of Hindostan, or banks of the Ganges, finds the prowling scourge of his country, the tiger, has been seen in his stealthy incursions in search of prey, when none were dreaming of an enemy so near at hand.

But these human habitants of another soil, with all the natural affections of more civilized man, are roused at the danger threatening a home that holds all most dear to them, and they and their neighbours turn out in battle array against their common enemy. No love of the chase or sporting propensity is here the inducement; it is to rid themselves of a foe, whose death they seek, to prevent a repetition of his visits; and their earnest wish is that neither he nor any other of his species may call forth a necessity of entering into another hunting exploit. Much

rather would these children of the sun idly bask in his rays, in (to them) luxurious indolence.

How different to the energetic feelings, stirring mind, and love of venatic sport in the Englishman, who we might suppose, unaccustomed to the enervating influence of a tropical climate, would feel far more lassitude from that influence than the swarthy denizens of the soil! But no! if in a land where he knows the lion or tiger ranges at large, his first inquiry is where they are to be found. He does not wait their approach, but beards them in their dens or fastnesses,

"And drags the struggling savage into day."

How alert we might naturally suppose the natives would be in joining in such enterprize! But on the contrary: promise of reward is the only stimulus to tempt them to exertion in the cause; and it is then often found, that having shown the lair, the honourable danger of daring the dangerous foe to combat is left to the Englishman and his English sporting allies.

There can be no doubt but that a royal Bengal tiger prowling round a village or encampment is by no means a pleasant *vis-à-vis* to any one meeting him; and where such visits are brought in proximity "*ad aris et focis*," they are too near to be pleasant. Even our native fox is unwelcome to the good housewife, unless she is propitiated by presents or gallant attentions, or both, as the case may be, from the M.F.H. in her vicinity; but fox, tiger, or d—l, his presence would be welcome to our venative countrymen, when put in contrast with the monotony of having no animal to call forth the exhilarating pleasures of the chase.

If it is allowed that what I have said is pretty near to fact, we may fairly say that neither clime, nor distance, nor distinction in the game to be pursued, can damp the

innate ardour in, and love of, field sports—a part and parcel of the very being of an Englishman. When I say innate, I do not mean to affirm that the predilection is absolutely born with us: I would not venture even to say the game of venery is inherent, though I am not prepared to assert that it is not; but while the boy, even while his step is tottering, has accompanied his hardy sire to the foxhound-kennel, the career of the young foxhunter has begun, and a very short time shows the boy the future M.F.H., exultingly taking the lead from Tom the huntsman, through a bullfincher, or over an ox-fence.

This love of the chase animates the minds of even the fair daughters of aristocracy, where it has been the pursuit of their family and ancestors; nor does this in any way conduce to any deterioration in the natural softness or elegance of their sex. It may, and let us hope it does and ever will, prevent cause to feel or desire to exhibit an affected pretension of that languor and pretended helplessness a most mistaken idea of what is captivating induces many less high-born beauties to assume. But a gallop once, twice, aye, thrice a week with hounds, leaves our goddesses of the chase ample time to furnish their minds with all that is necessary to refinement and the gentlewoman, which the want of energy of mind, and real or assumed want of energy of body, may very probably induce the other to neglect.

A somewhat curious inference was drawn by a countryman on his happening to be in a stable of hunters, in the north of England, where the head of the noble family hunted his own pack of foxhounds. Two of the ladies were at the time giving some oats to a couple of favourites —most probably those they rode. Hodge stared a bit, and turning to one of the grooms, said, "Well, dang it!

while My Lord hunts the hounds, and the LASSES feed the horses, if they haven't good sport, the d—l's in it!"

My authority for this anecdote was one at that time located *pro tempore* at the castle—Mr., or by his friends usually styled, Ben Marshall, the animal painter, who, in artistical phrase, was the first to "throw new lights" on his horses, that, in conventional terms, threw new lights on animal painting. His was a new style, distinct from all others, and quite his own, for he was self-taught. Marshall was a proof that sporting propensity is not always the result of participation in sporting pursuits; circumstances prevented him indulging in them; still, whether racing, hunting, trotting, shooting, boxing, down to rat-killing, he was *au fait* of all of them, and would have enthusiastically followed each and all of them, had he possessed time and means for so doing. I think I may venture to say that, taking all breeds indiscriminately, no man living was a better judge of dogs; and though I should not have formed a very high opinion of Marshall as a rider in any way, few men knew the points of a race-horse or hunter better than he did. I do not mean their points of beauty in the estimation of the painter, but their points of going in the judgment of the man. He was theoretically, at least, master of all matters appertaining to sporting.

Of all men living, it might be supposed that Marshall's friend, the celebrated Dan Lambert, of fifty-two stone weight notoriety, would be about the last any one would dream of applying to for any sporting information; but if a hundred persons had so applied to him, nine out of ten would have got a wrinkle that they did not possess before in such matters. When of the "feather-weight" of thirty stone, Dan was a capital shot. The story goes, that on one occasion some wag engaged a

horse from a man who let out hunters, to carry a friend. On Dan making his appearance, the dismay of the owner may be conceived; and he volunteered a dinner for all in the joke, to be off the bargain. When afterwards exhibiting himself, and of course deprived of seeing anything going on in the sporting way, his highest treat was having a dog brought to him for his opinion of him, or having a sportsman call and spend an hour with him, conversing on sporting subjects. On such occasions the visitor, in more than one sense of the expression, was sure to find "Lambert at home."

It need be a matter of little surprise, that the native of Hindostan has in no shape the same love of sport innate in him that the Englishman has. First, his game is of a different sort; the climate is widely different; so is the soil; and sporting dogs of a good sort are not the natural product of the country, and if imported, shortly degenerate. So anything like English sporting is out of the question, independent of the thousands of miles intervening between the countries preventing our habits being generally known; but this does not hold good as relates to countries in near proximity to us, France for instance.

I have seen in very large districts of France as fine a fox-hunting country as any man need wish to ride over; the soil favourable to scent; the covers of a fair size; the fences also fair ones; and plenty of foxes; the climate the same, or nearly so, as our own. Yet, though such a locality and Leicestershire are not divided by a greater number of miles than Buckinghamshire and York, what a day's fox-hunting in reality is, or what a fox-hunting establishment comprises, is as little known to ninety-nine in a hundred of our continental neighbours, as it is at the Hebrides.

Climate of a direct opposite character prevents the Laplander, the Norwegian, or even the Swede, from enjoying fox-hunting, as much as it does the native of Hindostan; but why it should arise, that with all the facilities we have of enjoying field-sports, they should never till very lately have become a taste with persons only a few miles from us, seems unaccountable. They have their operas, plays, balls, dinners, suppers, hotels, coffee-houses, billiard-rooms, reviews, and fairs; they have their country-houses, parks, gardens, and fences in common with us—somewhat different in style, it is true, but they have them, and they all correspond with ours as to their purposes and intents. Whether any of these are in themselves more agreeable, more commodious, or more fitted to their several purposes, is a mere matter of opinion of those by which they are frequented and used. The Frenchman is as much alive to the utility of all these as we are, and he has them: he likes a good dinner to the full as well as the Englishman, and has it. True, a French dinner is not an English one. Personally, I think the French one the best: few Englishmen do. The French do not admire the English one; but both English and French get their dinners, each as pleases him the most. But what should we say if the Frenchman got no dinner at all? Now to any one addicted to field sports, it will be quite as much a matter of surprise that he has no fox-hunting at all, or, indeed, any hunting that we should recognize by such name. *La chasse* was known and followed by the monarchs of France ages ago. I do not mean the ordinary *chasse* of, fusee in hand, letting fly at any winged animal a bob-tailed pointer might disturb, which is about the *ultimatum* or *maximum* of the ordinary French *chasse*; but I mean the regular royal *chasse-au-cerf* of French monarchs to be understood as an

assemblage of *piquers* and persons in nondescript hunting-caps, coats, boots, and spurs, with belts, couples, French horns, and God knows what besides, as indications of absolute furor *de chasse;* in fact, everything is furor with a Frenchman, while the impetus of his volatile temperament lasts: in fact, he would put himself in a greater flurry, and be more vociferous in his exclamations in pursuing a rat in a ditch, than would be a huntsman with the Quorn with five-and-twenty couples of hounds rattling a fox from a gorse cover.

With such exuberant spirits, such *goût* for anything that is exhilarating, and most unquestionably with no want of personal courage, we might have anticipated that the enthusiastic fox-chase would have just suited the Frenchman, and that fox-hunting would have been as early in its introduction in France as in England; and it becomes the more a matter of surprise that it has not been so, from our having seen the few Frenchmen who have entered into the pursuit here, ride as forward and boldly, and show as much order in the chase as any men out. And it seems difficult to reconcile this with the *piquant* sight of a French sportsman patiently trudging along with the very tame accompaniment of one pottering old pointer at his side. If instead of, we will say, a brace and a half of high-bred fast pointers, we were to see Monsieur with half-a-dozen brace, although such a number would be injurious to sport, still it would seem more in accordance with his usual love of bustle and display.

It is true that in the royal stag-hunts there was no lack of numbers as regards hounds, horses or men; no lack of noise of horns and voices; and the hurry, driving, and authoritative way in which huntsmen, whips, and all mounted rode about, would induce any man to suppose

that when a stag did get out of the forest, and make away over the open, these would not only energetically cheer hounds along, but would ride like d—ls untied after them. But no; a stag thus gone off was a stag escaped, for catching him under such a catastrophe never entered their heads. Such a circumstance from an Englishman bored to death by a shouting multitude, every moment proclaiming a sight of the stag in the different cut rides in the forest, would possibly call forth an invocation to the god of chase, and he might aspirate "Thank God!" The Frenchman, on the contrary, shrugging his shoulders, would, with looks aghast, exclaim, "*Mon Dieu!*" in as direful and disappointed tone as if he had seen the Louvre or Tuileries sink from his sight beneath their mother earth. Verily, Monsieur, you have never had, have not, though I am not prepared to say you never will have, the germ of "sporting propensities" in your composition!

Let us now, however, look a little at home; for in fairness it must be admitted, that though, collectively speaking, Englishmen are a nation of sportsmen, we must not quite set it down as fact, that because we see two hundred men in scarlet at a fixture, we have really so many sportsmen (in the true sense of the word) out. We certainly have two hundred men fond of riding across country with hounds there; but though these are all hunting men, it is by no means impossible that not a tenth part of them are fond of hunting. They may be fond of the *eclât* of owning a fine stud; of being prominent riders in the field, and of the society such pursuit brings them into contact with; but probably no few of these have really no more true and legitimate love of hunting in them than has Monsieur. It is true he would pull up his horse when all these would set him going,

namely, when game offered the certainty or chance of a clipping run across country: each in their way is influenced by a love of self-display. The one to be seen by the ladies in their carriages placed in different parts of the *forêt*, and the foot bystanders in every part of it, galloping most uselessly his horse about in all directions, as if the very soul and being of the *chasse* devolved on him; the other, in showing the field that, both on first and second horse, he was among the chosen few. We will freely allow the manly impulse of the latter calls forth admiration, while the puerile fussy assumption of the other can only elicit a smile very like contempt, not of the man, but of his bearing as a sportsman.

In point of the true sporting propensity between the two individuals of the different countries, I will endeavour to show the very opposite feelings that would influence both, but each evincing equal vanity in his way. Nothing would please an Englishman, a fox-hunter, and good rider across country, better than going to a fixture in a strange country, on a quiet, unassuming-looking nag, that required the practised eye of a judge of hunters to detect a something about him that spoke of doing the trick; the owner in white cords, a plain black waistcoat, and Newmarket-cut coat to match, an ordinary hat, and possibly only an ash riding-stick in his hand. Of course the saddle, bridle, boots, spurs, and seat of the owner would show a man used to meet hounds; and the condition of the nag would tell it was not the first time he had met them that season, or if it was, he was "fit to go." Our rider, while hounds are drawing, contrives to be where he can get away with them, and takes care to be where he can in no way subject himself to an unpleasant hint or remonstrance from master or huntsman. He hears a hound or two throw their tongues, listens to hear

where the nag stands!" Now such a man inquiring for the easiest country to ride over, keeping one horse, and sporting, as he said, "the pink"—bah! this equals the most veritable Frenchman that ever lived. I answered the four questions put to me with courtesy; but when it came to the Pink—name it only among Goths!—I burst into a loud laugh, and left the *shop*. Oh, sporting propensity, how differently are you shown by different men!

THINGS AS THEY WILL BE.

On reading this heading, the question will probably suggest itself to the mind of the reader, "Things as they will be!"—when? And again the question may arise—What things? I will endeavour to answer these queries as they are proposed.

There can be no doubt but that any or every one who may throw a glance on this article, has read or heard of Mr. Moore's Almanack, and is consequently aware that with all his astronomical knowledge and experience, our learned author ever in his prognostics made this reservation in their favour, "the day before or the day after!" His successors, probably keeping in mind Dickey Gossib's song—

> "My father had a happy knack
> Of cooking up an almanack,"

have adhered to the same plan. Now, as I know I am no astronomer, and, the public may decide, no conjuror, I reserve to my humble prognostics a far greater latitude, and will allude to 1870, a few years before or after.

Now for the question as to "what things?" I might here insert a hieroglyphic, as does friend Moore, leaving its solution till hereafter; when, if I had described a circle, I might say it was intended to represent the regal diadem that encircles the brow of majesty, or the wheel of an omnibus, whichever the changes and chances of this mortal life might enable me to bring forward as proofs incontestable of second-sight. This reservation is all very

well and very proper, for one whose character as a natural philosopher stands too high to warrant its being perilled by false conceptions; but as my character as a writer does not stand on such high grounds, a blunder or two (thank Providence) will not materially affect me, for my readers being used to it from me, kindly overlook such things, or I dare say I should have hid my diminished head long ago.

First, then, as some of the "things as they will be"—will hunting, racing, riding, driving, and general field sports be as *generally* in vogue twenty years hence, ten years "before or after," as they are now? I do not mean to content myself with a Jesuitical reply, when I say that will depend on circumstances, for I with regret prognosticate that (if things go on as they are going now) they certainly will not.

It will be observed that I use the term *generally* as to the patronizing and following field sports. I do not mean they will be crushed *in toto*.

Let us first look at hunting, as first mentioned in my little catalogue. That hunting will year by year become less of a general pursuit than it has been for centuries, I hold to be a necessary, or, at all events, a certain consequence of the change of habits, and facility of locomotion, that has taken place during the last twenty years.

"Crescit amor nummi quantum ipse pecuniæ crescit:"

This we learned at school; but it is carried out in other things besides money. As much as the facility of locomotion without exertion, fatigue, or exposure to weather increases, so will increase the desire to avoid either; and as we cannot enjoy field sports without encountering all these to a certain degree, so much as those living in the present day learn from habit to hold such things as insup-

portable, so much will the distaste for field sports increase also.

It might be thought that the facility of conveying a man and horse forty miles by a railroad would induce many London men to go to meet hounds, who could not go before such conveyance was offered them; and that, consequently, every hunt within a moderate distance from town would be inundated by London men. Not a bit: the only difference is, that a few of those who years back would have hunted with the Surrey or Lord Derby, now go with Baron Rothschild: but from the different turn of mind the facility of travelling has given men, fields within twenty miles of London, that used to show a hundred horsemen out, do not now show twenty. The zest for the thing is going off, and each year and day will it diminish more and more. Young men, whose birthplace is the country, whose legitimate pursuits ever were those of the country, and who used to think of a visit to London no more than they did of one to the Hebrides, now rail it up to London, talk of and sport Mr. Nicol's paletôts, and having learnt their way to that heaven in their eyes—the saloons, and lobbies of the theatres—vote their governor and his harriers slow coaches, only fit for the year One. What is the being distinguished as one of the crack riders of the county, to being distinguished by fair Ellen, after two days' acquaintance, as "*the* only one she ever truly loved!" Blessings on the railroad that brought him to Elysium! The farm to which he is heir is spurned: the member for whom his father votes is solicited to use his interest: some minor situation is got, and young Hopeful, fancying himself a perfect London gentleman, becomes a thorough London scamp.

Gradually this facility of conveyance will rob the country of half its inhabitants—that is, those in the middle

classes of life. The man of a few hundreds a year kept his two or three horses; these probably hacked, hunted, and one or each occasionally drew his gig: his family might come to London for a few days once a year (probably less frequently): this was just to see a play or two, or the fashions; but the sojourn was not long enough to form London connections, or wean them from pursuits that habit had rendered congenial to their tastes; and after a very few nights of dissipation and late hours, they all longed to return to a home dear to their recollection and affections. The family, though not one of pretensions, were, in their own village and the country around them, known and respected; were recognized as one of the combining links of that chain which reaches from the peasant to the peer; and as the last-mentioned part of it benefited (or at least ought to have done so) the surrounding country by a proper and liberal distribution of his large means, so in a proportionate degree the family of smaller means were hailed as benefactors by those to whom what little could be spared was spared cheerfully, and from making themselves acquainted with the necessities of their poorer neighbours, judiciously bestowed, and thankfully received by those whose blessings sprung as spontaneously from the heart, on receiving these minor proofs of interest in their fate, as on the larger gifts of those of greater means; and each is equally blessed and beloved, if it is seen each gives in accordance with his means. Not only callous, but worthless must be the heart of him who does not feel both pride and joy from the conviction of being the object of the grateful remembrance, respect, and attachment of his fellow-man.

How does the present system of rapid and cheap transit affect such a family as I have depicted? Instead of the occasional visits, "few and far between," to the metro-

polis—a new opera, the presence of a foreign potentate or two, a wedding, or even a party (if of peculiar attraction), is held sufficient excuse or plea for a hundred miles' journey to London. Frequent intercourse with Town brings on Town acquaintance; and a *goût* for London amusements is engendered in the young branches of a family that had hitherto not only been content with, but fully enjoyed, those pleasures and pursuits indigenous to their native place, and that have been for, perhaps, centuries the accustomed habits of the predecessors of their family. The aspect of all things they see in the country becomes changed in their eyes and estimation; the country is pronounced dull, its pleasures monotonous; and acquaintance, friends, and companions, hitherto hailed with pleasure, are now held as veritable bores. The father of the family in vain uses argument and persuasion; mamma has become infected with the London mania, and joins the general outcry in favour of a London life; till, breaking through all the habits of his life, leaving behind friends known as companions in boyhood, to avoid the persecution of the general clamour, the father gives a forced consent to quit all that he holds dear, and to mix in scenes in which he has no enjoyment.

As a counter to the new expenses incidental to a London life, the horses are sold; the man who acted in the double capacity of a country footman and gardener, the groom, and two of the female servants, are dismissed, and the house is (as the case may be) given up to the landlord, or, with its fifty acres of land, its gardens and offices, let for a sum that merely pays the rent of the bare walls of a less comfortable London house. Here, with the incongruity of a seven o'clock dinner, and petticoats attending at table, a party or rout—as, *par excellence*, the ladies of the family may term it—is given once or twice

a year, to which, from want of such acquaintance as one assimilates with the idea of a large party, like the nobleman in Scripture, they send into the highways that their rooms may be full; and verily many are called, but few are chosen.

Such ladies flatter themselves they are among the fashionable world. So they are; and much gratification may such idea bring them. They are just this much among fashionable life—they see the carriages of those who are, drive by the door they never think of stopping at; and a large portion of income is spent to be in the *neighbourhood* of fine houses they never enter, and to the owners of which the family once so known and so respected are as unknown as if they lived in the Nubian desert. The fact is, they have come from where they were *somebody*, to where they sink into the comparative insignificance of *nobody*; at least they are so among those to whom they considered a removal to London would give them the *entrée*. Such has been, now constantly is, and I fear much more frequently will be, the result of the facilitated intercourse between rural districts and the metropolis.

Supposing I am right as to the usual results to such a family by throwing aside all former ideas and habits; we will look to the head of it, who, with perhaps not a thousand a year, was still, in his former locality, the 'Squire.

During the winter months, when formerly the cheering horn and more cheering cry of hounds awaited him three days in the week, his gun a day or two more, and a hospitable dinner to his friends, and one from them, kept up social intercourse between families, he now cons over the paper till a late hour in the day, to beguile time that for him wends its way with leaden wings, his only re-

miniscence of his former pursuits being brought about by a stroll into Tattersall's. He there sees faces for the most part new to him, hunters the like of which he knows he shall never more bestride, or a pack of fox-hounds on sale, the music of which will never again gladden his ears. A sigh for bygone days escapes him, and as he slowly retraces the narrow entrance from Grosvenor-place, he feels it indifferent whether he turns to right or left, neither offering the way to aught congenial to his taste or pleasures. Summer induces a stroll in the park. Here, as we know that feeble light only renders darkness visible, so to his eye, accustomed to see nature in its blooming garb, the sun-burnt aspect of what should be turf merely shows him nature in disgusting deformity. He returns to his London house, seeks his easy chair; and the robust veteran, who, a year or two since, seemed by his looks to set time and age at defiance, soon, from want of his accustomed healthy pursuits, sinks into the enfeebled old man.

Having thus disposed of a family under such change, in a way not the child of imagination, but drawn from life, and of late occurrence, the question may arise as to how far the absence of a man of small fortune may affect the country, and (its chief feature in the shape of amusement, namely) the sports of the field. There can be no doubt but the absence of one such man can affect the country at large but little; but let it be remembered, the absence of a large number of such would affect it in a very serious degree. We will suppose a man of about eight hundred a-year, keeps a couple of hunters, a horse for the family carriage, and a hack for everything, with a groom and one other man servant for general purposes, and all this may be done with good management on such an income; about seven such families put together keep

up an establisment of servants and horses that in point of number equal that of a nobleman. We are quite aware how sensibly the continued absence of a nobleman is felt by tenants, neighbours, and the country around; now I conceive that the absence of seven such families as I describe would be much more sensibly felt, for it must be borne in mind that the man of a thousand a-year is, or ought to be, as much a gentleman as the noble; and it is seeing the habits, and occasionally being brought in contact with the gentleman, that tends to soften the rudeness of the boor: feeling himself surrounded by his superiors, and dependent on them for many of his comforts, teaches a proper deference towards them, and induces him to shape his general conduct so as to challenge their approbation, or at all events to escape their censure. Now from different avocations and engagements, it is quite certain that where the noble has occasion to speak to one peasant, or farmer, the man of smaller means speaks to fifty—the noble may not enter a cottager's home in a year, they are continually entered by some part of the family of the country gentleman: this teaches the peasant he is "not all forsaken on the main," and occasional relief when necessary gives him the cheering conviction that when necessity obliges him to put in his claim, he has "those claims allowed." The loss of a few nobles materially *injures* the well-doing of a neighbourhood—the loss of a large number of gentlemen's families *desolates* it. Should this be carried to a great extent, the peasantry would return to barbarism. It may be said they were in this state in the feudal times, when their lords were resident at their castles. Granted; and this shows that it is the middle class of country gentlemen who tend so much to promote the comfort and civilization

of the peasant, for in remote ages the inhabitants of this country were mostly composed of lords and serfs.

Let us now see what it is that in a general way keeps the gentry resident in our provinces. I infer it to be the not having the wish for London amusements, and consequently enthusiastically enjoying those the country affords. The denizen of the metropolis may say, What good does a country gentleman's hunting do? A vast deal, and much more than meets the eye, or idea of such a querist. We will not here enter into the enumeration of the many benefits that various classes of persons enjoy from the additional number of horses kept that hunting occasions; but beyond that, hunting and field sports bring on a kind of good understanding between the gentry, the farmer, and the peasant. The gentleman is civil to the farmer because he allows him to ride over his land; the farmer is civil in return, because he supplies the gentleman with hay, oats, and straw; but much more so because the farmer occasionally joining in the chase (or if not), by preserving foxes, abstaining from improper destruction of game, and permitting his cover to be drawn, he feels he has the power to oblige, and thus has a right to expect as his due a proper courtesy from his more aristocratic neighbour, or even his lordly one. It gives him a justifiable feeling of independence, and in moving his hat to his superior he does it to show his sense of their different grades, and feels certain of the compliment being properly acknowledged: it is not the servile and forced obedience of the serf or slave, but the voluntary act of a man who knows he is liked and respected —he feels he is a yeoman, my Lord a peer, and his neighbour a gentleman; this he readily and cheerfully allows, as the different grades that appertain to each individual— yet knows his superiors feel, and allow that on the score of

bare respectability as members of the world they are unlike, unless the conduct of either destroys this equality.

The master of fox-hounds would feel very averse to showing any unseemly disregard to a respectable yeoman; first, we will hope, from a proper and gentlemanly feeling; secondly, because he feels that the yeoman in his way does all he can to oblige him and the gentlemen of the hunt; and beyond this, in most cases the farmer or yeoman has the indisputable right to warn any man from riding over the land he holds. The old idea, that a man has a right to follow a fox where he pleases, on the score of destroying vermin, I believe has long since been refuted. That an action for damages might not succeed against a man for doing a justifiable act, might probably be the case; but a notice not to repeat the act would be a poser, and if done, an action for trespass must settle the business. All this is avoided by the little mutual obligations that hunting produces; and what tends to promote kindly feeling between man and man, let either be who he may, is a great promoter of the good order of society: this unquestionably hunting does.

I mean no offence to any class of men, but in some corroboration of my opinion that the country produces more reciprocal courtesy between superiors and inferiors than does a London life, we will suppose the carriage of the noble or gentleman to come alongside the gig or taxed cart of the farmer, or his good wife—"How d'ye do, farmer?" or mister, or plain Foxfriend, is pretty sure to be the result; or if the good woman is there, as sure as her "eggs are eggs," a nod from my Lady is awarded; the good woman has stopped Dobbin out of respect to my Lady, and standing up in her cart, she drops her best bob, and goes home determined that if half her cocks and hens are carried off by Pug, not a fox

shall be killed with her consent while my Lord is so "mortal a man for hunting them."

Farmer Someone sends word to the squire or Mr. —— that a brace of hares are constantly in such a place on his farm: the squire brings his beagles or greyhounds, one or both of the hares are sent to the farmer's wife, with the squire's compliments or remembrances; he perhaps takes a crust of the farmer's bread and cheese, and a glass of what he calls "fairish tackle," in the shape of ale: here is kindly feeling on both sides, yet no unseemly familiarity. The farmer always knows where a covey of birds lie, or a snipe or woodcock is to be flushed; while a cheap set of "golden gilt real Chaney tea-things," binds the wife of the farmer to the wife of the squire in indissoluble ties. This is country practice, and capital practice it is; but I fear it is practice on the wane; but if, as I also fear is likely to be the case, country pleasures are left for London amusements, such practice must eventually die a natural death, from the absence of those who once so numerously, and now in a lesser degree, still keep it up.

I have said that the noble in his carriage passing the farmer in his taxed cart notices him; but—why, I say not—the noble passing in his carriage would not notice his tailor in his gig in London streets; nor would my Lady nod to his wife. In the first place, in all human probability my lady never saw, wished to see, or ever would see, the wife of her lord's tailor; but if she had, it would make no difference in point of recognition. The tailor's wife may flatter herself that the immeasurable distance between the peeress and the wife of the farmer, precluding all possible attempt at familiarity, admits of freedom of recognition; while in her case, approaching nearer to the woman of distinction, a distance of manner

is held necessary by the latter. If the good woman can find any solace in such an idea, long may she entertain it; but, in truth, the tailor's wife is about as much nearer the peeress than is the farmer's, as is the man on the first step of a street-door nearer to heaven than the man on the pavement.

We will again turn to country gentlemen; they almost to a man know each other—and hunting produces this. We will say the fixture of a pack of foxhounds is near the centre of their country; the members of the hunt, and often those of other hunts, come to this fixture, east, west, north, and south, distances varying from half-a-mile to ten, twelve, or fourteen miles. This case, or similar ones, take place many times during a season; mutual recognition takes place, and men become known to each other though residing thirty miles apart. A kind of freemasonry actuates hunting men. In provincial hunts, a man well mounted and spoken to by a M. F. H., is virtually introduced to the hunt, even if a stranger; and though it is quite different at a Leicestershire fixture, in the generality of hunts no one stops to enquire, or cares to know, whether a man keeps three hunters or thirteen; he is a hunting man, his look and bearing are those of a gentleman, and, as a stranger, every man—at least every gentleman—is willing to show him a civility. This keeps up a kind of liaison between a large class of men more or less intimately acquainted—all knowing where to find each other, all ready to do so, and to join heart and hand should they be required on any occasion to promote or defend the welfare of the country—the scene of their chiefest joys, and endeared by ties dear to their hearts.

Let us now see the state the country would be in if the country gentry left it—I mean as regards the con-

duct of the peasantry. It is true, the strong arm of the law, police, and soldiery might, and most probably would, prevent the frequent occurrence of great crime or capital offences. But police or soldiery cannot be everywhere or anywhere at all times; and as well might one whip attempt to watch twenty-five couples of hounds in cover, if each hound was determined on riot, as could a country of peasants be watched if each man was bent on different crimes. Having no country gentry to please, or to hope assistance from, they would naturally become regardless of character; and being so, would, as a consequence, become dissolute from habit and desperate from despair. True, there would remain the workhouse for him; but make it as comfortable as you will, the workhouse is hurtful to the independent feelings of an Englishman; and if as one of the poor he is left to the tender mercies of churchwarden and overseer, God help him. He would perhaps have the noble at his castle or hall for a portion of the year—one whom he never or seldom sees—one who, not from want of kindness or benevolence, but from want of opportunity, has never noticed him, or is aware such a man exists. The gentry absent, he is left like the fox or crow, to live as he can; and, like them, if driven by want to commit depredation, like them he suffers, if detected in the act. The intervening link between him and the great being lost, he feels himself an outcast of society.

Does hunting, then, do no good by keeping those in the country who by their presence keeps every man in his place in society? In truth it does. It is not of course the mere act of riding over fields or fences that produces any benefit to any one, excepting health to him who does it; but he must do this to hunt; and we have only to do away with the spirit of hunting, if we wish to

rob the country of one of its greatest inducements to live in it. This done, it would soon be deserted by all but peers and peasantry.

Our continental neighbours, particularly the French, may say, "We do not hunt," and may affect to despise our doing so. We all recollect the old anecdote of Charles of Sweden, who somewhat sneeringly remarked to an Englishman, "Votre Roi chasse toujours." "Oui, Sire," retorted John Bull, "mais il ne joue jamais de la flute." Query, in which act would a sovereign look most like a king—surrounded by a princely retinue and a royal pack of staghounds, or distorting his mouth like a fifer on a flute? Let him do both, but don't let the fifer pretend to ridicule a more kingly and manly pursuit.

But to answer the supposed French observation, "We do not hunt." I know you do not; and look what blessedly dreary places your provinces are. Take the whole country of the north of France—I know it well, and had the misfortune to be quartered in different parts of it—a man might as well be in Siberia. Why is this? Because there is no resident country gentry. Why is there not? Because there is no hunting; there being none, the French of course have no idea of its joys; and having none, of course there is no inducement to live in the country. In another half century, if London amusements usurp the place of country ones among our gentry, our provinces will be somewhat like the French ones. It may then be "merrie" London, but it will no longer be "merrie England." Why was it called so? Because the whole country beamed with "merrie" faces. The country had its numberless amusements—its stag-hunting, fox, hare, and otter-hunting; its coursing, shooting, fishing, races, fairs, statutes, riding, driving,

dinners, and visits. The presence of the gentry kept these up, and these existing kept the gentry in the country. It is not for me to enter into the statistics of any country, or the animus of its people; but this I know, that Englishmen patronizing field sports made England a smiling country *throughout;* while most other countries, where such was not the case, showed like a man laughing on one side of his face and crying on the other.

France has always been considered a gay country. Now the truth is, it is only partially so. The Court was gay; so was the Palais-Royal (perhaps a little too gay). All Paris was comparatively gay; but put a gentleman into a country-house a mile or two from St. Pol, or quarter him for three winter months at Bailleul: if he would call France gay, he must be a philosopher of the crying order, or so truly of the laughing one, that he would laugh anywhere. It is nonsense to call that a happy country where gaiety is only to be found in its metropolis; it may do for other countries, but will never do for England. It is every being resident in it having his amusement, that has produced an unanimity of feeling and purpose that has made Englishmen in their small island a nation wondered at. Field sports ever have been the vitality of the Englishman: suffer them to dwindle away, he will become no longer truly English, and then

"My native land, adieu!"

RACING AS IT IS, AND MEN AS THEY ARE.

That neither are what they were, I conceive to be quite matter of fact—whether on the whole either are better or worse than they formerly were, is an aphorism involving much speculative controversy, and extremely difficult, if not impossible, to be met by just decision.

There are some, indeed many persons, who are prone to decry all that is done in the present day, holding it (as indeed it is) an innovation on what was done years ago. This feeling may not arise from wilful prejudice, but from a forgetfulness that in what they might designate "the good old times," (such having been to them youthful times) they saw all things *couleur de rose*, forgetting also that, but for innovations, things cannot change for the better, or improvement take place.

There are others who think that what *has* been must have been inferior, arguing on the allowed fact, that as the march of intellect has progressed with rapid strides, an improved organization of every pursuit or business must have progressed in an equal ratio. There is very considerable mistake in this; things may be organized so as to suit present taste and present custom, but whether the system be commendable, or otherwise, depends on whether the present taste or custom be commendable or its reverse. The arrangement may suit the custom extremely well; but the custom may neither be suitable to good sense, morality, nor the general interests of the

people. It is an excellent arrangement to have covered vans to carry the mobility to a suburban fair; but is the fair itself beneficial to the mobility, as such fairs are carried on? The same question applies to many other events and customs. Something of the sort may be said of railroads and racing. That racing, *as it is*, causes an accumulation of persons of equivocal character to congregate, must I fear be considered as fact, and that such *men as they are*, give a very equivocal character to racing is, I believe, an equal truism.

There are two classes of persons whose wishes and opinions as regards the turf must ever be opposite as are the poles. The one is those who love the sport, and have a pride in their horses; the other, those who care nothing about the sport or the horses, but a great deal about the money. The first would deprecate the taking any further advantage than should arise from judicious breeding, training, entering their horses, and at times by the orders given their jockey as to the most advantageous way of using their horse, in each race he may run; in fact, in very fairly availing themselves of such knowledge of racing, and race-horses, as has cost them much time, trouble, consideration, and expense to obtain. The other consists of those who would uphold *any* and *every* practice in the observance of which, or the infringement of which, money is to be made. Every man possessing any principle bordering on an honourable one, would be happy in lending a hand towards counteracting the schemes of the latter class, and wishing success to the former; but among *men as they are*, the mentally calculating the number of men of honourable principle against those of an opposite character, would I fear leave the balance so much in favour of the latter, as to render the account a most mortifying summary.

That keeping race-horses is, under ordinary circumstances, anything but a profitable pursuit, all those conversant with racing well know; nor ought this in any way to militate against its prosperous career. It was never at its first introduction contemplated to render it a source of profit: it was meant as an amusement for the affluent, not as a source of gain to the needy, or of pillage to the unprincipled. The avarice of man has made it the latter, and this has produced the conviction that if a man keeps race-horses, as *racing is*, he must rob or be robbed; and much as I deprecate all unfair and unsportsmanlike conduct in racing, the man who is induced to make a wholesale sweep, if an occasion presents itself, I do not hold to be as censurable as the world may consider him.

We will suppose a case, and many such will be personally recognised. A young man determines to indulge himself in a little racing, partly from a predilection for the sport, and partly from a little harmless vanity and wish to be one of a certain clique. He purchases (say) three moderate race-horses, selects his stable, and places them under a respectable and we will say expert trainer. His horses run at different places, and win a fair average number of those stakes they start for—three or four each, and a Queen's Plate or two among the lot. The trainer pays all out-going expenses, and receives the winnings; notwithstanding the winnings our young Tyro finds he has a handsome, or rather ugly balance to pay his trainer at the end of the season; this he does not much mind, he has had, in vulgar phrase, "his fun for his money," and the amount does not inconvenience him. In a year or two he gets tired of leather plating (as most people do), he finds *que le jue ne vaut pas les chandelles*, and further, his trainer tells him the honest

truth, that *no third-rate horses can or will* pay their expenses when kept in a *public training stable*. I have no doubt but this would be told by trainers to many persons, if they could trust to the good sense, good temper, and unprejudiced attention of their employers. Fools often make other men rogues—I am quite sure it is often the case as regards trainers. I do not speak from hearsay; I believe trainers to be quite as respectable a class of men as any other men of business, where the folly, the prejudice, or obstinacy of their employers, does not compel them to be otherwise. Temptations they, in common with their fellow-men, are open to; so is a minister of state; and in some acts of both, each has a price he cannot withstand.

Our tyro, on the really honest, and, at all events, prudential advice of his trainer, sells two of his "leather flappers," and purchases a couple of colts of pretension enough to call for something like a couple of thousand as their price. He now flies at higher game, runs for the 2,000 guineas, and wins them independent of bets; "*Aquila non captat muscas*," cries our tyro. He feels himself now on velvet; his Irish Birdcatcher colt has not only won a handsome stake that squares all stable expenses, but trainer and jockey are aware he "won it handsomely." He now deserves a name, and "Fair Promise" is the cognomen under which he will next carry the light blue and black cap, and, to give him the turn of good luck as well as good riding, Nat is to have the next mount. The Camel blood that runs in the veins of the other colt, and the excellent riding of that now popular (but long overlooked) jock, Charles Marlow, lands him also a winner for a handsome stake. Our tyro this time hitting the "ould uns" hard, as vouched by his betting book, attention is now called to the

"young un," and more unfortunately still, to his horses. "The Birdcatcher colt," now "Fair Promise," meets some of his old opponents and a field far inferior to them. The race is booked as won to as great a certainty as such events admit: he runs, but the fortunate and accomplished Nat cannot now rouse him to once show in front—at the distance post he is quite beaten off, and a wag says to his master, "I'd change his name, and call him 'Astonishment'"—an unkindly cut at the loser, but he puts it down in his book of memory, as he does his losses in his book of betting. Suspicions now float like animalculæ on his brain; and a succession of losses brings on the conviction that he has been nobbled strong in his mind "as proofs of Holy Writ," by whom he knows not—by one or many, he now cares not; but, like a game one, he does not "say die," but turns round savage at punishment, and determines *somebody* or *many* bodies shall pay for it. "It is a long lane that has no turning:" Fair Promise comes out in his best form, and wins as he likes, against some of the flyers, beating the *pot* of the day easy Here comes a good take up, pays in part the nobbling our tyro has undergone. He runs again—"what is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander"—a horse losing is often capital fun for all but the owner—our tyro now determines to have a little fun *himself*—the colt goes and is "nowhere"—the fun is now his owner's, who can blame him?

Yet now comes forth the vituperative voices of provincial, suburban, and metropolitan losers, "trumpet-tongued" against the owner—"bare-faced robbery" is a term too mild for the transaction: *Bell's Life* is pestered by letters, complimenting that journal on its known love of justice and fair play, and fair play is the watchword of those who have benefited by the foul play

that has caused a thoroughly honourably-intentioned sportsman, after standing a mark to be shot at, to make reprisals for the rascality that brought him to the verge of utter ruin. "Let those who are guiltless throw the first stone"—I would not throw an unkind word at such a man; he only avails himself of the lessons he has learned at somewhat expensive cost—*he is now on the turf*, knows *racing as it is*, and is about on a fair footing with *men as they are*.

It is not a matter of surprise that any man should deprecate that by which he has suffered; and if he has suffered by that which is in itself blameable or despicable, no one can be surprised if his anathemas be both loud and deep; but no one has a right to stand forward as a censurer, when he was the first against whom the censure should have been levelled.

However candid may be the general opinions of a man, and however honourable his conduct and intentions, as "human nature is human nature still," he is apt to be biassed for or against that which affects his interest, and this as in other matters causes many of the complaints made as regards handicaps. That discrepancies, anomalies, errors, and occasional (we will say) unintentional misconceptions as to the weight particular colts or horses should carry, sometimes occur, is quite certain; and where there are perhaps a hundred and thirty, or more nominations, unless a handicapper was endued with more than human perspicuity of intellect, such must ever be the case. The owner of a horse has his own judgment, and that of his trainer and jockey, to guide him as to how his horse has gone in such and such race or races as he has come out for; and if his judgment be good, and that of his trainer and jockey good and honest too, he can form a tolerably fair estimate of his horse's

pretensions—he has this single horse's success, and his own interest peculiarly at heart. If his colt has not run in public, but has had a trial, the owner makes himself as perfectly acquainted with the merits of the trial horse as circumstances permit. If his colt has run, he pores hours, days, and weeks, over the *Racing Calendar*, till he has by heart the performances of every horse his colt ran with; and then taking into consideration whether he has improved in form, or gone back, and how far the horses his own are likely to meet are on a par, are better or worse than those he met before, he can form something like a correct idea as to what weight would give him a fair chance of winning, or would bring the odds for or against his doing so. For the handicapper to make himself equally conversant with such matters, as relating to perhaps a hundred and more horses, would require an honest twelve months' close application for a very few events. And even supposing he did so, if he honestly, and to the best of his judgment, so weighted each horse as to make it a matter of certainty in the mind of each owner, that supposing his horse should win, it would be but a "toucher" whether he did or not—then each owner would grumble. If he was thought to have under-weighted such and such horses, *their* owners would laud him to the skies, while all the others would anathematise him for partiality; and again, if he put some under higher weights than their owners approved of, such owner would hold himself a victim to the ignorance or culpable injustice of the handicapper.

Could the suggestion I ventured once to make be adopted, it would greatly diminish the difficulties of a handicapper. It was to classify horses in handicaps, in other words, to bring only horses bordering on the same class together in the same handicap. This could be done

by only permitting a limited allowance to be made in reference to *pretensions* between horses of the same age, for it seems to me (though I write it deferentially) quite absurd to see two animals going in the same race, under such circumstances as two will go in a popular handicap (should both start) in April, namely, two of the same age, the one giving the other an honest fifty-six pounds in weight, each being four years old. "*Figurez vous*," as Sterne says, alluding to "*mon oncle*," two jockeys mounted at equal weights on two four year olds, and then the one taking a truss of hay behind him as a *trifle* to bring the two animals on a par; and this in point of weight is precisely what is given in the race alluded to, and there are some others running within a pound or two of similar allowance. Now supposing (as some consider) that between horses of equal pretensions, seven pounds is equal to half a distance—in the race alluded to at equal weights, if they were handicapped as pedestrian runners are by giving distance, one gives the other eight half distances, nearly a quarter of the length they will have to run: now if one four year old is so bad as in order to bring him, or her, on a par with another, it is necessary to allow such advantage, I scarcely consider such a wretch fit to live, certainly not to run, unless it be at the make-believe races at Batty's theatre. I am quite ready of course to admit that the daughter of Pompey should pay for royal descent and high pretensions, and the giving a stone and more to others of the same age, is perhaps all right and proper; nor do I impugn the propriety of the *trifling* fifty-six pounds given, I only consider that the giving a chance that an animal of comparatively no value should carry off a large stake, against one whose value would purchase an independence for life for a moderate man, is a bad encouragement to owners

of valuable horses, for an equal chance they have, if the handicap is a good one. In a race each man may risk the same money in entrance, or stakes, but risking (say) £1,000 to £50 or £100 in the value of two horses is somewhat "long odds at football," and, in sooth, long odds in racing.

As an enthusiastic in, and connected with, field sports of all kinds, I am not likely to offer objections to the use of any fair advantage the true sportsman may make use of, to keep his sporting disbursements and receipts somewhat straight, and I am quite aware that as racing is, and as men are, we must, to keep up even an equilibrium, meet each man with his own weapons—pleasant is the meeting when such weapons are only those fitting the hands of honourable men. I hold there to be a vast difference between making use of the advantages that keen perception, perfect knowledge of and experience in any thing or pursuit, afford us, and the making use of nefarious and disgraceful tricks to entrap the unwary, and even set the calculations of the initiated at defiance. The first is the fair stratagem and manœuvre of honest warfare, the latter the concealed and stealthy act of the coward assassin.

I will now venture a few remarks on naming and changing the names of race-horses, and more especially those of steeple-chasers. I believe it is an admitted fact, that in most cases where horses' names are changed, it is not for a commendable purpose it is done. I have heard as a reason for changing a name, that a horse had been hitherto unlucky; no man can believe that men are often found weak enough to consider that change of name can effect a change of luck—in fact, men do not trust to luck in racing affairs. It is true in changing a horse's name, he must for *once* go as "*late*" *so and so*;

but it is easy to do this at some obscure place, where the horse not being intended to win, the change is unnoticed, and is heard of but by a few; and then he comes out comparatively a dark horse, so far as nominations and acceptances go. And supposing a colt to have run into repute as "B. C. by Touchstone, out of Camilla's d.," if as such he is described at some petty race, and there named, few would possibly read the particulars of such a race, and if they did, they would never suppose it was the unconquered Touchstone colt: and if a horse has been named, and that name changed in a similar covert manner, how few would recognize "Eolus," in "Do-'em-again?" Surely the fair thing would be, after a horse is named, that by that name he should be forced to abide, or if changed, the change should be made in so public a manner as no doubt could arise as to his identity.

I fully agree that a man has a right to do what he pleases with his own, if his doing so does not violate the laws of his country or outrage the feelings of society; nor do I at all coincide with an opinion that was more popular than, I am glad to see, it now is, namely, that so soon as a horse runs in public, he becomes, figuratively speaking, public property—an idea I ever considered as preposterous; for the difference between not running for, or not winning a race, with one's *own* horse, is a widely different affair to (in the remotest way) countenancing or conniving with the incapacitating the horse of another man's for winning it. The effect may possibly be the same as regards betting men; but I consider the owner of a race-horse is no more called on to shape his conduct, or make arrangements for his horse to please bettors, than he would be to order his carriage-horses to be so driven as to please those who might choose to look at his equipage.

Fair play, however, is that which every man has a right to, whether he gets it or not, and it ought to be clearly understood on what terms bettors stand as regards race-horses and their owners. If racing is to be considered a business, a kind of monster pecuniary speculation for the public, no laws can be made too stringent, to prevent disappointment to those vesting their money on such events; but we will hope it will never come to this, but will be held as an amusement to the sporting world—that is, to men fond of field sports. The making it otherwise is the converting a national sport into an attraction for the idle, the dissolute, and designing, who would prefer a precarious mode of living by all sorts of rascality, to earning that living by industry and application. It would be an unjustifiable temptation to barefaced robbery, subversive of all moral and proper feeling, and disgraceful to the country. If, on the other hand, we recognize racing only as a sport, a man has under such circumstances an undoubted right to consult his feelings, his vanity, and, under certain circumstances, his interest, as regards winning: a man may not choose to have a favourite horse severely punished, and may give his orders accordingly; he may possibly forego winning a race by such orders. The animus of society must be in a very bad state if such an owner is censured for not allowing his horse to be cut up to win, and by doing so to put money in the pockets of persons of whom he knows nothing. A man may have accepted for a great race and a preceding one of minor consequence, that he fancies will be little more than a brushing gallop for his horse to win—is he to direct his jockey to win this *at all events*, if he can, at the risk of taking the running out of his horse for the great event, that perhaps his vanity as much as his interest may make him anxious to win? Yet

with a certain clique, as things are, the outcry would be that the race was sold, and the jockey would be blamed for very properly riding to orders. All this should be put straight, and I freely grant even mere betting men ought to be made aware of what they have to trust to, then they could have no cause of complaint. A man backs a horse at long odds, accept or not; the weights come out—the horse does not accept: the bettor does not complain, he knows the contingency under which he took the odds. If it was clearly understood that owners might, without their honour being impugned, forego winning a race if they pleased, bettors would then take into consideration owner's probable intentions; and this contingency taken into account, they would make their bets accordingly, or not bet at all.

It is a plea often put forward, that when public money is given to be run for, the public have a right to expect to be considered. Such opinion is no doubt perfectly just and reasonable, and those by whom the money is given *are* considered; for those who give it to encourage sport have sport for their money, and sport of a genuine sort it ought to be, not the sport of nobbling, hocussing, potting, and such little accompaniments to a meeting; but it is not those who give their money to encouraging racing that form the majority of those talking of the public right.

Innkeepers and tradesmen have their returns for their money subscribed (when they do subscribe), by the influx of persons a race calls together, so they are not the great orators in favour of public consideration. It is a yelping lot, who, cur like, cry out before they are hurt—a lot of petty bettors, who, on losing a few sovereigns, raise an outcry, as if racing was to be conducted to please them, and suit their twopenny half-penny doings. Such a man

as the now great Leviathan of bettors, if he loses thousands on an event, pays them readily without grumbling or comment, and, like a man of sense and nerve, quietly sets the circumstance down to the chances of the war he is engaged in; while every petty loser, whether with reason or not, decides that every race is a robbery, if he has lost his money on it, gives his opinion that the owner of the horse fancied is a rogue, the trainer a fool, and the jockey a muff—"most sweet voices," coming often from men knowing probably less of racing than any other pursuit of man.

That any dereliction from honourable conduct, in any way and in any pursuit, is setting a very bad example to society, no one can deny; but has society no cause to blame itself for holding out temptation to such acts? I conceive it has, and in this way:

As society at large is now constituted, if a man departs from straightforward conduct, and becomes impoverished by it, he is anathematised and shunned, by all: if he is ever so honest, but poor, he is equally shunned, though permitted to escape censure (though not always that); but if a rogue becomes rich, the means by which he became so is soon forgotten by all but those who have directly suffered from his acts, and being rich will be a passport to the civility and obsequiousness of the rest of the world. If people wish to discourage money being made by roguery, let them discourage the rogue when he *has made it*. If a man on the turf so use his own property as to cause loss to those who may have thought fit to bet on that property, he is assailed on all sides, though it may be a question whether his giving a check to betting may not in a national point of view be of salutary effect: call him a rogue if you will; but how unmitigated a scoundrel, by comparison, is the banker who

uses the property of others in speculation, fails, and brings hundreds to ruin! yet in this commercial country less outcry would be made by the thoroughly heartless atrocity of the latter towards confiding friends, than by the act of the former, who outwitted those who were ever on the *qui vive* to outwit him, if opportunity offered.

In racing *as it is* and in racing as it has long been, there is one particular incongruity (at least it strikes me as one) that I am surprised has not been altered: I allude to the two hundred and forty yards as allowed to be a distance. This was fixed when four miles was not considered a very long race, indeed the shortest in frequent usage. Now I consider it quite possible that two horses at equal weights might be on a par with each other for a mile and a-half or two miles, and yet the one might be nearly or quite a distance the better horse at four miles; but what a comparative wretch must one be, if the other would distance him in a mile and a half! yet if only mile heats are run, there stands the distance post in the same place for the mile as for a four mile race. It matters little now, as heats are getting out of vogue; but where they are still run, surely the limited distance, should not be the same in short as in long lengths. Allowing two hundred and forty yards as a distance, gives light flighty horses no chance against a strong constitutioned one; for cantering over a mile and a-half and just saving his distance, would be more to the advantage of some horses than if they had remained in the stable while the rest, ran their heat. If a horse is wished to lay-by the first heat, so let him, but make the saving his distance close enough to the ending post to give him a fair breather to save it, otherwise one or more tough old horses come out for the next heat perfectly fresh, while

the others that ran for the first have all the running taken out of them. Where horses are of the same age all this may be fair enough, but in an all-aged plate it is Newmarket to a cockpit in favour of the older horses. My idea on this subject may be incorrect; if so, good intention must excuse me.

MY LIFE AND ADVENTURES.

I HAVE often thought that a Biographical Society would be a most useful institution, if well organised and conducted; and a Society of Truth-tellers would be another. The latter would have particularly one leading feature in it that in these days always commands immediate attention—it would be most decidedly quite novel: such a society of persons never has existed, at least so I believe, and most certainly does not exist now. The Truth-tellers I would have composed of a given number of men, bound, in virtue of their office, to speak the truth; I would in no way wish to confine the members to any given number, indeed this would be quite unnecessary: the only difficulty likely to arise in this particular would be, to find men in sufficient number to form a society, the leading feature of which would be a peculiarity so contrary to the usual practice of general society. These gentlemen should be like chamber counsel; that is, individuals to whom we could apply for information, but with this additional novel advantage—that we should be certain of a direct and conscientious reply to our questions.

The great and indeed vital importance and advantage that the Truth-tellers would be to society will become at once apparent, if we consider how very rarely a man really knows his own characteristics—how rarely he is a judge of the propriety, impropriety, justice, or injustice of his proceedings; and more rare still is it for a man

to know how he stands in the estimation of the world or society in general. It is true, if a man is poor and helpless, he may very fairly calculate on being told of all his faults and failings; but then he will never be made conscious of any virtues he may possess, for no one will think it worth their while to inform him of them; and in fact, being poor, the *quantum* of virtue the world will give him credit for will not certainly be "hid under a bushel:" why should it, when a reversed tea-cup would be ample to hide all that it will be conceived possible such a poor d—l could possess?

Now the powerful and opulent man is in the same predicament as the poor one, so far as regards the getting at his true character; every one of the average good qualities he may possess in common with his fellow-man will be lauded as god-like attributes; and though the world may be clear-sighted enough to see his faults, who will tell him of them? most certainly no one but one of my Truth-tellers. There are many men, high in rank, who know no more how their character, as regards heart and disposition, stands in the estimation of the world they live in, than they do of how it may stand in the opinion of the man in the moon. I have one in my mind's eye now, who I should suppose is in that state of blissful ignorance—at least it is to be hoped that he is so, or his bliss would be but little, unless it consists in being detested. Is it to be supposed, it may be asked, that constant salutations will attend one so disliked? aye, would they, if he was a devil, provided at the same time he was a duke. Now with my confidential and truth-telling counsel, such a man would be candidly told why he was in such bad odour with his fellow-man, and no one else would tell him.

A man shunned by society may not know why he is

so—how is he to remedy faults and causes that he "wots not of"?

A young lady wishes much, and very naturally wishes, to know why no chance of the desired question has been put to her by any eligible one among her acquaintance. Imagine her consternation, on the chamber counsel, in a quiet business way, and with imperturbable gravity and quietude, informing her—"When men address a lady as lovers, they are always actuated by some motive commendable or foolish, as it may be. They seek high family connexion, fortune, beauty, mind, and high attainments in education and accomplishments, or great amiability of disposition: you, unfortunately, possess none of these, but a great deal of affectation and undue self-appreciation, and have not been fortunate enough to find a man who holds the two latter attributes as compensatory for all the rest." If this is not enough for a guinea, which I propose as the ordinary fee, I really know not what would be.

Return we now to the Biographers. One of these, who would write the life of a man while living, so far as it went, would do more good to the public, and to the individual, be it who it may, than a dozen posthumous criticisms or laudatory works. If we are to act on the principle *de mortuis nil nisi bonum*, we should never learn the true character of any one; and it really is a work of supererogation to tell of a man's faults when, not being able to hear, he can no more mend them; and on the other hand, if he merits the love, respect, and applause of the world, it is unfair to deprive him of the well-earned satisfaction of knowing while living that he is thus estimated. It is no use telling us whom we should court or whom avoid, after the object is beyond our reach: let us judge of this while it is of use to us. Biographers

of the living would be like the press to authors: it would keep them in order—it would encourage those who strove to deserve encouragement, and very properly punish those who were careless, obstinate, or radically bad: and like that press, I would vote the members of my Biographic and Truth-telling Societies to be privileged persons, against whose opinion and decision it would be as improper as futile to rebel or take offence.

I have given a hint of what might be: whether it ever will be, is another affair; but this I know—if it ever should be, it would put a good many on the *qui vive*.

In writing my own adventures, and being my own biographer, I will endeavour to show by my candour that I have the germ in me that would qualify me to be chosen a member of the societies I have alluded to, had nature made me a man instead of a quadruped, in fact—a horse.

If a man, descended from ancestors of as undoubted aristocratic origin as mine, was writing his own memoirs, he would fill half-a-dozen pages with records of the deeds of his progenitors—would refer us to where the trophied urn or chiselled marble, in silent, but ostentatious display, blazoned their deeds or virtues; and we should be inflicted with a lengthened and perplexing detail, not only of the root and fruit of the stem, but of every collateral branch and minor twig of the genealogical tree. I shall put my reader under no such penance, but briefly, and in terms suited to the subject, inform him that I was considered as well bred "on both sides of my bridle," for a race-horse, as horse could be. The classic ground of Newmarket had been the arena of the many victories of my proud ancestry: and in the absence of the vociferous shouts of the thousands of yokels and nondescripts

who frequent race-courses of minor and provincial note, the business-like buz of astonishment and admiration often hailed the scions of my blood and the colours of their possessors as passing the winning-chair triumphant.

My sire had not only performed the good office for his owner, of winning the two greatest races of the year, but sundry others. He had thus become the terror of the turf; and "Winged Meteor" was held in all events, in point of speed, invincible. He was the lauded of the lauded, the admired of the admired; and the heir to a principality would have risked his inheritance on any event in which my flying sire was destined to contend. Uncertain are, however, all human events, and more than uncertain are those of the turf. In a subsequent event, my hitherto unconquered sire was destined to yield his laurels to a competitor he had beaten in one of his great achievements. As in human affairs, on the slightest reverse of fortune or success, this defeat at once set the vituperative tongue of detraction going. This was fulminated in different ways and on different objects: trainer, jockey, and my revered sire, each had his detractors. The first had not properly trained him; the latter had improperly ridden him: others went so far as to call it a sell, a do, and God knows what beside; in fact, all who had lost their money had some blame to throw on all but the right party, namely, the man who risks his all, or what, if he loses it, will produce inconvenience to him, on any uncertain event. Doubts began to arise as to whether my renowned parent was, take him all in all, as he had been supposed to be—"the eighth wonder of the world." Of his speed there could be no doubt; but whether his being a really thoroughly game and stout competitor for turf honours was merely surmise—his speed, except in the one case, having caused his other

victories to have been achieved without any severe contest—opinions varied. With some he was still the all-in-all of perfection; and with such the defeat was accounted for in every way but such as could lessen the pretensions of the idol of public favour. In fact, furor would not be an inappropriate word to apply to the current public opinion. Others, and many deeply initiated in turf affairs and the pretensions of race-horses, boldly asserted as their opinion, that though Winged Meteor justly merited his significant name, he had a white feather in his blood on one side—which was true enough—and inferred the probability of its having descended to him: others, bolder still in technical terms, expressed their convictions that "if he was really collarded he would cur it." This diversity of opinion it was determined by the respective owners of my sire and his late victorious competitor should be settled by a match, which was made for a heavy stake; and the racing world and half the other world were on the alert: in truth, public excitement was at fever height: so nearly was balance of turf opinion poised, that as the eventful period approached, bets were so even, that where a moderate sum was at issue, the bonus of a dozen of champagne would have made many allow the giver his choice of either horse.

The owner of my sire had declared that, win or lose, it should be Winged Meteor's last race. A man who, like that owner, wants to borrow a light from no man's candle to show him his way in racing affairs, would not have come to this decision without good reason; whether he had suspicion that further proof would tarnish the proud fame of *the wonder* or not, it is hard to judge. As it was, however, determined to put him to the stud, the declaration was dictated by good policy; for should he be victorious in the match, he would be a fortune as a

sire; and a defeat would reduce his value from thousands, to be reckoned by ten-pound notes. To decline the match would have nearly the same effect. So, though it was no forced handicap, it was virtually a forced match. The renown, and consequent value, of my sire were "set upon a cast," and there was nothing for it but "to stand the hazard of the die."

The important day arrived. Londoners and provincials flocked to the trysting-place, to see the match between the cracks of the day. My sire's possessor was too good a judge not to have him brought to the post in the best possible form careful and judicious training could bring him up to. The owner of the other crack was not much versed in the discipline of the racing-stable: his horse, however, looked well: yet the most deeply initiated fancied he was not, somehow, quite the horse he was on the day of his last victory; but in cases where it is known that so much is at stake on the event of a particular horse winning, unfounded suspicions sometimes arise that the other does not come to the post quite as well as his partisans might wish; and between two competitors of nearly equal merits, a very little omission, or a little injurious commission, can easily settle the affair all one way. Far be it from me to say anything of the kind took place on this memorable contest. However, the race was run, and my father won, beating a competitor that I have heard the best judges decide is a better animal than my lauded sire ever was or ever will be. Professing, as I have, my firm intention to be guided by truth in all that relates to myself and family, I must in candour admit, that I fear, from what I have heard, that such opinion was the current one. Years have passed since this memorable contest took place. I am now old and grey; but my coltish excitement, on hearing my mother's description of it, is still

fresh in my memory: and I have heard that a contest somewhat similar in circumstances and results has taken place not long since.

My good mother, like my sire, had won for her owner one of the prize and popular stakes. To show that neither the public, racing men, nor owners, are infallible in their judgment of the pretensions of us animals—any odds could have been got against her, prior to the race. The trainer alone felt confidence in her qualities; and where trainers are men of experience, judgment, and integrity, I must think owners would often succeed better than they do, in being guided by the opinion of such persons in preference to their own. A man of education may certainly be able to call to his aid a greater amount of combination of idea and circumstance: he may be an excellent judge of action, style of going, shape, make, and symmetry; but these all fall to the ground before the plain and practical proof that is come at by the man who has prepared, exercised, and worked the race-horse. To treat such a man's opinion with contumely, is tantamount to insure the being thwarted by him. If a trainer has a favourite, it matters little the owner disparaging him, for in such case all pains will be taken to enable the pet to show the trainer was right in his predilection; but if, on the contrary, an owner will uphold a horse his trainer has reason to know will never do him credit, beat he certainly will be, if he runs only for a saddle and bridle. Human nature is human nature still; and, as the poet has it,—"pride directs us still:" and it is a greater trial of integrity than we should ever put a man to, to place him in a situation that, by acting on its principle, he proves another right and himself wrong; and, of course, such would be the case if a horse won anything worth having, against the given opinion of his trainer. However conversant a man

may be as an owner, in all matters relating to racing; however well he might be able to train a horse himself, if he exert the strictest vigilance on his part, unless the trainer cheerfully co-operates in the cause, he will most certainly deceive himself, and be deceived in his horse. If an owner has a horse that his trainer has reason to think a bad one, he had better sell him at once, or change his trainer: there is no alternative: in fact, it would be cheaper to give away such a horse, than to keep him. I merely mention this as a hint to young beginners on the turf.

Lucky would it have been for the owner of my mother had he been guided by his trainer's opinion, which was—"We shall win, sir, with Antidote!" It is quite true no indifferent man can judge how good may be colts or fillies that have never run in public: nor is it very easy to judge of this, if they have; for while some find it in their interest to hide the qualities of their young ones, the beaten colts or fillies may be flyers, and the winner and other leading ones may not be worth a bunch of the carrots they have eaten. But if a man, by proper trials, has proved his colt or filly to be superior, or about equal, to others that have won the same or similar stakes, and keeps this to himself, an owner should be guided by his advice, and taking long odds early, he must manage badly if he cannot stand to win a good stake at little or no risk. However, not a shilling had my mother's owner on her, when sure enough we did "win with Antidote!" and win handsomely.

As is always the case with the winner of any great event, my mother now attracted attention, and as Isaac did by the Duenna, people began to think there was "something agreeable," if not in her voice, in her appearance She was not the mere weaselly thing they had thought her:

on minuter inspection, it was found that, though neither large nor showing great general strength, she had considerable racing powers, or rather attributes, about her. She was now talked of; and this—as is often the case with race-horses—was the worst thing that could have happened to her or her master: it put her in the position of the character in the comedy, who says his "respectability has been his ruin." She started for another stake: this her owner "booked her to win;" but booking and winning are far different affairs. She had attracted too much attention: she had become an object to be worked on by the ring. The consequence was, that while her owner thought he had put an honest jockey up, he had got hold of John Strongarm. Her master lost his race, and of course his money. In truth, the strong arm of the jockey, like that of the law, often has brought desolation to a man's hearth, and the thing done is done. "Thou canst not say I did it:" at all events, it can't be proved; and if it was, disgracing a jockey is poor recompense for defeat, mortification, and, worse still, serious loss. Like many other victims of rascality, my injured mother never held up her head afterwards: it is true those aware of the transaction still respected her; otherwise I should probably never have been born, and then maternal solicitude awakened in her stronger feelings than the thirst for fame, fleeting as it mostly is, and in her case tarnished without a fault of hers.

It unfortunately happened that the wish to become a mother took such strong hold of my parent, and her anxiety on this account became so intense, that it was found necessary, or at least advisable, to accede to her wishes at a time when it was known my appearance in the world would occur at an inclement period of the season, namely, early in the following January: how-

ever, as the lesser evil, her inclinations were attended to. Whether the consort chosen for her was a proper one or not, it would be ungracious and undutiful in me to discuss; but my mother's owner set his heart on possessing a flyer, and it was considered that as my mother had shown herself stouter than was anticipated, and, moreover, had a considerable turn of speed, that Winged Meteor would form a desirable family connexion; consequently, I have the honour of calling myself his son.

No pains that could be taken—no caution that human foresight could suggest to prevent injury or accident to my mother and myself, was spared: her paddock was chosen as having the sweetest herbage, and her hovel the best secured from all vicissitudes of weather; and the eye of the man in charge of the stock, that of the trainer and master, was constantly over her comfort, safety, and well-doing. As the important period drew near that was expected to usher me into the world, an unusually large but comfortable box was selected as my birth-place, and the eye of vigilance was oftener on us. The year had nearly expired when indications appeared that the time of my birth would arrive earlier than had been calculated on: the man had cast his eye into the box at ten at night, saw my mother apparently quite at her ease; at five in the morning he looked in again, when, like Priam awakened in his sleep, his eyes dilated with surprise—and indeed dismay—for there, on the 30th of December, lay I, my mother affectionately licking and welcoming me into this breathing world, little dreaming of the appalling difference between the dates of 30th of December and 1st of January.

This said functionary, whose surprise and dismay my unexpected early appearance had so called forth, gloried in the Christian name of Moses, but was usually recog-

nised as Mosey, and at times, for brevity-sake, as Mo. Mosey was a character, and, as men go, not a bad one either; he verified the characteristic applied to a portion of our continental neighbours—"*point d'argent, point de Suisse;*" not that Mosey would refuse a good turn to any one because he was not paid for it; but he represented the Swiss in unqualified attention to the interest of his employer. He was not certainly precisely the man calculated for a referee as to what might or might not be strictly honourable conduct in his employer, or, indeed, in any gentleman; but he judged it to be honourable in himself to carry out the interest of those whose bread he ate; and if the truth must be told, this would Mosey do, "*per fas aut nefas.*"

I was, of course, too young to notice what transpired in the first few hours of my birth; but, as I have been told by my mother, Mosey's first indication of what passed within his mind on seeing me, was expressed by a lengthened "Whew!"—a kind of one-eighth word and seven-eighths whistle. This peculiar and somewhat mysterious sound was, however, explained when he expressed his consciousness of dilemma by the following chaste and metaphorical exclamation—"By dad! here's a pretty kettle of fish!" though in what the similitude existed, neither my mother at the time, nor I since, ever could understand. Mosey was not one, however, to waste his time in words; so, seeing my ineffectual attempts to get on my legs, he gently raised me, and placing me by the side of my parent, after having done and got all he considered necessary for her comfort and refreshment, he carefully locked us in, and disappeared.

That he had employed his absence in informing both trainer and our owner of my appearance, was manifest by an early visit from both. Mosey, good soul, opened our

door as noiselessly, and with as much precaution, as if the heir-apparent to a throne had been ushered into the world; then speaking fondly and soothingly to my mother, he laid his hand on me, with this short but comprehensive expression of his entire approbation—

"If that bean't a Leger nag, I never saw one! By dad! he's a beauty!"

Neither owner nor trainer expressed their assent or dissent to Mosey's fond prediction; in fact, they both looked, as Jonathan has it, "in a fix."

"Rather awkward this, sir!" said the trainer.

"Very!" moodily replied the master.

"What's awkward?" says Mosey, addressing the former: "it ain't awkward a bit, if you don't make it so. We ain't going to be done out of a year for two days—you leave that to me."

"But," doubtingly added the trainer, "the boys will talk!"

"Will they?" replied Mosey; "why, there ain't but one as ever comes in here."

"Can you trust him?" inquired the trainer.

Here Mosey made a motion that no doubt he expected his auditors to at once comprehend, by placing his thumb in a peculiar way on the side of his nose; but lest his figurative language might not be perfectly understood, he descended to plain prose:—

"I bean't going to trust him," says Mosey; "he's half-a-dozen miles off by this. I give him leave to go home for a week; and when he returns, if he can tell whether a colt is five days old, or seven, he's a precious deal cuter than I takes him to be."

At this he gave a peculiar kind of chuckle, that he always used when he felt or wished to express satisfaction, adding, in a kind of encouraging tone—

"All right, sir,! if you'll leave it so."

"Well, Mosey," said the master, "we'll see about it: in the meantime, there's a sovereign for your good intentions—at all events."

Mosey, in further indication of such intentions, performed the somewhat unseemly ceremony of spitting on the coin for luck; then giving it a cant into the air with his thumb, caught it back-handed as it descended, put it into his pocket, and opening the box-door, all three went out.

We all know (or at least I do) that a little more cleverness would not be merely an addition but an improvement in most of us, as it would enable us to carry out whatever we may undertake with greater efficiency; but there is a kind of cleverness of a peculiar sort, natural to or acquired by some persons, that could in many cases be well dispensed with, as it sometimes induces them to investigate, or, in vulgar phrase, poke their nose into matters and places where such peeping and prying becomes, to say the least of it, inconvenient to others.

The young functionary to whom Mo alluded, and whom he had, with his usual acumen, sent out of the way, was one of these. Be it known to such readers as are not conversant with the internal practices of racing stables, that, in accordance with the extent of such establishments, a spare boy or boys are kept, always ready to, and capable of, taking the place of any of those acting as regular exercise boys. This is not done merely in case of accident or illness: but as these young gentlemen are apt to become extremely precocious, the idea sometimes floats in the brain of those that really are clever, that they are not only useful, but so useful, that the stable, or, in other words, the trainer, would be inconvenienced, should they take it in their heads, as occasionally do

some of the young ones they ride, "to shut up and run out," *id est*, "bolt." Occasionally the loss of a particular lad, who has in his charge a particular colt, would occasion much inconvenience to a trainer; it is, therefore, quite as necessary to prevent the boys knowing the extent of their own utility, as it is to keep the colts in ignorance of the precise extent of their speed; and as both soon become quite cunning enough, it requires some management to prevent their becoming too much so. Now these spare boys act as a kind of curb bridle on the others; so as they know there is this kept in reserve, they continue to go gently when ridden with a snaffle.

We had two of these extra boys in our stables, but of a very different cast. The one gloried in the name of Alexander, or Alick as he was for a time called; a strong, somewhat heavy, good boy he was, and possessed the very, very rare recommendation of being one that could be trusted, never interfered where not wanted, and had sense enough and steadiness enough to obey any common orders given him—but never would make a jockey.

The other was Benjamin, who was under, or rather was intended to be under Mo's sole directions; he, unlike the other, was remarkably light, had quickness enough to at once comprehend and then carry out any directions given; he was, moreover, to be trusted when well watched, and good enough while the fear of an ash plant was before him. It was seen he would, and it was intended he should, become a jockey; he was therefore merely kept a little back, that he might not put himself a great deal too forward: but keeping back Ben was no easy matter; learn everything he would, and whether in the stud paddocks, in the training stable, or riding exercise, an intuitive faculty made him master of every duty a boy could be put to; his wanting close watching was from

no evil propensities, but "there was a lurking devil in his" temperament, that would if it could break out, and indulge in pranks not to be allowed in racing stables. I never heard of an establishment of any sort in which boys were employed where some or most of them did not get some cognomen by which each is known among themselves, and thus it was here. Alexander was soon, on account of his size, distinguished as Great A; Ben, from his size and busy propensities, as Little B, or Bee, a name by no means inappropriate. With the first I had afterwards something to do: the latter and I, as will be seen, had much to do together.

At the expiration of the stipulated leave of absence of Mo's pigmy *aide d'affaires*, he returned, and, contrary to all military regulation, instead of at once reporting himself to his commanding officer, or rather officiate, he ran the gauntlet of the whole place, got his supper, got intelligence of my appearance, and then vouchsafed to make himself visible to his head and chief.

It may be supposed that the courtesies of life were not, to use a fashionable term, very strongly developed between Mo and his aid, on either side, when the first indication of his presence, on the part of Little Bee (who we shall call Ben) was, "Well, I hear the old mare has got a foal—is it a nice un?—what's it like?

"Humph!" grunted Mo, "not much like a pig, and not a bit like a pineapple—so now, as you knows all about it, you'd better go to bed."

There is an old saying that "ill weeds grow a-pace." How far this influenced my progress I know not: but grown I was to that extent that induced Master Ben to declare, on seeing me, that I "was as big as a bull."

Now, whether Mo winced under the idea of my being thought large of my supposed age, whether he disliked

the unracing-like expression, or whether the idea of the possibility of my ever becoming in stable slang a *bull*, put him out of temper, I know not; but his usual humph was now changed to his thundering out, "Bull be d——, and you too! I've had more than one as big agin at his age."

"What a whopper!" returned Ben; but what he alluded to he left Mo to digest as best he might.

About four months after this, our master, who had been from home, returned; I had for some weeks been eating corn, and my dam being what is termed a good nurse, I had, if Mo's opinion was not a partial one, got more into form than most young ones of my age; and all fear of any suspicion of the correctness of that age having long since subsided, it was admitted I was a particularly fine foal—showing that Ben was correct in his first impression on seeing me, however injudicious might have been his comparing me in any way with the subject of Mo's anathema. Our master now, with his trainer, came to see us.

I think most persons must have noticed the air of importance, care, and mystery with which a nurse uncovers the face of any infant she has charge of, when treating any one to a view of the little, red, shapeless, unmeaning features of her charge. Some feeling of this kind, I conclude, actuated Mo, when, with an air of condescension, he unlocked the door of our box, as if granting a sight of us was a treat he quite expected his master to appreciate. The door was gently partially opened, lest, should we be near it, we might be alarmed; when, seeing us safe at the further end, he threw it open.

"There, Sir," said Mo, "I don't know what you've seen since you've been away, but you've seen nothing handsomer than that."

"He does you great credit, Mo," said our good-humoured master.

"Not a bit, Sir," modestly replied Mo. "Nature has done this for him; he'll show you what he can do for himself by-and-bye."

The obliqueness of my shoulders, strength of loin, fulness of gaskins, largeness of knees and hocks, shortness of cannon bone, and many other qualities were pointed out, discussed, and allowed; not a bad point was hit on, till our master (as if he could only stealthily do so before Mo) remarked, addressing his trainer, "Don't you think, Turfman, he turns his toes a little out?"

"Perhaps he may a little, Sir," quietly replied Turfman.

"Can't see it, Sir," cries Mo; "but suppose he does, when I se'ed Mercandotter dance at the London playhouse, she turned her toes out enough to please anybody; but, by dad! she could go more than a bit."

After Mo's statement of this fact, any farther remark on the subject would have been useless, for he naturally concluded he had quite established the correctness of his hypothesis that toes turning out indicated going.

Whether or no the axiom is correct, that childhood is the happiest period of human life, is not for me to decide; but that colthood is the only part of the horse's life in which he does not suffer, I am quite certain. The first drawback on my happiness was the gradual withdrawing of the care and companionship of my mother, by the directions of Mr. Mo; nor was it conciliatory to my feelings to perceive that the hitherto unceasing solicitude that mother had evinced towards me from my birth was visibly on the decline; she became impatient when I sought from her that nourishment that had at first been my only, and latterly partial support: at times

she even threatened me when I sought it, and it finally ended in my being compelled to subsist wholly on what was placed before me by my attendants.

It is not always easy for us to decide as to what gives us cause for gratitude or the reverse; I now really felt the gradual falling off of the attentions of my parent was all right and proper on her part; some natural instinct, no doubt, told her that other cares and other attachments would put in their claims to her attention, and as what must be must, it is wise so to prepare ourselves, that when the worst takes place we are enabled to meet it with at least resignation. I found this to be the case as regarded my final separation from my mother: I never saw her more; or if I did, it was without our recognizing each other.

I was now kept entirely alone; I had a comfortable large hovel to myself, and a paddock sufficiently large to allow me to exercise my limbs in such frolics as the young of all animals are given to. I had everything that was thought likely to tempt my appetite and afford me the greatest nourishment, without creating the unpleasant sensation and effects horses of a less aristocratic family often undergo, from coarser food in larger quantities. Mo was constant in his attentions to me, and if on occasion my provision was brought to me by any other hand, it was by the renowned Alexander.

It is extraordinary how often even the wisest of men fancy certain slights are evinced towards them when no such neglect or affront is contemplated; and how often such feelings produce, by way of retaliation, conduct that loses the regard of old friends, and prevents the acquiring that of new ones. I was foolish enough to take a dislike to the clownish manners of this lad: poor Alick, he did not deserve it at my hands, for he never attempted to

injure, disturb, or annoy me; but so it was, and I can assure my readers that the fancies for or against persons or animals, are often very extraordinary among horses of as high blood as myself. Having heard Mr. Mo's motive in placing Alick as my sub-attendant, I will mention it, as it may be a useful hint to some one.

Mr. Turfman, the trainer, had spoken to Mo on this subject. "Umph!" grunted Mo, "nobody can tell you what to do in the training stable; but I'll tell you what it is, Mr. Turfman—I don't think you can tell me what to do here. The colt is well-tempered enough, but not a little inclined to be tricky; Alick is a quiet boy, and just suits such a colt; now Ben, quick and clever as he is, is just as inclined to be tricky as the colt; so if I allowed the two to get together, they would soon play old gooseberry; it would end in the colt being perhaps spoiled, and very likely some day master Ben killed."

There could be no doubt but Mo's ideas were right on general principles; the only thing in which he erred, was in allowing any boy to enter the stable, box, or hovel, of any racing colt or horse, unless under the eye of a superior. However, time went on, and no mischief occurred in my case.

I will not trouble the reader with the routine of my being broke and ridden. As regards colts of my class, the term broke is a most improper one, for as far as I understand of human language, the term more or less implies force and violence, neither of which often succeeds with young thorough-breds; I know it would not have done with one of my high temper. I would not have submitted to being bullied, or improperly or severely corrected; whether with boy, lad, or man I should have resisted, and once having begun such fray, would have fought it out, and he or I should have re-

pented the struggle and its consequences. Fortunately, our trainer, aware of my temper, put me in the hands of Waters, our head lad, who was, first, a dandy of the first water, and, secondly, a very different kind of person to most of those in similar situations.

Waters was by birth a gentleman, and, save and except his monomania for the racing stable, was intuitively a gentleman. His father lived near a celebrated racing locality, and had unfortunately given Ned a termagant for a step-mother; the consequence was, he not only knew all the trainers, head lads, and exercise boys, but every horse that made his appearance on the training grounds. To break off such dangerous acquaintance and propensity, he was sent to school; but fond as Master Ned was of seeing training going on, the being trained was quite a different affair; Ned would have none of it. So, with nothing but, as he termed it, his "body clothes" and a few shillings, he "bolted," and not only went out, but fairly and for ever went off. He reached a noted northern training establishment, and representing himself as an orphan escaped from a bad master, his superior manner and light weight got him taken as a spare lad, then regular riding boy, from that to riding the light weights, and then as jockey to the stable, when one was wanting. Some difference with his employer caused him to leave; and with a tolerably well-filled purse, the saving of some years, he came south, and was engaged under Mr. Turfman. Such was my tutor.

Ned was too quick in his discrimination not to soon understand the temper of the pupil committed to his charge; he would neither permit any of the foolish and youthful frolics I might have been disposed to indulge in, nor did he attempt to use coercion with one who, he foresaw, would in such case resist; he took another

course with me: how he did it I never could find out; but this I did find, that if ever I contemplated any little devilry he seemed to have divined my intent, and did a something that completely frustrated what I was preparing to do. I certainly never contemplated doing him any harm, or doing more than play him a roguish trick; but he was too quick for me.

From not having been long accustomed to a bit, my mouth was extremely tender, and I must do Ned the credit of saying he handled it most delicately: if ever I got hurt by the bit, it was my fault, not his. But I one day found, to my cost, that he could be as rough and determined as he was usually gentle and forbearing.

I fancied that one day, while we were out, I had "caught the weasel asleep." I set up my back, and gave a plunge, squeak, and kick, intending to give him a gallop before he could stop me. I had, however, no sooner performed the plunge and kick than I felt a sudden pull at my mouth, felt Ned's knees press close to the saddle, and merely calling out "Hallo!" he stopped me short, and then took no further notice of my frolic. He had, however, hurt my mouth, and my temper being a little roused, I resolved to try if I could not give Master Ned a return, in other words, throw him clean out of his saddle. I watched, as I thought, a favourable moment, I set up my back in earnest, was just getting my head down, and preparing for a spring, when I felt my head chucked up by the bridle with a violence I little anticipated, got a kick from each of Ned's heels in my flanks, that made me wince again; and just as I was intending to kick at this, down comes Ned's ash-plant, and another forcible chuck up of my head—"Who, then!" roars Ned in a voice I should not have recognised as his: "Would ye, eh?" The suddenness of the whole thing so com-

pletely astonished me, I stood still, amazed: Ned, with the utmost coolness, gave me a signal to move, accompanied with "Come along now." Finding I walked off quietly, he just gave me one pat on the neck, with "good lad." 'Twas well he acted as he did. I was astonished: he saw I was, and no doubt availed himself of that circumstance to prevent a regular fight between us. It was the first, and in fact the last, difference we ever had.

This had occurred during the latter part of summer; so as about November I should be an honest twenty-two months old, and four others we had would range from eighteen to nineteen months, our owner expressed his determination to give us a twist about that time, in order to in some measure ascertain our different pretensions or promise as racers. To do this, it became necessary that we should be taught to go quietly in our exercise and gallops; the latter being indispensable, in order to bring us into such wind and stoutness as to enable us to exhibit our qualities in such way as to render our trial a truthful one.

Knowing my temper to be high, and moreover that I was in stable terms a strong resolute colt, Alick, as being a strong boy on a horse, and moreover one not likely to ruffle the temper of rather a touchy gentleman like myself, was deputed to attend on and ride me at exercise. I well remember our first morning of going on to the downs, Alick mounted me, and before leaving my box he gave me a pat on the neck, perhaps in gratitude for my being the cause of his first entry as regular riding boy, or from a liking I must allow he ever showed towards me, ingrate that I was. We were all ordered to walk round the yard, previous to leaving home for the training ground. I was put in my place, the centre of the lot; but I had not walked ten steps, before, giving a couple of plunges ob-

liquely from the string, I lashed out, and, to quote Ben's description of the affair, I sent poor Alick "as far as it would take a coach-and-four an hour to bring him back." Our trainer and Ned were both watching us all: so I was immediately caught, and Ned got on me. I found by his firm seat, and twisting me rather roughly into a place, the last of the string, that he was quite prepared to show me I had not now Alick on my back. We went out, took our exercise, and Ned, to convince me it was not his intention to coax me into my duty, rode me to the front, and calling to the others, "Keep your colts steady by their heads, boys!" he went off in a slow canter for perhaps a little over the half of a mile, then pulled up, and now condescended to speak encouragingly to me: after a short walk, we returned to our stables.

The next day another lad took his place to ride me; he did not attempt any rough manner or usage with me, but his voice and manner quite convinced me he was not afraid, was not one to be taken off his guard, and his hands made me plainly feel he was prepared for any sudden freak a young one might take it in his head to perform or attempt.

"No one can control his fate," though he may generally his conduct; and fate, good or bad, places one of its agents by the side of the cradle of many persons, and we find him seated by the death couch, still holding his sway, till the pulse ceasing to vibrate, fate itself loses its influence on the inanimate remains. It was Alick's fate that the training stables should not be the arena in which he was to perform his part in life's performance. Honesty, steadiness, good temper, obedience, and good common sense, may place, for they have placed, many a man at the head of his pursuit in life; but these alone will never make a trainer or a jockey.

Alick had (on his giving up his charge of me) a particularly quiet colt by Pantaloon, of the same age, put under his care. The colt and boy both being steady ones, they were walking at the head of a string of some half-dozen other young ones. I remember there had been a slight frost during the night, and it was one of those cool bracing mornings in October that give unusual stimulus to the spirits. Alick was riding quietly, probably thinking (if he ever thought) of something quite unconnected with his business; a bird flew from a hedge near us, Alick's colt gave a start, and before the boy could collect his scattered senses, had bolted out, and was playing sundry pranks, to the terror of our trainer, who was near us on his hack. Young ones of any species require little example or excuse for their vagaries; the colt next behind Alick's followed his leader; and the rest, with the exception of myself, were all in one moment in disorder. One, with a particular small boy on him, went straight away towards our usual gallop: here I saw a specimen of tact and quickness of thought in this pigmy horseman that showed not only the hand of the future jockey, but that it was not like that of poor Alick's, screwed on inclining to the left. He found he could not stop his colt; but he did not wish the colt to find this out; so keeping his hands down, and his colt steady by the head, he took him gently up the gallop, pulled him up, and walked him back to us by the time the string had got quiet and collected. This morning finished Alick's career in a training stable, and his colt was given to Ben.

I shall not trouble the reader with an account of our progress in being got fit for the trial that the next month was to come off. It will be recollected that Ben had pronounced me, when my age could be reckoned by days only, "as big as a bull;" I was so as regards muscular

form, and my constitution was what most of the human species covet; but let me tell my reader it was anything but what a race-horse need covet for his own comfort. Our exercise had as yet been but exercise; a gentle gallop of a half a mile was all required of the others of my age; my unfortunate aptitude to put up flesh procured me the honour of an extra quarter of a mile, as it had of extra doses of physic, and eventually extra sweats. The little extra distance of my gallop I cared nothing about; but the sweating the best part of two miles and a-half was no joke at my age. But when over, the elasticity of limb, and indeed spirits I felt, satisfied me that, like many other things in life, it was an unpleasant necessity; and as our trainer made the sweats of all the others far less severe, and one among us was scarcely sweated at all, it showed me sound judgment and acute observation dictated all the directions Mr. Turfman gave as to what was to be done with each of us under his care.

Much of the disappointments felt in life, much of the heart-burnings, quarrels, and sometimes hatred, engendered among men, arise from vanity. Men will sometimes bear with perfect equanimity injury from each other in person, sometimes in pocket; but mortifying any man's vanity is a proceeding very difficult for the longest lapse of time to eradicate, or with some to even soften. If I was not exempt from such weakness, I may well be excused when the wisest of the human race have been actuated by its influence.

I had been so petted and lauded by my first friend Mo, that I could not conceive any opinion could be entertained but that I was quite superior to any one of my companions; and that overweening vanity on my part was increased by the extra exertion it was thought I was capable of undergoing; short-sighted animal that I was,

this was necessary not from any conviction of my superiority, but from a natural tendency to that which, if not counteracted, would stop the chief desirable, or rather necessary qualities of a race-horse, namely, wind and speed.

I had heard that I and the colt that had occasioned poor Alick's dismissal were both engaged in the Derby and Leger, and that I in particular was heavily engaged in some of the great stakes between the two events; this further, as I thought, proved the high opinion entertained of my superior promise. I was not aware at that time that engagements are often made for a race-horse just as men often make engagements for themselves, namely, without any certainty of their being able to fulfil them. Judge, therefore, of my consternation, mortification, and, I will not say anger against Mr. Turfman, but contempt for his judgment, when I one day heard him say to our master, while looking at me in my box—"He is certainly a very fine colt, Sir, and goes rarely; I have no doubt he will make a very useful, indeed superior, horse; but if they both go for the Derby, if we have a chance, it is the Pantaloon colt will win."

I snorted with indignation—I a *useful* horse—I to be held inferior to a long-legged, light-carcased, tender wretch, that would not have recovered one of my sweats in a month—for to a certain degree such was my now detested rival. I vowed if I could ever, under any circumstances, find myself alongside of him, and got a chance, I would savage him.

We went on with our work, and as my early friend Mo was sometimes indulged with a view of me, his steady prediction that the Derby was a certainty to me, and the Leger only depended on what might be the interest of the stable, greatly softened my asperity, in anticipation

of the triumph of showing Mr. Turfman he was a dolt, while Mo was a Daniel. The result will be shown in the coming trial.

There are so many sayings corroborated of the fact that, "let what will occur, it must be advantageous to some, and the reverse to others," that such truism is admitted on all hands. Perhaps few things more affect the pleasures or interests of men than does the weather; and over this we have no control. I should say that a thoroughly wet day, giving no sign or promise of amendment, is the one the most against the interest and desires of combined society. Even the ducks are sometimes seen getting too much of it, and are glad to seek shelter from further saturation. Now a sudden, regular drencher, coming down in such torrents as to form a direct cascade, is an honest, jocund, merry fellow. He promises you a soaking, if you only give him three minutes to effect it in; but then we know, his freak over, we shall have warmth and sunshine again. His visit often produces a deal of fun, not unlike the sudden appearance of two or three dashing fellows among a bevy of girls unprepared to receive them. How they do run and squeak and laugh! Are they angry? Not a bit: they like the confusion. It would be the prosing fellow, who would sit for hours with them saying nothing, or nothing he should say, and acting like a damper on their spirits, that they would dislike: he is the really wet day.

"What of frost?" some reader may say. If he addressed to me such a question, I can only say I do most wickedly hate a frost, with most uncharitable hate. "Why? there's skating." Well, skating is well enough, and elegant in those who skate well. I was particularly firm on my feet, or rather skates, and could go a burster straightforward with as much speed, nearly as much

force, and about as much elegance as a bison crossing a prairie; but the only sensation I could imagine myself creating in spectators was, "I wish that fellow would break his neck, to prevent his breaking that of other persons' by coming in contact with them." I consider the great merit of skates is, they enable one to get *off* the ice quicker than common boots.

"There is wild-fowl shooting." Granted. And delightful amusement I can conceive it to be, to men who, like poor Mytton, could luxuriate, on a frosty night, in shirt only. The wild duck (when got) I greatly admire; so I do those who take the trouble of getting him. "Sleighing." Delightful; but to render it exciting, it should be in Russia, with a dozen wolves in hot pursuit —there, and in such case, I should prefer the sledge to a neat drag and a team; but here, to enable the team to go, I should pray the frost to go, and go quickly.

"Harry Hieover is quite of my way of thinking," said Mr. Turfman, closing some book out of which he had read the above to Ned, who was holding my head while I was scraped and dressed after a sweat.

We certainly had had nothing to complain of as regarded frosts. I was glad we had not; for the only time I ever saw Turfman out of humour was after a day or two of hard frost, with appearance of its having set in, when he told Ned he must be getting the straw beds down. However, the frost went, and with it Turfman's temporary chagrin.

The sweat I have mentioned, at which Mr. Turfman was producing written corroborative opinion that frost is foe to all the proceedings of hunting or racing men, was, I found, the last I had to undergo before the trial that was to test the merits of us youngsters. The important morning came. I had been carefully set over-night; so

I had been previous to other sweats: but when I was saddled, I could not but fancy I perceived an air of importance about my attendant not usual with him. I perceived he had spurs on, a whip instead of his usual riding plant. I saw a jockey, till now a stranger to me, mount a three-year-old, who had sometimes led us our gallop, and Ben was on the detested Pantaloon colt; Ned on a horse that had never before gone in our string, evidently an old stager; and, altogether, I saw something unusual was going on. On arriving at a particular part of our exercise-ground, each lad was told to give his colt a canter. We made somewhat of a goodly array, six of us young ones, and the other two, who, I considered, were to pilot us. After our canter, and while being walked back, I saw Turfman gallop away on his hack. On joining the jockey and Ned, the boys were told to get their colts as nearly in line as they could, and to start on the word being given by the jockey. "Oho," thinks I, "by all my hopes, but this is *the trial!* By the blood of the Meteors, if I die in the struggle, I will not disgrace my breeding!" Whether it was fancy or not, I cannot say; but I could not help thinking I perceived my rider and Ben eyeing each other's movements, while they seemed to pay no attention to the others. There were two colts between us. It was perhaps lucky it was so; for, had it not been, I felt quite inclined to fulfil my threat of savaging one I held as my rival. On being pretty well in line, the jockey on the three-year-old said, "Now mind, boys, I shall turn round at the next post: do you do the same. Be all ready to get your colts on their legs; and when I give you the word, come away. I'll make the pace for you."

"Off!" and away we went. The first quarter of a mile showed the pace did not suit two of the young lot;

the half-mile told out the two others; and I, the Pantaloon colt, and the three-year-old were nearly head-and-girth, us young ones hard held. On nearing home, I saw the jockey "at his horse's head:" he was outpaced. "Go on, boys," said he, pulling up his horse. Our business was not, however, over; for close to us came Ned on his horse. Whether he could have beat us or not, I cannot say, for apparently he was only taking our measure as to pretension, so kept half-a-length behind us. We were now not a hundred yards from home. I had hitherto pulled hard to get forward. My rider was now down in his saddle, and not only tried all he could to bring me past my opponent, but struck me with his whip; and I now felt his spur. It was no time to resist. I strained every nerve. I was neither tired nor winded, but was at the top of my speed. I saw the seven-leagued-legged one was nearly done: he rolled like a ship at sea. Still, a couple of strokes of the whip, the spurs sharply applied, and his head let loose, enabled him to make an enormous stride or two; and he passed me a clear length, though himself dead beat by the exertion. Oh, how I longed for another quarter of a mile! I could have made mince-meat of him. After we were pulled up, Master Ben could not help indulging in a little shy at my rider.

"Well, Sam," said he, "I see you brought your coach in at last."

"Yes, I did," said Sam; "and if you can put your colt up behind me, I'll carry him home, or else, poor devil! he'll never get there."

On getting back to our stables, Mo came to learn how the trial had come off. This was explained to him.

"Beat!" cries Mo, half choking with anger and indignation, "then a pretty dollop of weight you must have

made him give your favourite, I'll answer for it; for as to beating at even weights, the thing's *un*possible." And away he flung, no doubt to vent his anathemas against Mr. Turfman at leisure.

However highly I might think of myself and my general capabilities, this trial quite let me into one secret, well known to racing persons, but not so generally known to others—namely, For most races of the present day, however stout or good a horse may be, though he may be able to run over a mile and a half in as little time as it ever has been run over, it does not ensure him a Derby winner. Unless he has the capability of extraordinary exertions of speed for the last few lengths of the finish, he will probably be beaten by one who, take him all in all, is but a jade. I had cut down my hated rival so that he could not have lived another hundred yards; yet, as a final effort, he had a turn of speed left in him that lasted long enough to land him a winner. It is true that, like the expiring taper, after the last flicker, his light was out; but the momentary brilliant ray was what was wanted at the moment.

A visit from my master to my box, in company with his trainer, gave me a little insight into racing manœuvres, to which I had hitherto been a stranger, and soothed my wounded vanity in no small degree.

"Well, Turfman," said the master, "I find you were right as to the qualities of the two colts."

"I was, sir," said Turfman, "so far as the Pantaloon colt being the best calculated for a Derby winner; but I am happy to say I had not quite rightly measured the other. Of his stoutness I never had a doubt; but I confess I had no conception he could go the pace he can. They are both very superior, each in their way, and must be; for, in fact, I was very hard on them in their trial,

for, in the first place, I made the length half a quarter of a mile longer than is usual for colts of their age; and secondly, I gave our three-year-old a pull in his favour as to weight. Our two yearlings fairly outpaced him; and Ned, on the old horse, says, if he could have taken the win from the young ones, he felt it would have been just a toucher; so we are quite sure we have two race-horses among our young ones. It remains with us to manage them to the best advantage."

"As I have not been long an owner of race-horses, I am quite willing to be guided by your advice," says our master. "Now, what is it? and how do you propose to turn our colts to the best advantage?"

"Why, sir," replied Turfman, "as ours are private stables, we can carry out our wishes, with a little management, in a way we probably could not do, if our colts were in public training-stables; not but that I allow the last have their advantages in some respects. Still, we have this advantage: we may run our colts as two-year-olds, to win if they can, to lose if we like; or we can keep them dark."

"I do not quite like running to lose, Turfman: I wish to run my horses as a sportsman," said our master, somewhat stiffly.

"You will be pleased to excuse me," most deferentially replied Mr. Turfman. "You do not wish to run your horses as a *sportsman*, but as a *gentleman*; and this is what every man on the turf ought to do: but it is what no man must do in the present day, unless he means to fill other people's pockets at the expense of his own, and then get no thanks for doing so. As racing has become, we must fight racing men at their own weapons; and then, unless we keep a sharp edge on our own, we shall get the worst of it. Now, sir, if we were not to run our

colts as two years old, we should keep them quite dark as to their qualities. They would, in fact, probably not be in the betting on the Derby; but, having two, we may as well make something before that time, particularly as the way in which we shall run them will get us any odds we like against our Pantaloon colt, for the other must be made our great 'pot.'"

"Why, I thought," said our master, "you had no very high opinion of him as a Derby horse, and that he had scarcely any chance of winning it."

"Exactly, sir," said Turfman; "and I don't want to give the public much chance of winning either, at least not from us. It is known both our colts are in the race. I know our trial was not watched. I shall take care the boys don't talk; and Ned and our jockey know too much to do so. We shall talk pretty large of our Meteor colt: we are quite sure Mo will. I shall make out that I did in the trial give the Pantaloon colt weight in his favour: so, as it was a near thing, if anything *is* said, it won't matter. We shall run our colts for a good thing or two as two-year-olds. I am pretty sure the Meteor colt can win a handsome stake: if he does not, I am quite certain he will run forward enough to get up pretty high in the Derby betting; so we shall know what to do there: and if our Pantaloon runs well enough to get himself in much favour, why, it will be my fault. So, if we win a good stake with the Meteor colt, win some pretty good bets by our pot boiling over for the Derby, and win it with the Pantaloon, you won't have much fault to find with racing as a beginning. I am rather fond of a good *loser*, sir, I can tell you; and so will you be, when you are a little longer on the turf."

"By George! Turfman," says our master, smiling, "it is true enough, that at least the half of racing is robbery."

"Well, sir, suppose it is, there's the other half for those who like it best; but that won't pay expenses, though, and has ruined a good many, and will again, if they only stick to it."

The two now left me. "Well," thinks I, when alone, "we horses are not supposed to have as much sense as human beings have; and this, I suppose, accounts for my judging Mr. Turfman, from what I have just heard, being a precious rogue, while he is considered by all the racing men a very clever trainer."

The above trial had, I suppose, satisfied Mr. Turfman as to the pretensions of the other colts that we told out so early in the race; for I never saw them again. Probably a Mr. Emerald bought one or two, quite satisfied of their being *untried;* some speculative gentleman another, on the rather wide speculation that what was found good for nothing as nominally a yearling, might turn out a highflyer at three years old. No doubt he *might;* but the hay and oats he would eat would, in a general way, be far better bestowed on a gee-wo plough-horse. There was once at Tattersall's a yearling bought by a very spicy young gentleman, as he averred, for a "park 'ack." He had the precaution to look in his mouth, no doubt saw he had nice white teeth, so felt satisfied his bargain was young enough. So, in truth, he was; and so, in truth, was the purchaser. I heard Turfman tell this anecdote: probably the animal had been sent there by him.

I was now indulged by a short respite from work; but, as I suppose, in honour of my strong constitution, was not allowed to be quite idle. This I did not mind; but as we were to come out early in the spring as two years old, which we could in my days do till May, we had to be kept something straight, though not in training.

I will not trouble the reader with the details of our being again put to regular exercise, and then again into work. I heard hints dropped of some stakes in which we (that is, I and the Pantaloon colt) were to run. My winning, it appeared, was held as doubtful; but that I was to beat the Pantaloon, it seemed, was quite certain, and this was the principal object in starting us. I allow I wondered how it could be made certain I should beat a colt I could not but feel had the turn of speed of me. Help the innocent! I say; for the thing was easy enough. But I heard also of some thousand guineas something, that it was really wished I should, and was not thought at all impossible I could win.

On this particular point another confidential conversation between master and trainer gave me some further insight into certain motives that influence owners of race-horses, which to the public, at times, appear as extraordinary, nay, sometimes as indicative of bad judgment.

"I do not yet, Turfman, quite understand," said the master, "why you mean to run our Meteor colt for a mere mile race, when you could make much more sure of it by the other; for surely a mile is not the distance for a colt who is not a speedy one."

"Certainly not, sir," said Turfman; "and if the Meteor colt was anything but a speedy one, I would not start him for it. But he is: and because the other has a peculiar flash of speed to finish with, it does not make the other a slow one. On the contrary, I consider him faster than five horses out of six he will meet; and he is fast enough with his uncommon lasting quality to cut down most of them: he can all but do it with the Pantaloon. I know the other would be more sure of the guineas; but if we run both for the sweepstakes we must

get the Pantaloon beat, for people might talk before our time if he went and won the guineas, and his winning them would overturn the apple-cart with a vengeance. We hope not to limit ourselves to a thousand in the Derby betting. No, no, sir; the losing game is the winning one for our Derby nag, at present. Now, sir, I assure you I expect our Meteor colt will win the guineas; our jockey knows him—will want no orders—and I think you will see he will make the pace such as you never saw for the same race; and I am quite sure the other horses will never wish to see again. If he wins that, I would thank no man to make me Lord Chancellor if I was you: the ball will be in your own hands for the Derby; for a losing favourite must be a trump card to the owner if he has played his hand properly for it."

We were now at that period of the year when race-horses have for a time a cessation from their daily drudgery. Some may think my term an odd one when used in reference to the life of animals worth perhaps a thousand pounds. But no less than drudgery is the life of the racer: that of the dray-horse is comparative ease to it. It was also the time when trainers and jockeys feel themselves at liberty; and though the latter do not all (like the celebrated Buckle) always order a roast goose for their supper on the last day of the Houghton, they partake with their friends of such of the good things of life as their arduous and self-denying eight months fully entitle them to enjoy.

This leisure to the race-horse could not last long; early spring found me, among others, in training, and before summer set in, the stakes for which I and my rival were to run, came off. Turfman had been most profuse in his pretended confidential stable information that he had in me a flyer for the Derby; for though

trainers are usually (and very properly) somewhat of a taciturn habit, still they can talk as much as other men when it suits them to do so. I became a favourite for the stakes; my rival was scarcely honoured by being named in the betting. This was, however, rather more than what Turfman wanted; for unless an impression was made that he had some chance for the Derby, little in the shape of betting would take place about him. The thing to be achieved, therefore, was, that he should be managed so as to have him pretty much in demand at very long odds against him; and this was done. I knew from what I had overheard that I was to win if I could. I had also heard that my rival was not wished to do the same thing. That I would win if I could I fully determined on; but what was to ensure my doing so against my detested flying rival, I knew not. I was not then aware of the somewhat curious fact, that jockeys are sometimes on particular days, and in particular races, so much *stronger* in their arms than they are on ordinary occasions—that (no doubt without intending it) they really prevent a horse winning, though shewing by hustling and rousing him near the finish, and by the whip being seen going, that they really had done their best. It is a curious fact; but so are many things on the turf.

This was my first public race; and, to do Turfman justice, I must say that on the morning of it (severe as had been his discipline in my preparation) I felt as if I could fly, and fly for ever. We came to the post: determined as I was to jump off at the first word or signal, and equally ready as was my rider, somehow I saw my rival get the best of the start; and away he went as if determined to win off-hand. Now I heard this accounted for afterwards. It was wished to appear that to win, and nothing else, was contemplated by his jockey; but,

further, it was hoped by this to set the rest going, and to make it a race from end to end, to suit my peculiar qualification for such running. However, my jockey soon brought me up head and girth with my rival. Perhaps it was one of the strong-armed days I have mentioned with his jockey; at all events, I passed him, went on with the running, and, in short, "won as I liked"—my rival coming in a moderate third. I snorted defiance at him as we returned to the weighing-house. Turfman was congratulated on the race and on me! and as a mark of his special consideration of me, he personally attended me as my lad walked me off the course. I had been the admired of the admired while my clothes were putting on after the race—a usual compliment, I believe, paid to winners. I saw that my rival also now attracted some attention. I could see that Turfman saw this too; and, knowing his looks as well as I did, I set down his smile as saying, "I'll have you all safe enough on the Derby Day."

Not long after this, the time came to get me fit to start for the large stake I have before mentioned, namely, a thousand. It was quite certain one mile only was anything but a favourable distance for me. Turfman knew it: had said so. It was a great risk as to lowering my credit; still he knew I should be "there or thereabouts," and being *but* a mile would be quite an excuse for me if I did not win, and would not tell much against my chance (my qualities being known) for a race half a mile further. If I *should* win, as Turfman facetiously said, "He'll not only be a pot—by gad! he'll be a regular boiler." As to my own opinion of my capabilities, when so many human beings form such wonderfully-exaggerated ones of their own importance (as I am told they do), it could not be a matter of surprise if I, as a dumb

animal, and, moreover, a very young one, should, after my last victory, hold myself as matchless in speed as in endurance.

The race-day came. I felt lighter yet stronger on the morning than I did on my last appearance. To own the truth, I was not a little proud of the attention I was paid. I could hear that I was criticised on every point; and, as a Derby nag, and a late winner, all eyes seemed centred on me. I well remember I made a great fool of myself by dancing about in all directions; to stop which, my jockey took me such a rattler up the course, instead of the usual preliminary gentle canter, that I thought all the rest must be at my heels. This was all very well; and I felt proud in the flattering remarks of the spectators as I walked back. I heard my name, that is, "the Meteor Colt's" name, mentioned several times by men with little black books in their hands; still I was not wishing another "up-gallop," so behaved myself as all reasonable young gentlemen should. We were got in line: the magic wand "go" given. I must say my jockey surprised me no little by the liberty he took with me, for as I (in stable phrase) was a "ready comer," I was on my legs in a moment; but he took me off at such a pace as I never went before, except at near the finish of my last race. I was anything but a lazy one; still he was at me all the way, as far as he could without using whip or spur. A quarter of a mile from home I really began to doubt my powers of lasting at the pace we were going; but having a competitor on each side of me, and hearing others close behind, I determined they or I should choke ere I gave in. I own I was distressed; my jockey for a few strides ceased to urge me: all at once my wind seemed clear again. I missed one rival from my side, could scarcely hear the sound of the

feet of those behind, still one stuck like a leech head and girth with me. We neared the winning-post: my rival's jockey began to use his whip, mine I found set himself quite down in the saddle; and when not six strides from home, by a peculiar seemingly-convulsive effort of his (the spurs close at my sides), my head loosened, and one stroke of his whip, I made an exertion I did not think was in me, and saw I was my neck and shoulders in advance. I do not think I could have gone three strides further; I felt that every effort that could be got out of me had been. I was in that state that had not my jockey given me the support of my head the moment I had passed the winning-chair, I believe I should have been on my knees. This was, however, but momentary; and after being pulled up, I was able to walk back to the weighing-house, shewing to the credit of my trainer and myself.

Having by this victory rendered myself not only the great pot, but, as Turfman styled it, "a veritable boiler" with the public, he now, by his emissaries and agents, lost no time in getting the money on—(by *on*, I of course mean *against*)—me, and long odds *on* my old rival for the Derby. My owner declared he should win with me. Now I since learned what (when it is done publicly) declaring to win with a given horse means. It should mean that the owner will win with the horse he specifies, if that horse *can* win; but the real and usually-practised meaning in the owner's mind is this: He will win with that horse, UNLESS it should better suit his book to win with another.

I, in my then innocency and pride of conquest, considered the Derby as good as won, and of course by me. I will not detain the reader by stating what we did prior to the great event. All was done properly enough towards me and my rival; for, it seems, Turfman wished me to

run forward in the race, as he had a little subsequent job in view for me. Truly that Derby day is a very comical day—I should, perhaps, better say very singular day; for it is sure to be a very tragical one to many. Thousands look forward to it with impatience: how many look back on it with regret and despair! Come, however, did our Derby day; and come to the post did something over a score of us. Hating him as I did, I could not but wonder at the improvement in my rival's form. He was perfect satin as to coat, and each muscle showed its shape perfectly defined. He stepped as if he trod on India-rubber; yet he attracted, comparatively with me, little notice. Turfman had played his game like a professor. Confidential and stable information had done its work: even touts had been bowled out; and, in his bowling, Turfman had given a ball or two at "the legs." "They're off!" and so it was: the pace was terrible. There is a certain well-known "corner," as it is styled, that in this race often opens the eyes of many men, and shuts up many horses. I was not of that number; but, woe to me! I found I should be out-paced. I was nearly at my best I knew; I felt I could maintain it: but experience had shown me that this would not always do. My rival had greater stride than I had, and I knew his remarkable capability of finishing. We neared the stand. All the ruck had been told out long since; five only could be called in the race: I was one, with two before me. I could not gain an inch on them. In a second, up comes my rival; but even he had found all but his match in one colt. Whips were now at work; but half-a-dozen strides are soon over, and the Pantaloon Colt was landed a winner by a short head: I, as it was termed, a "good" fourth. Never was victory harder won: never conquest nearer lost. I was not so much mortified by my defeat as might

be expected. I saw and felt it was not by absolute superiority of general pretensions that I was beat, but by a flash of momentary speed, that I knew could not have been called forth had the length been a quarter of a mile further. No man is good at all lengths, in anything he does: need I be mortified, therefore, if a horse is not? I knew I possessed one attribute in perfection, sterling honesty. I wonder if all men can say as much of themselves. This reflection, and the excitement of the day, procured me a good night's rest. I suppose Mr. Turfman's and my master's reflection was, "we have got the money"—as the former, probably, would say, "we've sacked the tin." Well, that being the case, no doubt they slept well; for, if the money *is* got, few men suffer their rest to be broken by thinking of *how* they got it.

Turfman had certainly acted honestly by his employer, and, we may conclude, by himself also; nor as yet had he done anything by us horses that we could complain of. It was not my fortunate lot that this should last as regards myself: I was continued at work; my rival I never saw afterwards, and can only guess at what became of him from hearing my attendant, in speaking of him to another lad, say, "Start again? No. He got his gruel on the Darby day." I said Mr. Turfman had a little job in view for me: this I found to be for a long race, just suited to my known qualification of stoutness; and this was why he wished me to be forward in the Derby. In alluding to the coming race, Turfman spoke honestly enough. "He can win far enough—the length will just suit him;" and so it would have done if he would have let it. I have mentioned the very singular circumstance of jockeys being sometimes particularly strong in their arms on particular occasions. Turfman knew this well, but he did not in this race choose to trust to it; for the

jockey might not be as strong as could be wished on the day I should run; so peradventure he might let me win, which would be winning to me, but losing to the stable; so he resolved not to trust to him or any one. I said that (figuratively speaking) Turfman had, on one occasion, a ball for the legs; he had on this (literally speaking) a ball for me—not a leg ball, but one for the stomach; and, verily, into my stomach it went. Fully expecting I was intended to win my race, I conceived the ball to be a cordial, or some invigorating specific. However, I went to rest; and, contrary to my usual habit, or the habits of horses in general, stable hour in the morning found me in a lethargic doze. I shall never forget my sensations on my lad offering me my early feed: I turned from it, feeling as if I little cared whether I ever ate again. The lad was alarmed, and went and told Turfman "I did not seem right." The kind-hearted creature that he was, came immediately to see me, in apparent great anxiety. "Oh, it's nothing," said he, smiling; "he's such a thick gluttonous beast, I was forced to give him his last sweat pretty strong; he's a bit lazy after it, that's all." I was taken to the course feeling half dead, but was saddled and mounted. The excitement and my natural spirits caused me to rouse myself: this, no doubt, a good deal deceived my jockey. However, after giving me my up canter, he did remark to Turfman, "He goes devilish sticky this morning." I could but fancy he gave a peculiar suspicious look at Turfman, who pretended not to hear the remark, for he knew the excuse about the last strong sweat would not do here. We started: for a while my energy supported me, but after that I felt all power die within me. Mechanically I went on: near the finish my jockey, who had never before used whip or spur to me for more than a stride or so, now punished

me most severely and uselessly. With my high temper, had I had the powers of exertion in me, I should not have borne it as he might have wished; but he might as well have struck a dead horse as me, for dead I was in spirit and powers. I was nowhere in the race. I do not blame the man: I doubt not he knew and felt he was cruelly abusing a willing and generous spirit, but his character was at stake: if the race was lost he was bound to show it was no fault of his. Murmurs I heard all round—"d——d shame!" "dead robbery!" and so forth, saluted my ears, and no doubt Turfman's also. I was led off the course, and Mr. Turfman having done his business on it, was not long behind me. A sense of having endured wanton injury and insult often turns in man the kindest blood to gall. It did in me: my energy returned: I vowed never again would I subject myself to the like. Turfman no doubt meant to turn his victim to account again by winning a race, for I was continued at work, and found myself on another race-course. My jockey came to mount me: I knew him well, rushed at him open-mouthed; he, fortunately for him, jumped aside. I would not let him mount. A hood was thrown over my head, and before I was aware of what was going on, I felt him on my back: there I resolved he should not stay. I plunged till I fairly unseated him, nor would I again suffer him to mount; so, finding it useless to try further, and the start having taken place, I was led home. It was hoped I was only alarmed, and would get over it. Late in the year I was tried again, but my memory was good. I would permit no jockey to mount me. It was attempted to start me in my clothes, but I knew a jockey from my own lad. I had become savage to strangers; and now a piece of inhumanity was practised on me that I did not deserve, for my disposition was naturally good.

Not knowing for what, I was led by my lad on to a large bed of straw in the yard; here he fastened a something on each of my pasterns, and in a few minutes I found myself on my back, tied and powerless. I fairly groaned and screeched with rage. I well remember my sufferings. I was allowed at last to rise. I felt as weak as the day I was foaled. No care, certainly, was spared to reinstate my health and spirits, and I fast recovered. Early in the spring I was again put in training, and again taken to a race-course; but though pain and affliction had certainly worked a change in my feelings and temperament, it had not in my memory. The moment I saw the detested starting-post my fears of what might follow returned—no powers could get me up to it. My jockey tried coaxing—tried all he knew, and then tried severity. He got me up to the rest, or near them. The moment the start took place I wheeled round, and before my jockey was aware of it I had run a hundred yards in an opposite direction. The next dodge attempted with me was to make, or attempt to make, my own lad ride me in an unimportant race in his stable dress. I carried him quietly enough; but the moment he took me to the start I bolted off with him, and ran off the course. Thus was a good racehorse spoiled by rascality, for here ended my racing career. I was sold, got into hands that used me well, and of my doings in one of our fastest countries as a hunter I may at a future time perhaps tell.

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THE END.

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